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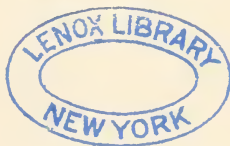
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/
Alice Austin;

OR,

HOW TO TAKE ADVICE.

New York Protestant Episcopal Tract Society.
DEPOSITORY, 55 EAST THIRTEENTH STREET,
NEW YORK.



ALICE AUSTIN;

OR,

HOW TO TAKE ADVICE.



ONE fine summer evening, two young women were walking together in a small country village. The elder of the two was named Alice Austin: she had not long left the Parochial School, and, by the kind recommendation of the rector's wife, had obtained a situation as under-nurse in the family of a Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, who lived at a place called Beech Grove, about twelve miles from the village where Alice was born. She was to go to her place the next day, and had been taking a walk, for the last time, with an old schoolfellow, Eliza Williams.

The friends had, of course, much to talk about, on this, their last evening of being together; and a part of their conversation shall now be related.

"I hope you will be comfortable, Alice, with all my heart," said Eliza.

"I hope so too," replied Alice; "I think I shall."

"Well, I am not quite so sure of that," said her companion.

"Why not? Mrs. Stanley is a very kind-spoken lady; and she has not a bit of pride in her, they say."

"Oh, yes," returned Eliza, "there is nothing to

complain of in Mrs. Stanley ; but there is a nurse there whom they call Mrs. Wilmot, who has been in the family ever since the eldest child was born, and she will keep you under her thumb as strictly as if she were your gaoler, and preach to you from morning to night, and wear you out with good advice."

Alice could not help smiling ; "Good advice," she said, "is one of the best things we can have, I have heard."

"Yes, no doubt," replied Eliza ; "but one may have too much of a good thing, you know. Old widow Payne told my aunt, that a niece of hers had a wearisome time of it, the few months she lived there, and came home heartily sick of the good advice."

"Well," observed Alice, "I never pay much attention to what old widow Payne says about such things, because I know she is fond of repeating things she hears, just for the sake of talking ; and often makes mistakes in what she repeats. Besides, I shall soon be able to judge for myself."

"You will," said Eliza. "And see if Mrs. Wilmot does not give you a long lecture the very first evening."

On the afternoon of the following day, Alice Austin set off on her journey to Beech Grove. On her arrival, she was detained in the drawing-room for about a quarter of an hour by Mrs. Stanley, who wished to say a few words to her before introducing her to the nursery. Mrs. Stanley then led the way up-stairs, and Alice, as she followed, could not help feeling a little flurried at the idea that she was now going to see the Mrs. Wilmot whom Eliza Williams had described, the evening before, as so very strict, and so full of good advice. Presently Mrs. Stanley opened a door upon a long passage, and Alice, as she entered, could hear the sound of young merry voices at the further end. These voices came from the nursery, the door of which was half open ; and as they approached, Alice, looking in with an anxious glance, saw four or five children jumping and laughing in

high glee; and in the midst of them was a good-humored, middle-aged woman, whom they called "Nurse," and who appeared to enjoy the game of play as much as any of the party.

The noise ceased when Mrs. Stanley and Alice entered, and the former, going towards the nurse, said :

"Mrs. Wilmot, here is Alice Austin."

She then turned away to speak to the children, and Mrs. Wilmot, coming forward, took Alice's hand, and gave her a kind and smiling welcome.

Such was Alice Austin's first meeting with the formidable Mrs. Wilmot.

The children, being all young, went to bed early; after which, Mrs. Wilmot took out her needle-work, and began to give Alice an account of what her duties in the nursery would be. When she had finished these directions, which were given in a cheerful tone of voice, she began to talk to Alice about her home, her parents, her school, and some friends of her own, who lived in Alice's native village. The time passed away so happily, that Alice was quite surprised when bed-time came, and she did not once think of the lecture which Eliza Williams had foretold.

Eliza Williams was one of those thoughtless persons who talk a great deal without thinking much; and she was besides one of those foolish persons who fancy (though without any good reason) that people who love God must always be grave and serious, and make any one dull who lives with them; forgetting that God is in Himself perfect happiness, so that those who know and love Him best must be really the happiest people in the world. So, when she heard that Mrs. Wilmot was a religious woman, she immediately began to fancy she must be very dull, and pitied her friend Alice when she found she was soon to live with her. Alice did not agree with Eliza in her ideas about religious people; yet, as we said

before, she could not help feeling a little alarmed at the idea of the lectures which her old schoolfellow assured her she would receive. The more she saw of Mrs. Wilmot, however, the less reason she found for being afraid of her. The first time she had ever set her foot in Mrs. Stanley's nursery, she had seen this good nurse taking an interest in the little pleasures of the children under her care; and, in a very few days, she found that Mrs. Wilmot felt an interest for the young nursery-maid also. This made Alice happy; and though she found she had many things to learn, and was sometimes awkward in her new employments, yet Mrs. Wilmot gave her so much encouragement to persevere in her endeavors to learn, that she found a real pleasure in her work; and the weeks passed happily away.

"And does she really give you no lectures?" asked Eliza Williams, one evening when she came to see her friend.

"Lectures? Oh, no!" said Alice, smiling.

"Not even any good advice?" asked Eliza, with much surprise.

"Oh, yes," replied Alice; "she often gives me good advice, but not at all too much of it, Eliza. She never teases me with it, and I can always see she means it for my good; and I am really obliged to her for it."

"Tell me some," said Eliza.

"I remember her saying, among other things," replied Alice, "that we ought never to judge too hastily of persons," said Eliza.

"I have often heard that said before," said Eliza; "and I begin to think it would be as well to remember it in future."

About three months after Alice Austin entered the service of Mrs. Stanley, it appeared that she and Mrs. Wilmot were walking out one day with the children. The eldest little boy, who, like most children, was fond of having his own way sometimes,

saw some flowers at the top of a bank, and insisted on climbing up to gather them.

"The grass is long and wet," said his nurse; "you must not climb up to-day."

But the little fellow refused to obey, and set off running with all his might towards the bank. Alice followed: for Mrs. Wilmot had the baby in her arms. She caught the child half way up the bank, and tried to persuade him to return with her. But he struggled to get free, and gave Alice so much trouble, that she lost patience at last, spoke angrily to the child, and struck him with her hand. Upon this he began to scream, and it was some little time before order could be restored.

In the evening, after the children were in bed, and Mrs. Wilmot and Alice were, as usual, seated at needle-work in the nursery, the former remarked that, now they were alone together, she wished to speak to Alice about something which had pained her in the course of the day.

"I was sorry," she said, "to see you lose your temper to-day, Alice."

Alice colored. "I was ashamed of myself after I had done it," she replied. "I hope I did not hurt Master Charles."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Wilmot.

"Do you think I did?" asked Alice.

"I hope not," answered the nurse, in the same tone of voice.

Alice looked at her; she was more serious than usual; and Alice could not understand the meaning of her words.

"If I really thought," she continued anxiously, "that I had hurt Master Charles, I should be very sorry indeed."

There was a short silence; but Mrs. Wilmot said at length:

"I sometimes wonder how it is, that people very often look upon themselves and other persons, as if

they were only bodies, and had no souls. They seem to think, if they attend to the wants of their body, that is all they need do for themselves; and, if they take care not to injure the bodies of others, they have done their duty to their neighbor. You look as if you wondered why I am saying all this, Alice."

"Why, I do not quite understand you, certainly," said she.

"When you struck Master Charles this morning," said Mrs. Wilmot, "the pain of the blow lasted but a short time, and the hurt was of no consequence; but are you sure you have done his mind no harm by letting him see you lose your temper?"

"I never thought of it in that way before," said Alice; "and I cannot see now how it can have done him harm."

"I cannot say positively that it has done him harm," said Mrs. Wilmot; "but I speak seriously to you about it, because I have seen the same quickness of temper in you several times before, though not carried quite so far as it was to-day. And if the fault is often indulged, it will certainly do him, and indeed all the children, serious harm. Have you ever considered, Alice, that you are in part responsible for the souls of these dear children?"

"No, I never have," answered Alice. "But how can that be?"

"They are at the age now," said Mrs. Wilmot, "to learn things very quickly. Suppose that from you they were to learn something sinful."

Alice looked grave.

"Do you know what sin is?" asked Mrs. Wilmot.

"Wickedness," replied Alice.

"Sin," said Mrs. Wilmot, "is the disease which kills the soul. Now you would not like to think that any of the children had caught a bad fever of you, and died; or, at least, been made sickly for the rest of their lives?"

"No, indeed, Mrs. Wilmot," said Alice.

"And, if you had a bad fever, you would be careful not to come near them, lest they should catch it."

"That I certainly should," said Alice.

"But the soul is more precious than the body," said Mrs. Wilmot; "and sin, which is the disease of the soul, is more deadly than any fever, and the death of the soul is more dreadful, a great deal, than the death of the body. How great then should be our care, lest the souls of the children placed under us should catch from us any of this disease! For sin is very catching, Alice."

"These things seem very awful, Mrs. Wilmot, by the way you talk of them."

"They are awful," said the nurse, "and I want you to feel that they are."

"But I never knew," said Alice, "that we servants had any thing to do with these things. I thought that the children's mothers, and fathers, and governesses always taught them religion, and that we had only to see that they were washed, and dressed tidily, and kept out of mischief."

"You are mistaken, Alice," answered Mrs. Wilmot. "It is true we are not expected to teach them book-lessons, but there are other lessons, not in books, which we are expected to teach them, not so much by our words as by our influence."

"What is influence?" asked Alice.

"I remember putting that very question to a lady who took a kind interest in me when I was young; and I will tell you how she answered me. Down in Worcestershire, where I then lived, there are 'Works,' as they are called, where they make a very powerful kind of chemical preparation, which goes by the name of Alkali. The lady told me to walk up to this place, and to take particular notice of the trees and bushes which grew near the 'Works.' I did so, and told her, when I came home from my walk, that they were all black, as if they had been burnt. The lady said this was caused by their growing so near

the 'Works,' which poisoned the air all round them. 'In fact,' she said, 'they grow within the influence of the "Works;" and, as that influence is a bad one, nothing can thrive that lives within it. The reason is this: it is impossible to keep the alkali all shut up within the building. A great quantity of it escapes in the shape of vapor, and mixes with the air outside.' Then she went on to tell me what lesson she meant me to learn from it. Can you guess at all what it was, Alice?"

"I think I can, a little," said Alice; "but I should like you to tell me."

"It was this," continued Mrs. Wilmot; "I can remember almost the very words. 'As it is impossible to prevent that alkali from getting out and poisoning everything that grows near it, so, if we indulge sin in ourselves, it is impossible to prevent its coming out, as it were, and doing harm to those we live with, as well as to ourselves. They will get poisoned by the poison within us; they will learn from us to sin. On the contrary, if, as the Bible says, we "put on the Lord Jesus Christ," and endeavor always to follow in his steps, others will not be poisoned, but benefited by living near us. And the name given to this effect, which our character has upon other people, is influence.' Now, don't you think, Alice, it must make a great difference to other persons, whether this influence of ours is good or bad?"

"Yes," said Alice, "a very great difference."

"We little know," said Mrs. Wilmot, "how much mischief is done in the world by a bad influence, and how much good by a right one. Children, especially, are very quick to learn whatever they see in other persons, whether it has to do with words, or actions, or temper. How very careful, then, ought we who have the care of them to be, not to let them learn any thing from our conduct which is bad."

When Mrs. Wilmot stopped speaking, Alice did not reply for a few moments. At length she said, she

thought it would be very difficult always to remember this.

"But, Alice," said Mrs. Wilmot, "do you think it is your duty to remember it?"

"Yes," said Alice; "I cannot deny it."

"Then," replied her friend, "it can be done: for God has promised to give us his grace on purpose that we may be able to do our duty. Therefore, Alice, pray to your Father in heaven with a sincere heart, and a firm trust in Jesus Christ; pray to Him for the help which you feel you want; and then you will not find it so very difficult to keep a watch over your heart, your conduct, and your influence."

THE END.



THE
HOOK AND THE BUCKET.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ONE day, in harvest time, my mother sent me into the cellar to fetch a pitcher of beer for the reapers. I was about ten years old, and of a lively temper, always going with a hop and a bound rather than walking. On coming into the dark cellar I felt a little timid, and to keep up my courage, sprang and danced about at a greater rate than usual.

Now it happened that Harrach, my native town, was built over old mines, which had fallen in a long time before. All around the place lie great fragments of stone from the abandoned works, and in many of the houses are found half-opened passages which are sometimes used as cellars. Our house, likewise, was built over a shaft, but this was either not known or not thought of. But while I was capering about, and had just seized the pitcher which stood in the corner, suddenly the earth opened under me, and I was gone, I knew not where.

I went down to a great depth, and should have plunged to the very bottom of the abyss, had not a hook, which probably had been used for fastening the mining ladder, caught me by the coat. At the instant of falling, I had uttered a fearful shriek, which reached the ears of my mother, who was busy in the kitchen. She came running down with a light, and when she saw the open-

ing in the ground, and could neither find me nor hear my answer to her call, she could not doubt that I had perished.

My mother has often told me that she was beside herself with terror, and was near plunging down after me. It became so dark before her eyes that she could hardly sustain herself upon her trembling knees. But the thought that possibly I might yet be rescued, brought her to herself.

She hastened up stairs and called for help: but no one heard her, for all the household were at work in the harvest-field. It was not until she had run into the street that some women heard her, and hastened to the spot. They stood around wringing their hands and looking down into the aperture, but knew not what to do.

In falling I had lost my consciousness, and it would have been a happy thing to have remained thus till the moment of my deliverance. But after a time I came to myself. I knew not where I was, but I felt that I was hanging between heaven and earth, and that the next moment might plunge me into a bottomless abyss. I hardly ventured to make a sound, so great was my terror; but when I heard voices and piteous lamentations above me, I begged in God's name for help. At this the lamentations ceased for a moment, and then burst out more violently than before, for to know that I was alive, and yet no way to help me, only added to their misery.

There was no lack of counsel. Each one had something to propose. But it was soon seen that nothing was to be effected in this way. They tried to let down cords, but they did not reach me. Poles were still more useless. Indeed, how could it have been possible for me to hold on to a cord or a pole long enough to draw me up to that height?

At length they called in the aid of an old miner, who at once saw what was to be done. His first business was carefully to enlarge the aperture. He then set up a windlass beside it, with a long rope coiled upon it, and to this fastened a bucket. The compassionate neighbors watched every movement with agonizing impatience. Many prayed aloud. And in those terrible moments

of consciousness which now and then broke in upon my swoon, for I had swooned after my fall, my ear caught single words of hymns and prayers for the dying, which I understood too well.

At length all was ready; and the old miner, with a light attached to his cap, having first given warning that perhaps he might drag me down with him in his descent, stepped into the bucket. Slowly and cautiously was the rope unwound. I saw the burning light, and it seemed to me like a star descending from heaven for my help. Above was the silence of death. Without knowing what I did, I shrank up as close as possible to the damp wall. The movement loosened a bit of stone, and I heard the reverberation of its fall in the depth below. My groans indicated the place where I hung. The old man now began to comfort me, saying that I must keep up a good heart, for he hoped that with God's help he should deliver me.

Now I saw the bucket hovering far over my head; then nearer and nearer; but the opening was so narrow that it could not pass by me. My deliverer therefore gave a sign for those at the top to stop unwinding. He then reached down to me a cord with a noose tied to it. I seized hold of this, and by raising myself a little, grasped the edge of the bucket, first by one, and then by both hands. At this instant the frail threads, which had thus far sustained me, gave way. The bucket swayed with my weight, but I was already grasped by my old friend. He drew me into the bucket, and called aloud:

"Thank God, there above! I have the child! I have the child!"

As I sat in the miner's lap and felt myself perfectly safe, the first thing that came into my head was the pitcher, which in my fall had slipped from my hand. I began to weep bitterly.

"Why do you weep, my boy?" said the old man; "the danger is all over; we are just at the top."

"Ah, the pitcher, the pitcher!" I sobbed out, "it was a brand new one, and the very best we had."

We are at the brink of the chasm. My mother leaned over it, and reached toward me with yearning arms. The old miner lifted

me out to her. With trembling hands she caught me and drew me to her bosom. All the bystanders shouted for joy. They crowded around, and each one wished to embrace me, but my mother trusted me not out of her arms. She, dear, good mother! She had always loved me dearly; but from that time I was the apple of her eye.

I have heard my mother more than once relate, that when she heard the words of the miner: "Thank God, there above! I have the child!" a thrill of horror ran through her heart. Then it seemed to her impossible that it could be true; she fell with her face to the ground, and could only weep. But when the light reappeared, and by its weak rays she could discern her child, and see that he was alive, heaven seemed to open to her in all its glory. Never did she forget the blessed moment. My mother was a very pious woman, and was on this account held in great esteem by all who knew her. God laid many trials upon her, but I never saw her faint-hearted, never heard her murmur. In all her sorrows she acknowledged the fatherly love of God. But she often told her children that it was in that day of agony, when I was lost and again restored, that she was first fully established in her faith, and knew what it was to trust in the goodness of God.

Some of the readers of this tract can call to mind mercies as signal and great as that vouchsafed to the mother of this boy. Perhaps their own lives have been in imminent peril. It may have been that on some occasion a fell disease threatened dissolution. Physicians and generally hopeful friends despaired. It was supposed that nothing could prevent the fatal issue; and then, suddenly, a favorable change occurred. All who saw, declared it was a miracle. It was evidently the work of God. It was like a resurrection from the dead. From that time the cure progressed rapidly; at length there was a perfect restoration to health. Was there as perfect gratitude? Was "the Giver of every good and perfect gift" remembered? Was there a clear recognition of his hand in the grace and wonder? Has there, ever since, been a devout remembrance of the interposition? As a consequence of that interposition has faith been strengthened, and the life thus, as it

were, re-given, been sacredly and consistently devoted to the service of him who was, a second time, its giver? If not, how unlike the mother of the lad saved by means of the hook and bucket! How unworthy is the person of the favor he has received! How much has he to dread, with respect to his award, when the Lord shall come to require of every one an account of the talents with which they were entrusted!

Perhaps, reader, you were saved from shipwreck, from being dashed in pieces, when you were in a carriage and the horses had become unmanageable, or from some other equally great danger—saved when you were persuaded that the hour of your death had actually arrived. The unlooked-for interposition was just at the right time, and in the proper way. To it alone is due the fact that you are yet in the land of the living. Were you, like the mother in our narrative, rendered an earnest, firm, and faithful believer, by the unexpected and remarkable kindness? Have all the days which since have transpired been given zealously to him who then prolonged your existence? If they have, be doubly thankful. Be thankful that you were not then cut off in the midst of your sins, and be thankful, too, that the goodness which preserved you also led you to the “repentance not to be repented of,” and promised to have its “fruit unto holiness; and the end everlasting life.” Happy are you that, in this respect, the mother of the rescued child and you are much alike.

Perhaps the particular mercy you are recalling has so very close a resemblance to that of this good mother, that it was the preservation of your child from some impending and apparently unavoidable danger. Perhaps, for example, he was rescued from drowning, when there seemed small chance of an escape; perhaps he seemed to be dying of some fever, or other disease, and God sent the right medicine by the right hand, and at the very crisis and so raised him up again. Did the mercy turn your heart to the Lord? Have you, since it was received, been more truly and thoroughly a Christian than you were before? Has gratitude, since, been ever welling up in your soul, and has it caused you constantly to love and adore the divine Being who then was prov-

ing his love for you? If such has not been the effect, may not the mother in our narrative "rise up in the judgment" and "condemn you?" for she never forgot the blessed moment when her boy was rescued. Her faith was then established; her trials, we are told, were many; yet she never murmured. "In all her sorrows she acknowledged the fatherly love of God," and, to the very end, "she knew what it was to trust in his goodness."

If your corresponding mercy has not had the same happy influence on you, are you not self-reproached and condemned? How, then, must you appear in the sight of God? Is it too late now to endeavor to secure that influence? It can never be too late to be grateful; it can never be too late to attempt to prove your gratitude, by devotion to the cause and service of your Saviour.

THE END.



No. 206.

MR. SHARPLEY;

OR,

A TALE FOR THE OVER-THRIFTY.

TWENTY years' absence from my native place had worked many changes both in men and things. When I came back to Powerstone I hardly knew either the people or the place. New houses had sprouted up, and old houses had tumbled down; middle-aged and elderly houses had clothed their faces with paint and plaster to conceal their age from curious eyes, and to hide the wrinkles that were beginning to seam the walls. Streets were widened in this direction and lengthened in that; the old gable ends were fast disappearing, and the modern rivalry in shop-fronts had already commenced even in this distant town; omnibuses, those long boxes of human luggage, lumbered noisily through the streets towards a neighboring railroad. How unlike the quiet, sleepy Powerstone of old.

The people had also changed. Little prattling infants that I had tossed in my arms, now matched me in height; and those to whom I had given coral and gingerbread now sent their children to get lolly-pops from my pocket, or to have a dance on my knee; the men of middle life were now grey or bald, fast going down the hill of life; while a very little remnant of the old folks might be seen tottering about and basking in the more sunny corners of the little town, some deaf, some half blind, some infants again in understanding, the wrecks and rickety resemblances of their for-

mer selves, shuffling onwards a few paces towards their graves.

But besides these changes in the outward world of Powerstone, in men's looks, or the outward appearance of the town, there were inward alterations too ; characters were changed, some for the better, some for the worse.

Boys that had been greedy of cakes and apples were now greedy of greater things, and were elbowing their way in the world with a grasping, selfish spirit ; children that had been noisy and quarrelsome were now mixed up in all the heats and angers and sharp doings of political party ; light, laughing girls had turned into widows with care-worn looks and heavy hearts, and yet some of them softened and sobered by their afflictions, the bitter cross that had been laid on them having led them to Him who calls the weary and heavy-laden to Himself ; others on whom trouble had fallen had only become fretful and impatient, murmuring at their lot, and looking at all things with a sour, complaining mind.

But there was one of my old townsmen whom I found more altered than all the rest ; this was Mr. Benjamin Sharpley. When I left Powerstone he was a man of about forty years old, he was now sixty. He was then a hard-working man, a bustling tradesman. He was thriving in the world, for he was slaving for the world ; his whole heart was given up to business ; he was looked upon as "a highly respectable" person, was honest in all his dealings, and being a thriving man, had that sort of influence which increasing money and increasing prosperity are sure to give in this world. To my mind he was thoroughly, entirely eaten up with covetousness ; he was at work by day-break, and you might see a light in his window late at night ; he cared for nothing else but his shop ; he talked of nothing else but business ; he thought of nothing else. To get rich was his one aim ; he lived very plainly ; spent next to nothing, gave nothing away, except when it was "the respectable thing" to do, as on charity sermons and on such-like occasions ; was of a cold, hard, selfish temper. Religion ; what had he to do with that ? that was for the poor, or the sick, or the dying, according to his view ; at any rate, he pushed all such things from his mind ; his shop was enough for him ; he could not attend to two things at

once, and that was true. "It was all very well for people to be religious," he used to say, "he did not object to it; of course it was very proper; he respected religious people;" but he himself had no heart for it. It is true he went to church once a Sunday; it was respectable to go to church, and he had a large high pew, for alas, there were large high pews then in Powerstone Church. Such was Mr. Benjamin Sharpley, a man thoroughly for this world, prudent and hoarding. He was unmarried, as he had always dreaded the expense of marriage; his nearest relations were two nephews, wild and gay young men who lived at some distance, whom he never saw and never liked. Of course among the gossips of Powerstone, it was often a knotty subject of debate, what would become of Mr. Sharpley's money when he died.

Great, therefore, was my surprise when, on attending daily service which had been begun at Powerstone, I found Mr. Benjamin Sharpley always there. "This is a change," I said to myself, "how can he find time on week-days for this? or rather, how has he got the heart for this Christian business?" On coming out of church one day he gave me a warm greeting; the whole man had thawed, if I may so speak; his very countenance was more mild and kindly, not so close or shrewd as it was before. When we parted he could not help saying, "Isn't it a privilege, Sir? isn't it a blessing to have the church open daily?" Away he hurried to his shop without waiting for a reply, and I was left lost in wonder. The first Sunday after my arrival I most thankfully partook of the blessed feast of the Lord's Supper; it was a joyful yet an affecting hour; twenty years had gone; twenty years of trial had passed over my head, and many troubles had I been called to bear; "Here I am," I thought within myself, "once more in the old church; once more in the holy house of God, where I worshipped in my youth. How many have been stricken down since I last was here! How many knees that knelt at the altar are now mouldering in their graves! How many have gone to their account, and can no more pour forth their souls in the house of prayer." Such thoughts passed through my mind during the pause that took place before the Communion Service began. When I knelt at the altar, I found one kneel-

ing next to me whom I had little expected to find among my neighbours there ; it was Mr. Benjamin Sharpley.

I soon found from the clergyman that Mr. Sharpley's was no mere formal change, nor formal religion. He told me that he was the first in all the good that was done, the kindest, the most generous, the most forward. Though he still attended to his shop, he found time to visit the poor, and to find out their real wants ; he was the friend of the widow and the fatherless, always took orphans as his apprentices, felt a lively interest in the schools, and was now busy building an infant school for the benefit of the parish ; in short, he was as eager and anxious in toiling for others, as he had formerly been in toiling for himself. His way of life was simple in the extreme ; he spent little upon himself ; every thing looked the same in his house as it had done years ago ; in the little parlour next the shop were the same red curtains with black velvet fringe, only faded and turning into a dingy orange from the wear and tear of twenty years ; there were the same horse-hair mahogany chairs, only at the corners the stuffing was trying to peep through ; the same round glass over the chimney-piece, only the gilding had become dull and worn.

Gladdened by the sight of such a change, I sought to become more acquainted with my former neighbour. Many a walk and talk we had on a Sunday afternoon after church, and all his heart seemed to centre upon one thing, a deep settled desire to serve his Saviour, and to be a faithful member of His Church. There was a good deal of reserve about him ; he seemed to dread talking on religious subjects, and always spoke very solemnly ; he shrank from religious talkativeness. As we became more and more intimate, I became curious to know the history of his change ; the clergyman could not tell me ; all he knew was that he had often sought his counsel, and often spoken in tones of deepest sorrow of his former worldly ways. One evening, (it was at the close of the day on which the infant school was opened,) he was unusually cheerful, and evidently grateful for having been allowed to bring so good a work to an end ; he was also unusually unreserved, and as the evening wore on, I could not resist telling him the pleasure it gave me to find him spending his time and money in such good

works as were likely to bring blessings upon himself and others. At last, as one remark led to another, I hinted at his former life, and expressed my surprise on my return to find him so greatly changed. "Well," he said, with a hesitating voice, "as I do not believe you ask me out of idle curiosity, I will tell you the strange and merciful event which led me to repentance for my past great sin of covetousness and worldliness, and which gave me very deep views of the need of preparing for the life to come by the help of God's good Spirit.

"I had been working and slaving harder than usual about Christmas-time ten years ago ; I had all my accounts to make up, and I confess with shame, that I stole some hours two Sundays running to spend upon my books of trade.

"On coming to the end of the job, I found to my delight that I had had a most prosperous year, and I absolutely gloated over the figures that told me how rich I was. The labour, however, that I had undergone had fairly worn me out, and when I leaned back in my chair I felt great fatigue, and at last fell into a restless, confused slumber, and I then had the following wonderful dream, which has exercised such importance on my life.

"I dreamt that I was dead, and yet saw everything that was going on in my house as though I was alive. The day after my death I saw a gig drive up to the door ; two young fellows, my nephews, jumped out and exclaimed, 'What, is the old fellow really dead ?'

"'Dead as a door-nail, Sir,' said the old woman who was then my servant.

"'Well, now for the pickings,' said the elder, 'what shall we be at first ?'

"'Why, first,' said the younger, 'let us have something to eat and drink ; where's the key of the cellar, Sally ?'

"'Here's the key, Sir ; I'll go and fetch you something to warm you this cold Christmas weather.'

"Off she went ; but when she was half way down the cellar stairs she seemed to recollect something, and scrambled up into my bed-room where my body was lying ; then she fumbled over the waistcoats and trowsers I had last worn, and ransacked them of all the loose silver they con

tained. Having done this she hurried again to the cellar, and took out three bottles of my best wine; one she put away for herself, and the other two she brought into the parlour. After a jovial feast my nephews began to turn over my goods. 'Well,' said the elder, 'he was an excellent fellow for saving; all the better for us; he grew the crop, and we'll gather it.'

"'Aye, and spend it too, I hope,' answered the other, 'we'll soon give his money some wheels; it's been like the green pool in a village, all stagnant; we'll move it now. They say he worked hard, got up early, and wasn't in bed till midnight; it was very kind of him; he was an excellent labourer for his heirs; he was a good, faithful slave for those who are to come after him. It must have been a great pleasure to him to have toiled so hard for us, and if he could but see us now, it would be a great pleasure to him to see us getting hold of all he scraped together; his was the trouble, ours is the gain. I'm sure we're much obliged to him.'

"At this they both laughed aloud.

"'I wonder,' said the younger, 'whether he thought to carry away his money; he loved it so, it must have been hard to part; did he think he could pack up his ledgers and his bank-notes, and his gold and his goods? However, it's no use lining his coffin with bank-notes, or putting a bag of guineas in his hand.'

"'No, indeed, there's no sending his money after him, and to say the truth I'm not disposed to part with it. He thought himself, I dare say, a very wise and prudent man. To my mind he was a fool, for what has he got?'

"'Why,' said the younger, 'I don't suppose his money does him much good now; he took a deal of labour; however, it's all the better for us. Just come and look at this ledger, made up to Christmas, I declare; beautifully written; excellently cast up; what hours he must have spent upon it! He didn't think we were going to pocket the result; well Mr. Benjamin Sharpley,' he continued in a mocking tone 'let's see what you made last year; you have been just like a banker's clerk, lots of money passing through your hands, but precious little for yourself. Let's see; here's the last line, £553 2s. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., very pleasant profits last

year, and very pleasant pickings ; thank you, Mr. Sharpley ; you did pretty well last year ; you must have worked hard ; much good may it do you ; we are greatly indebted for having it all copied out so fair ; £553 2s. 5³/₄d., what say you to that ? We'll toss up about the three farthings, we can't divide that.'

"They then proceeded to look over the shop ; the shutters were closed for sake of decency, but they made Sally fetch a light, and with that they inspected all my stock, searched all the drawers, rummaged every desk, and made themselves masters of the state of my affairs ; my banker's book, my account of money in the stocks, all my business letters were in their hands.

"'After all,' said the elder, as they sat down to a good dinner in the parlour, 'we must not complain of your slaving, drudging, covetous dogs, as far as we are concerned ; it is true they have a dismal life of it themselves, and what becomes of them afterwards it's better not to think ; money isn't much good beyond, I should guess ; this shrewd old fellow has outwitted himself ; it appears he's got nothing in this world and nothing for the next, he has beggared himself by his savings and hoardings. However, he shall have a decent funeral ; and as he never gave any thing away here or did any good that I ever heard of, I suppose after the mob has stared at his coffin, nobody will think any more of Mr. Benjamin Sharpley.'

"'I think we ought to put up a marble slab in the church.'

"'Well, we can do that, and they may read it who like. Of course we shall say he died "beloved and respected," or "deeply lamented," and all that sort of thing. I dare say the stone-mason will have a ready-made epitaph.'

"'O this great ledger,' exclaimed the elder, lifting up the huge volume, 'this is at once his monument and epitaph ; this would tell the truth if we could but get it nailed against the church wall instead of your marble slab, for I don't believe he had a thought beyond the debtor and creditor account.'

"At this point the ledger somehow or other slipped from his hands and fell heavily on the floor. I suddenly awoke, and found that by some unconscious movement of my arm, I had really shaken the ledger from the table, and the noise

had startled me ; my dream was at an end ; but the impression which it made will, I trust, never be effaced : every word pierced my conscience as with sharp swords ; I saw the wretchedness and wickedness of my whole life ; all the imaginary speeches of my nephews seemed so full of truth, that I was for a long time doubtful whether after all it was but a dream ; they haunted my memory day and night ; my shop, my ledger, my stock, all cried out against me that I was covetous ; wherever I went in the course of my business, the words of the dream wrung in my ears ; ‘too true, too true,’ I would exclaim to myself, ‘is the picture which I have thus seen of myself ;’ ‘not a thought beyond the debtor and creditor account,’ I keenly felt was a saying exactly applicable. I looked upon the event as a solemn warning ; I considered my whole mode of living, my ends, my motives ; and I found I was indeed beggaring myself by getting rich, gaining things I could not keep, and losing all that could be kept. I resolved at once to make a great effort to free myself from my sin ; that very night I bent my stubborn knee, and poured such prayers as had never before risen from my soul ; like the poor publican I was indeed conscience-stricken and self-abased. Besides using my own endeavours, I hastened to the clergyman ; I told him plainly of my sin ; I asked his counsel ; I besought him to treat me as a child ; I placed myself under his guidance. As a true ambassador of Christ, as a true pastor and holy friend, he dealt with me ; I owe him, under God, more than I can express ; he led me to search for the true riches of our Saviour’s kingdom ; he helped me in the search ; and now having taken up the cross, I purpose, by the aid of the Spirit of grace, to devote my whole life to His service, who in His great undeserved mercy did not cut me off in the midst of my sin. You see before you a poor penitent, a wanderer, a guilty wretch craving for pardon at the foot of the cross, and desiring to be remembered in your prayers. I have to-night been able to speak to you in this manner ; I have never revealed this dream before ; I shall never speak of it again ; I look upon you as a friend indeed, for we walk in the house of God as friends. May we be friends on earth, and friends for ever in heaven.”

My poor friend then burst into tears ; for a long time he was too much moved to speak. I laid my hand upon his, and suffered him gradually to recover his composure. When he had regained his self-possession, I took up the Bible and read a chapter aloud, as I had no heart to return to common subjects, and it seemed to calm his spirit. When this was ended, he rang the bell, and his apprentices and servants came in to join in family prayer. We all knelt down, and I trust that our souls were that night truly united before the throne of grace. It was then time for me to return home, and after a warm "good-night" I left the house. The memory of that evening remains with me as fresh as ever.

I have continued to meet Mr. Sharpley since, and have only found more abundant cause to be thankful for the friendship which has sprung up between us. The more deeply I see into his character, the more clearly I see his complete devotion to the Christian's true business ; and though I have never had the same temptations to covetousness, I trust that I have learnt from him a stronger desire to use my worldly means to the glory of God and the relief of my brethren.



MARY FISHER;

OR,

THE RIGHT USE OF TROUBLE

"O MARY, Mary, don't take on so, try and bear it better, it's God's will; try to say, His will be done."

"I can't, Jane, I can't; he's dead and I shall never see him more; never hear his dear little voice again, never see him toddling about the room any more; and it's all my own fault too; if I had not left him to go in and ask Ann Jones all about the fight in the street, he could not have set himself on fire. O! why did I leave him!" and again she burst into tears.

"Indeed, Mary, you should try to bear it better; do try and think how happy he is now; try and remember that he's better done for where he is than you could ever do for him. Poor lamb," said Jane, turning away her head to hide her own tears, "he'll never suffer again, there's no trouble where he's gone."

"You're right there, Mrs. Thomas," said a third woman who just then came in, "you're right enough; there's a deal of trouble in this wicked world, and I'm sure with her wild husband and large family, and often hardly a bit of bread to give them, she has need to say so, and to be thankful the poor child's provided for."

"I didn't mean that, Mrs. Jones; God gave her the child,

and would have given her the means to provide for it, I don't doubt, but He has taken it away, and she ought to submit to His will ; dear Mary, do pray to Him to comfort you ; let me go and ask Mr. Hammond to come and talk to you and pray with you ; I'm sure it would do you good."

She was leaving the room, but Mary called her back.

"O ! Jane, I fear he won't come ; he has so often spoken to me about coming to church, and I have not been, and last time he was here Tom was so rude, and said he didn't want a parson to preach to him ; I'm sure he'll never come after that." The words were hardly said, when Mr. Hammond, the clergyman, came in.

"I am grieved indeed, Mary Fisher, to hear what has happened ; it is indeed a dreadful trial for you, but I hope God will please to bless the affliction to your soul. Jane Thomas," he said, seeing that the poor mother was unable to speak to him, "how did it happen?"

"Why, Sir, she left little Billy alone in the room and shut him in while she went in to Ann Jones next door, and when she came back she heard him screaming and found he had set himself on fire : he was shockingly burnt, Sir, and though the doctor was gone for directly, he could do nothing, and he died this morning." She did not tell the clergyman that it was she who ran for the doctor and promised to pay him, and that she had sat up all night with the poor child in her lap, though her pale face and trembling hands might have told that part of the tale for her. "I think you had better leave her alone with me," said he, "and I will call on you as I go away."

The woman left the room, and Mr. Hammond sat down by Mary ; he did not at first try to check her crying, but after a few minutes he began to speak very gently and kindly to her : "I do not ask you not to cry, Mary ; God will not be angry with you for that ; He wants you to be sorry, but to be sorry in a right way, and not to murmur against His will. Can you not say, 'His will be done?'"

"O ! Sir, how can I when I think that I shall never see my sweet Billy again?"

"Hush, Mary, you may see him again if you choose. He is gone to that blessed home where you too may go ; where your Lord and Saviour wishes you to go ; where He

will take you, if you will let Him ; and He sends you this grief to help you on your way."

"Help me on my way ! how can that be, Sir ? Sure it's a sign that He hates me and is angry with me, else He would not have let my child die."

"No, Mary, not so ; chastisements are signs of His love ; if He had not loved you He would not have tried you thus ; try to think of this, and it will be a comfort to you ; try and think whether you did not need some dreadful blow to rouse you up and make you think of your sins."

Mary was silent, for she knew that at the fearful moment when her child lay moaning in her kind friend's lap, and she saw by the doctor's face that there was no hope, her past sins and neglect of God had flashed like lightning upon her mind ; she felt it was a punishment, but she did not then know that there was mercy in it. Now a ray of comfort seemed to steal into her heart, and she said, "O ! Sir, I wish indeed it may be as you say ; but I have been so forgetful of God, so very sinful that I can hardly believe He loves me still."

"He who so loved sinners as to send His Son to die for them, does love you still, Mary ; let nothing persuade you out of this, but try with all your heart to do His will now. He gives His Holy Spirit to all who ask it, and with that help you may turn to Him, but it must be in lowly repentance. I cannot stay long with you now, but I will pray with you before I go."

The prayers ended, Mr. Hammond left her, and on his way out, went to Jane Thomas' room, which was in the same house. It was a very small, very poor room, but quite neat and clean ; what little furniture there was, seemed like the remains of better days, and Jane herself had the same look. She was the widow of a small tradesman ; after a few years of what would have been great happiness but for his bad health, he died of consumption, and her two children soon followed him to the grave, and she was alone in the world. Her husband's business, house painting, could not of course be carried on by a woman, and she had to support herself by taking in needle-work and going out when she could as a nurse. Her means were indeed small, yet she often found enough to help others, and those others never

knew that the meal which cheered their hearts was her own Sunday dinner, or that the few shillings so cheerfully given to save their goods from being seized, had been carefully saved up to buy a warm shawl to go to church in. Jane Thomas was a great favorite of Mr. Hammond's, and he often found her useful among his sick parishioners. He knew he could trust her, and that her way of talking would do them good and not harm, unlike many sick nurses who make their trade the means of gossip and mischief-making, and instead of making the sick think of that world to which they are going, fill their minds with tales of their neighbours' mis-doings ; for it is remarkable that gossips never choose the good doings of others to talk about. Jane put down her work as the clergyman came in. "Go on, Jane," he said, "you must not stop for me ; I know you have no time to spare."

"Indeed, Sir, I have always time to stop and listen to you ; I feel more fresh for work after your visits, and I fancy the work for the body never gets on the worse for a little time spent on the soul."

"You are right, Jane, and those who have in their madness and folly tried to do away with God's day of rest, have found to their cost that the body cannot thrive without it ; but I have only a minute or two to spare you now, and I must talk of poor Mary ; hers is a sad trial."

"It is indeed, Sir ; she reproaches herself so bitterly for leaving the child, that it almost breaks one's heart to hear her."

"It is better she should do so, Jane ; her neglect of home duties is a great sin, and I trust this fearful event may arouse her to a sense of it ; but she should not be left too long to brood over her trouble ; I hope you will go and see her when you can."

"That I will, Sir ; I will take my work and sit with her a bit when her husband is out, and I will read to her the good book you gave me when my dear husband died, if you think proper."

"Do so, Jane, and give her good advice about her family, now that her heart is softened by trouble ; I will see her myself as often as I can, and I trust ere long she may find the blessings of affliction."

Mary Fisher's history was no uncommon one. She had been a servant in a gentleman's family, and on the whole had conducted herself well, but her love of dress and going out had given her mistress some anxiety, and she often talked seriously to her about it. When she was only twenty, she became engaged to a young labourer about her own age, and instead of waiting a few years till they should both have saved a little to begin upon, they resolved, against the advice of their friends, to marry at once. James Fisher was not unsteady, but of a lively and rather thoughtless disposition. At first all went on well: James found a tidy house and a neat, cheerful wife to greet him on his return from his day's work, and he wanted no other company; but soon Mary found the days hang heavily on her hands, and she would step in first to one neighbour, and then another, for a little chat, and once or twice it happened that James came home and found the house empty. One afternoon it rained hard, and he was obliged to leave work early with two or three friends less steady than himself. They went with him as far as his own door.

"Well, old woman, here I am for a snug early tea," he said, as he opened the door, expecting to give her a pleasant surprise; but no Mary was there: he stood at the door talking with his friends for some time, and still she did not appear, and it ended in his companions enticing him to a beer shop with them: once in, getting out was a hard matter; and that night for the first time Mary saw her husband tipsy. She never thought of looking to herself as the cause, and as he went on worse and worse, she sought more and more for comfort and company out of doors; and as time went on and they had a large family, their idle habits were the cause of much misery to them.

The day after the funeral, Jane took her work and went to see Mary, whom she found sitting over the fire doing nothing.

"Well, Mary, how are you to-day?"

"O! very poorly, and all alone; the children would go out to play; they say it's so dull in the house; and James is gone to work. Mrs. Jones wanted me to go in and have a cup of tea with her, but I've no heart to go out."

"Well, I'm not sorry for that, Mary ; one's own house is the best place in time of trouble—no, not the best, there is one better."

"Which is that?" said Mary.

"The house of God," said Jane solemnly.

Mary did not answer, for she felt that she had never sought it as a place of comfort. After some time she said, "I wish, Jane, you would tell me how you used to manage : people say you were always cheerful and never idle, even in your greatest trouble."

"I could not afford to be idle, Mary ; and as to being cheerful, I could not murmur at what was God's will. It was hard to bear at first, but I used to think over what Mr. Hammond told me, that my dear ones were gone home, and that I must strive to follow them ; and the thought of doing that made me cheerful over many a hard day's work, and then each morning, as the church bell tolled for prayers, I felt as if I were getting a stage further on my journey. But let us talk of your affairs, and see if nothing can be done to mend matters with you."

"O ! it's no good while James goes on as he does now. He often comes home tipsy and with only half a week's wages ; the children are in rags, and no wonder ; I'm sure I've no heart to mend their clothes."

"But you ought to mend them, Mary, and if you sent them regularly to school they would not get so ragged."

"I know that well enough, but they don't like going, and it's hard to be always contradicting and teasing them, poor things ; they'll have trouble enough by and by."

"That they certainly will, thanks to yourself."

"Thanks to me ! why ?"

"Why, because you will not contradict and tease them, as you call it. Children do not know what is best and happiest for them, and must be taught to know it by those older than themselves : but do you really find they are unhappy at school when they do go?"

"O no, when once they are there they are happy enough, and come home full of tales of the fun they have had with the other children, and of all Miss Hammond has told them."

"And if you made them go regularly they would be

much happier ; they would cost you less, for they would not destroy their clothes, nor make them dirty, as they do playing in the street, and you would just give them their dinner to take with them, instead of their running in and out asking for bread and butter all day long as they do now."

"That's true enough," said Mary, "and they do learn such shocking talk in the streets, it makes one's hair stand on end to hear them ; I beat them, but it does no good."

"It is no good, unless you teach them that it is a sin against God ; if you taught them this, perhaps they would never need beating. Children's hearts are not hard, and the fear of God is easily taught them ; a child well taught will scarcely ever need a beating."

"Well, I will try and make them go to school regularly, and send them to church, though I can't go myself."

"Why not ?" said Jane.

"O ! I've nothing fit to wear, and James lies in bed so late on Sundays."

"But what has that to do with you ? He does not want you to dress him, does he ?"

Mary smiled in spite of her trouble, and said, "No ; but he wanted his breakfast when he came down."

"Then leave it all made and ready for him ; and as to having nothing to wear, that is an excuse I can never bear to hear. You are not ashamed to be seen in the street, and you need not be ashamed to be seen in church, if you go clean and decent."

"But the neighbours talk so ! I heard Mrs. Jones remark only the other day, that Sarah Trotman went to church with a dyed ribbon on her bonnet."

"Do you hear Mr. Hammond, or any really religious people, observing what the people in church are dressed in ?"

"Of course not, they are attending to the service."

"And do you really think it matters what people who are not doing their duty say, Mary ? Do you think when you have to give an account at the day of judgment of all the blessed Sundays you have wasted, that it will do to say, 'I was afraid Mrs. Jones would remark my shabby clothes ?' Such excuses are worse than none, for they only help us to deceive ourselves, we cannot deceive God ? O,

dear Mary, you have a great work to do, and you must strive to do it before it is too late !”

“But how can I, a weak woman like me, and my husband hindering instead of helping me?”

“I fear the hindrance is partly your own fault ; try and make his home comfortable ; let him find a clean house, and a cheerful welcome, teach his children to look for his coming as a pleasure, and above all, set him a good example in being regular at church and in all religious duties, and I believe you will find him mend his ways, by God’s blessing.”

“But Jane, how can I try now, when I can think of nothing but poor Billy’s death?”

“Think that Billy’s death is a call from God to you, to tell you to mend your ways, and you will not find your sorrow hinder your duties ; God sent it for your soul’s good, not for your hurt, and if you pray to Him, and at once strive to do His will, I am sure you’ll find more comfort than you have ever yet known ; and now it is getting dark and I have done my work, and must go home to get some more ready.”

So ended Jane’s visit, and a happy one it proved to poor Mary Fisher, who resolved to try at once to act on her friend’s advice. That very evening, James, who was too much out of spirits about his poor child to go with his wild friends, found a comfortable tea waiting for him, and after tea Mary asked him to read a chapter to the children before they went to bed. This good custom she went on with whenever he came home sober, and he soon felt ashamed when he knew he was not fit to read to the children. The children went regularly to school, and Mary to church. She had many trials still, and often felt disheartened, but Mr. Hammond, to whom she freely told her troubles, cheered her, and pointed out the true way to cure them ; and at the end of a year, as she walked home one Sunday from church with her husband, she said, “Now I feel what that text means, ‘Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth ;’ if He had not chastened me by the death of my dear child, I should not have been to church with you, James, to-day.”

“Well, Mary, I’m very glad I’ve been, and now I’ve begun I mean to go on with it. I never really liked staying away, for I didn’t feel comfortable in my mind. But let us make

haste home now, for fear the young ones should get into mischief."

"O never fear, they have all been at school and at church, except Anne and the baby, and I can always trust Anne. She has been quite a changed girl since she went regularly to school, and is getting quite a steady little woman."

The younger children here joined them, and all seizing upon their father's arm, at once said he must take them for a Sunday walk.

"It will be so nice, father," said Tom, the eldest boy, "and we will say our new hymns to you as we walk along. Even little Jane has learnt one, and can say it quite well, if I tell her the first words of the lines."

Their mother said they must have their tea first, and that she must make haste home to get it ready.

When they went into the house they found the tea all ready, the bread nicely cut and buttered, and, to their great joy, Jane Thomas sitting by the fire nursing the baby while Anne was reading aloud.

"O, Jane, how kind of you to get tea for us against we came in," said Mary.

"You must thank your little girl, not me," said Jane, "she has done it all herself; I was not well enough to go to church this afternoon, so I thought I would come in and see how Anne managed the baby; and she said as I liked to nurse him, she would try and put the tea ready to surprise you all; and now, as she tells me the children hope for a Sunday walk with their father, I mean to stay and keep you company."

When James and the children were gone, the two friends read some chapters together, and then talked over the events of the past year.

"I cannot tell you how glad I was," said Jane, "to see you and James coming home from church together; I hope now he will keep on his good ways, and you will be a comfort to each other,"

"I hope so indeed, Jane; I take all the blame of his bad conduct to myself, for he is a good, kind husband, and was only led astray for want of comfort at home."

“ Well, you seem to have plenty of comforts for him now, and you look a deal happier than you used to do.”

“ I am very happy,” said Mary ; “ though when I think of poor Billy it makes me very sad, and the thought of my own folly, and neglect of my duties, makes me sadder still ; but I know now what Mr. Hammond meant that dreadful day, when he told me that perhaps I needed some severe blow to turn me to God, and I can truly feel that it was in mercy that He afflicted me.”

PREFACE TO

THE FORM AND MANNER OF MAKING, ORDAINING, AND
CONSECRATING BISHOPS, PRIESTS, AND DEACONS,

ACCORDING TO THE ORDER OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AS ESTABLISHED BY THE BISHOPS,
THE CLERGY, AND LAITY OF SAID CHURCH, IN GENERAL CONVENTION, IN
THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1792.

It is evident unto all men, diligently reading holy Scripture and ancient authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these Orders of Ministers in Christ's Church,—Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. Which offices were evermore had in such reverent estimation, that no man might presume to execute any of them, except he were first called, tried, examined, and known to have such qualities as are requisite for the same; and also by public prayer with imposition of hands, were approved and admitted thereunto by lawful authority. And therefore, to the intent that these Orders may be continued, and reverently used and esteemed in this Church, no man shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful Bishop, Priest, or Deacon, in this Church, or suffered to execute any of the said functions, except he be called, tried, examined, and admitted thereunto according to the form hereafter following,* or hath had Episcopal Consecration or Ordination.

ART. XXIII.—*Of Ministering in the Congregation.*

It is not lawful for any man to take upon him the office of public preaching, or ministering the sacraments in the congregation, before he be lawfully called, and sent to execute the same. And those we ought to judge lawfully called and sent, which be chosen and called to this work by men who have public authority given unto them in the congregation, to call and send ministers into the LORD's vineyard.

* The reader is referred to the Prayer Book for the Form of Ordination.

ORDINATION, OR INSTITUTION OF MINISTERS.

1. THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
2. Hence sprang the *Apostle's* honored name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the *prophetic* sage,
And hence the *evangelic* page.
3. In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and *teachers* rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long extended line.
4. From CHRIST their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
Whilst guarded by his potent hand,
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.
5. So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
6. JESUS, our LORD, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.



No. 205.

HARRY FULTON,

OR

THE MERCHANT'S SON.

MR. FULTON was a rising man. He had nothing to begin with but good sharp wits. A clever head was all his stock in trade, and his purse added but little to his weight. However, Mr. Fulton gave himself to business; he had seen men rise before him, and he did not see why his feet should not mount the ladder. Accordingly he began by contriving to get into an under place in a merchant's office, with a small salary; the small salary he laid out to the best advantage; and as he thought it a great matter to "look respectable," he was careful of his appearance, and managed to appear better off than he was. Then he was always in his place, always in the way, always ready. If any extra work was to be done, Fulton was at hand to do it; he never seemed to grudge work. Thus he became useful to his employers. The senior clerk was of a somewhat sour temper, and was in poor health. Fulton kept looking at his shoes, and thought to step into them one day. As the senior clerk got older, he got weaker in health, and less able to work; his employers began to turn to Fulton as the useful man; whatever had to be done quickly was given to him; they could get him to move; there was some life in him, while the senior clerk would drone and dawdle through the job.

The merchants soon found they could not do without Fulton; he became more and more active, more and more sharp and ready; he got to know more of their affairs; he saved them much trouble; kept them from many blunders.

and elbowed his way cleverly into their confidence. They also began to wish his feet were in the senior clerk's shoes, and they soon managed what they wished. The sour, sickly clerk was one day called into the little parlour, the council-chamber, where the merchants sat. He turned paler, or rather yellower, when the summons came, and knew not what was to happen. When he knocked at the door, and heard the sharp "come in" of the junior partner, his heart trembled within him. Advancing to the large mahogany table, covered with bills, letters, ledgers, &c., he waited, quivering like an aspen, to hear the reason of his being sent for.

"Well, Mr. Snarley," began the elder partner, who was a stiff, stout, and pompous person, passing his hand through the thin hair that fringed a bald head, "we have been thinking of your health; you have been a creaking wheel for some time, never strong, and age doesn't mend us, Mr. Snarley, does it?"

The poor clerk trembled at such a commencement of the interview, and a still more jaundiced hue passed over his melancholy face.

"Now we've been thinking together, I and Mr. Bidwell, of giving you a retiring pension, as this firm always wishes to reward its aged and faithful servants."

This was said with a generous and pompous air, and it made the poor clerk lift up his dull eye, which actually glistened with a strange lustre as he found he was not to be turned penniless away.

"I am sure, gentlemen; I am sure, gentlemen," he began to stammer forth, while he convulsively twitched and twiddled at the dull buttons of his threadbare coat.

"Of course, Mr. Snarley you're very grateful, that's what you meant to say," said the senior partner; "well, that's right, it's right to be grateful; it's time you should be laid on the shelf, like one of those ledgers," pointing to some gigantic volumes covered with dust, in an old mahogany bookcase.

"But those ledgers," interrupted the junior partner, who was of a livelier turn, "don't eat, you see, Mr. Snarley, and therefore we mustn't quite treat you like them: you would not keep as fat as they upon the shelf, eh?"

A sort of ghastly, lugubrious smile played on the old clerk's features at the intended joke.

"Well, be it as it may," continued the senior partner, as if it were time to recall the several parties from any inclination towards familiar pleasantry, "if you are inclined to send your son, who is but a stripling, upon half Mr. Fulton's salary for the next five years, we shall give you an allowance of £60 per annum for those five years, and after that £30 for life."

The offer was on the whole generous; but it was just spoilt by getting the son at a cheap rate for five years. However, the poor clerk was quite overcome; his desponding spirit had hardly ever dared to think of a pension; he had deserved it, it is true, as he had lost his health in the office; but though he began to feel himself unequal to his post, he had not thought how he was to support himself in his old age.

A few warm words were all the poor old man could splutter forth, and, as the partners motioned him away, some tears rolled down his sallow cheek. He was soon scribbling at his desk as before, but there was a page in which the letters looked as if they had been wetted, and the long tails of the l's and g's told the tale of a trembling hand. You may easily guess that Fulton was now fairly in his shoes.

But Fulton's elevation only revealed to him other heights; there was still a stool above him, and one rise in the world led him to desire another. On and on he worked; he was always in the way as before, always ready for more work, always willing and in good humour; late and early, there he was.

"He's a rare man," said the elder partner, who began himself somewhat to wear at last, and was troubled with the gout.

"He is indeed," said the younger; "he makes the wheel go; he's our engine-driver, you may be sure, and our firm has turned into an 'express train' since he came."

It was quite true. Their business was well done, and the firm throve. It soon began to be evident that the senior partner was getting past work. There were many consultations in the little parlour. At last Fulton was called in;

the matter was soon settled ; Fulton was made a partner, and it was now " Simms, Bidwell, and Fulton ;" the latter had jumped to a higher stool, and Mr. Simms ceased to attend the counting-house except when the profits were divided.

Mr. Fulton now emerged from his lodging in a dull, dingy street in the heart of the city, and took a good-sized house, some seven miles from town, and kept his gig. He next thought of marriage, and meeting with a retired druggist's daughter of some wealth, he became possessed of her, and some five thousand pounds. So far as regards rising in the world, Mr. Fulton had done well.

In course of time he had one son : no more children were granted him ; and now the stream of his love, that had gone sweeping on in one straight channel, was divided into two ; love of the world, of rising in the world, and love of his only child. His wife had not much of his heart, though he behaved kindly to her ; she was a mild, easy woman, but of no strong character, and was content to manage his house, and make things comfortable on his return from business : but his boy did win his heart ; he had been a self-loving man hitherto, and had slaved for himself alone ; Fulton had been Fulton's idol ; but now a new feeling seemed to gush forth ; he became wrapped up in his child. He would start earlier from business to go into the toy-shop, and he would turn over the toys and try them all, and would be long in deciding which would suit his boy the best. He would always have something in his gig to carry home to Harry. It was refreshing to see him really care for something beside himself ; he was thought to have no heart, but now he found it.

And yet even this love took a worldly turn. He had slaved to become rich and to rise in the world for his own sake ; now he slaved for his child. He had great dreams of his boy's future consequence ; he was resolved to make him a rich and great man. As the firm rose in wealth, he felt that it was but ministering to his boy's riches. He had visions of great estates which he should leave him ; he intended to send him to a school where he could mix with youths of rank ; he constantly passed by Elmore Park, a large place in his neighbourhood, and he often said to himself, " that shall be my son's." The owner was greatly

embarrassed, and it was expected to be sold before long. On Elmore Park, therefore, he fixed his heart for his son's sake, and for Elmore Park he slaved. At last as years went on, it began to be known in the neighbourhood, that when the place should be brought to the hammer, Mr. Fulton would be a bidder.

Now it so happened that there were many old paths through this park, and it became a favourite walk of Harry Fulton. He loved to sit under the shade of the old elms, and hear the rooks, and see the clouds floating by through the topmost branches, as he lay upon the grass with his face turned to the sky. Somehow he liked to be alone; and when he was old enough to walk without a nurse, he was always wandering among the trees. At one end of the park stood the old church; it was a solemn-looking church; it awed the boy; he loved it, and he revered it; its walls seemed to speak; he would often steal towards it, and stand looking at its spire, and he would think to how many hundreds of men that old stony finger had pointed to heaven; he always listened eagerly to the service when in church, and he quite wondered his father did not like to talk about the Bible as he did; to him it was already the best of books; he was always glad to have a word from the clergyman, and wished to be catechised among the poor children, though in truth he kept answering the questions to himself all the while.

Now one winter's day as Harry was walking in the park, he saw a tradesman's boy riding towards Elmore house with a parcel in his hand. On a sudden the pony, startled by an old branch that the wind tossed upon the road, darted off at a furious pace and tore across the park. The boy pulled and pulled in vain, and then began to scream. Harry made after him as fast as he could, for he knew the pony was scampering in the direction of a large sheet of water, and knew not what might happen. The pony came on the water without knowing it was near, and making a sudden halt in the midst of its wild career in order to save itself, threw the lad with a jerk into the water. Harry, hot and out of breath, was soon at the lake, and found the frightened boy struggling in the mud; he instantly rushed in and helped to drag him out. The poor lad, wet to the skin, stood shivering with fright and cold, quite confused, till

Harry, taking off his own great-coat and giving it to him, bade him to get quickly home to the fire: the pony was soon caught, and away went the boy wrapped up in Harry's coat. The clergyman had seen the latter part of the scene as he was returning home across the park, and as he had never thought Harry strong, he felt quite fearful of his sudden exposure to the cold after his hot run, and his plunge into the mud. He tried to catch him up, but Harry was out of the park before him. The next day, however, he called on Mr. Fulton, and was grieved, though not surprised, to hear that Harry was in bed with a bad feverish cold. For a long time the cold lasted, and often did the clergyman visit him, as he had taken a lively interest in the youth, and no one did Harry better like to see than "good Mr. Harland."

From this time Harry's health continued delicate, and as the air of the place was always keen, the doctor strongly advised Mr. Fulton to send him to school in some warmer climate. After a long struggle the anxious father consented to let him go. The leave-taking was a bitter scene. The prosperous merchant, the busy, thriving, bustling man wept upon his son's neck. A great blank it was when Harry was fairly gone. Mrs. Fulton did her best to make the evenings pass, but her husband was not to be amused. The day after his son's departure, he stopped his gig mechanically at the great toy-shop, and it was not till the man came out that his son's departure again flashed across him; away he dashed from the shop, and had a sad, gloomy drive home. Harry, however, was fond of writing to him; and it was strange to see how hurriedly the man of business pushed the letters of business by, till he came to that which had the boy's large hand. At last, the clerk who brought the letters always put Harry's letter at the top to save time.

The school to which Harry had been sent was in a cathedral town, and the boys were allowed to attend the cathedral service. His letters were soon full of the cathedral, full of the sweetness of the chants, of the grandeur of the organ, of the beauty of the nave and choir and aisles. He often would ask his father to be allowed to be one of the choristers; he quite envied the white-robed boys whose office it was to sing God's praise; he became passionately

fond of music, and at last began to join in the chants himself, though he wished for the white robe. His father was puzzled at the boy; he kept sending him bats and balls, and boxes of tools; but though Harry thanked him warmly for his presents, he found from his letters that other boys had the chief benefit of his gifts. Thus Harry would say, "Hope and Green, with some of the lesser boys, have just gone out to the meadow with the bats and stumps; they are as happy as they can be, and intend to have a good game till it gets dark. How kind it was of you to send the bats; for I like to lend them to the boys, it makes them so happy." And again, "I don't know what Halliday would have done but for the saw and gimblet; he has now made his kite all himself, with the aid of the tools you gave me, and he sawed the lath for it beautifully; he is quite a carpenter."

At last the holidays arrived; and Harry, who had kept for some weeks a notched bit of wood to mark the days, had cut off every notch, and joyfully tossed his wooden calendar away, though it grieved him to leave the cathedral with the sweet psalms and the white-robed boys. All the morning on which he was expected, Mr. Fulton could not rest. He went to his office early, that he might leave it in time to meet his boy; but he might just as well have stopped at home. He was in and out of every room in the place; he could not understand the letters, and was writing blundering answers which the senior clerk happily overlooked; he fidgeted and interrupted everybody about him, and the clerks wished him well away as their heads began to be confused. The hour at last arrived; the gig came to the door; Mr. Fulton jumped in, and dashing to the toy-shop, bought a cargo of whips, battledores, spades, rakes, enough for half a dozen boys, and crammed them into the gig, which soon carried him home. Just as he reached the door, a post-chaise with a trunk on the box, drove up; the father and son were soon locked in each other's arms.

But one thing struck Mr. Fulton; the mild air had not worked the change he had expected; his boy's cheek was pale, I might almost say, transparent; and his figure was thin. The father was anxious, but Mrs. Fulton tried to smooth down his fears. Harry was soon in the dear old park again, strolling about under the old trees, and wan-

dering to the solemn old church. He soon, too, threw himself in the way of the kind clergyman, who gazed almost with tears on the beautiful, but pale face of the mild, gentle boy. The change seemed at first to do Harry good; he gained a little color in his cheek, his strolls among his old haunts refreshed and strengthened him. Mr. Fulton began to be in hope that he was now about to grow out of his delicacy, and his heart was again light within him. A great pleasure was it to come home early, and take a walk with Harry. On Sundays they always walked together. One Sunday, Mr. Fulton began to talk to his boy of future times. "Yes, my boy, I hope I shall see you there," pointing to the old house, "that's the place fit for you; we shall make a rich man of you, and all these walks shall be your own."

"I hope not," answered the boy.

"Why not?" said his father in a tone of surprise.

"Because I should be very rich then, I suppose."

"And wouldn't you like to be rich?"

"No, papa, I'd rather be good; for you know that it is said in the Bible, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"

The father was silent; he could hardly make out the boy. In passing through the church-yard, Harry stopped and begged his father to look at a tomb near the path; it was the grave of a little girl. "See," he said, "she was only nine years old. I'm nearly that. How young, papa, some people die."

"Yes, yes," answered the father hurriedly, "but don't talk of such things now."

"Why not, dear papa? Does not death open the door to the beautiful house in heaven, a better house than that in the park, if we are good and faithful to our Lord? I often think of the beautiful psalm that was chanted in the cathedral which tells us there are 'pleasures at God's right hand for evermore.' I always love this churchyard; it's so calm, and quiet, and still, and looks so holy, with the old church in the midst of it. I should like to be buried here."

The father's lip quivered, and he hurried Harry away; he did not like to talk of such things; they made him gloomy; he would rather talk of buying lands, and of ris-

ing in the world, and how he had got on, and how Harry should get on.

In the day-time, as Mrs. Fulton was a somewhat indolent and listless person, fond of staying in the house, Harry had to amuse himself; he was fond of going to the parish school as it broke up at the end of the day, for then, as he stood near the porch, he heard them sing the evening hymn. The clergyman on seeing him many afternoons taking his stand near the porch, invited him in to his great delight. After this Harry was every day at the school. He soon began to teach some of the little boys their letters, and to make friends of the elder boys. When the holidays were over, Mr. Fulton, at the doctor's advice, resolved not to send him to his school again; the air was judged to be relaxing, and he began to look out for something better fitted for his health. In the mean time Harry continued his strolls through the park to the school, and as the doctor recommended the walk, Mr. Fulton, though surprised at the boy's choice, did not like to forbid him the school, as it gave him a place of rest.

Now one afternoon Mr. Fulton had intended to have surprised Harry by coming home early, and having a walk with him in the park. However, as it was a half holiday at the school, Harry had gone out before he came home; whereupon his father set off after him, thinking soon to overtake him. He wandered through the park for some time without being able to see his boy; at last he struck off from the paths, thinking he must have gone to sit under the shade of some of the old elms. As he roamed on, he thought that he heard some voices near a group of large trees; he pressed his way through some brushwood near the trees, and on reaching a green knoll he saw, through a break in the brushwood, a strange and touching scene. Close by an ancient well over which some old elms cast their shade, he saw four boys with Prayer-books in their hands; two stood on the smooth turf on one side of the well, and two on the other. Crouching down on the grass, that he might not be seen himself, Mr. Fulton found that it was his own boy with three of the boys of the village school. And what were they about? The four boys were chanting the psalms of the day in that little green shady

nook, Harry having taught them, and acting now as their leader ; and as the trees threw their green leafy arches over their heads, they seemed to have found a cathedral in the wood. Sweet were the voices of the boys ; sweet the psalm that sounded forth from their young lips ; and as Harry's cheeks glowed with the excitement, and his eye sparkled, Mr. Fulton thought he had never seen him look half so beautiful, or half so delicate. Stealing quietly away from the scene to hide his emotion, he paced slowly home ; and strange, new thoughts came across him in his walk, sad thoughts concerning the health of his child, and new thoughts about God. The psalm had smitten him, as the guileless boys sang on, and they were unconscious that they had been the preachers of a divine sermon which at last had found its way to a worldly heart.

"There be some," so they had sung, "that put their trust in their goods ; and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches.

"But no man may deliver his brother : nor make agreement unto God for him ;

"For it cost more to redeem their souls ; so that he must let that alone for ever ;

"Yea, though he live long : and see not the grave.

"For he seeth that wise men also die, and perish together : as well as the ignorant and foolish, and leave their riches for other.

"And yet they think that their houses shall continue for ever : and that their dwelling-places shall endure from one generation to another ; and call the lands after their own names.

"Nevertheless, man will not abide in honor : seeing he may be compared unto the beasts that perish ; this is the way of them.

"This is their foolishness : and their posterity praise their saying.

"They lie in the hell like sheep, death gnaweth upon them, and the righteous shall have domination over them in the morning : their beauty shall consume in the sepulchre out of their dwelling.

"But God hath delivered my soul from the place of hell : for He shall receive me.

“Be not thou afraid, though one be made rich : or if the glory of his house be increased ;

“For he shall carry nothing away with him when he dieth : neither shall his pomp follow him,” &c.

Not long after this, Harry had ceased to stroll in the park ; his cheek got paler, his frame thinner, and a cough seized hold of him. Weaker and weaker still, worse and worse, did the poor boy become. First, he used to lie on the sofa, but at last he was not able to leave his room. Poor Mr. Fulton seemed now to wake up as from a dream ; he saw what was about to be : stunned and bewildered with the great grief, unprepared for real sorrow, he seemed like one in a new world ; he would stand quite stupified, leaning on his chimney-piece with his head buried in his hands ; he seemed as though he were striving to learn something which it was an agony to learn. Yes, he had to learn the things of God ; the unseen world for the first time for years stood as it were before his soul ; the reality of death was present to him ; all his worldly dreams, all his toils and slaving and hard work, what did they seem to him then but vanity of vanities ! The clergyman, who was daily with his child, saw his state as he ministered to his boy. There was something beautiful to see how he waited on his child ; he would give him his medicine, he would sit by him while he snatched a little feverish sleep ; he would move as gently about the room as a girl to fetch him his broth or pudding. But his boy was clearly minded to turn his father's love into a still better channel. He would beg him to read to him the psalms and lessons of the day ; he would ask him to stay and join in the prayers when the clergyman came. He had always wondered that his father did not like his Bible more, and he would ask him, “Don't you like it more now, papa ; don't you ?”

“Yes, my darling,” the father would answer, “I do indeed.”

“O papa,” the boy went on, “it tells us of our dear Saviour, it tells of his wonderful love for us ; it tells us of the beautiful house in heaven, and of the beautiful angels. O how delicious to have our *home* there, papa, some day, you, and mamma, and I, all there ; just think how happy we should all be, all together for ever ! for ever ! for ever !” and he

clasped his father's trembling hand, and looked up eagerly into his face.

"Yes, yes," sobbed the father.

"O don't cry, papa," as he felt the warm tears on his hand, "why shouldn't we be in heaven? shan't we try for it, and pray for it in our Saviour's name; come, do let us pray now, papa; it will do us good."

The father knelt down, and with an overcharged heart, poured forth what was indeed an earnest prayer that his child might be in heaven, and that he might follow his child. The heart of the prosperous, worldly man was going through a furnace of affliction, and he was finding God, like the three saints of old, in the midst of the fire.

One night Mr. Fulton had lain down for a short sleep, after many wakeful nights, when the nurse burst into his room, and bade him come to his boy. The poor father started up, and hurrying to the bedside, found that his boy was indeed dying.

"O what shall I do, my boy, my boy!" he exclaimed in a frantic tone, hardly conscious of what he said.

Harry stretched out his thin hand, and seizing his father's, bent forward as if to kiss him; his pale lips touched his father's cheek, and whispering in a faint, feeble voice, "Serve God, my father, and we shall meet in heaven," he fell back upon his pillow—a cold sweat stood upon his forehead—he cast one earnest look upon his father and mother—the struggle was over—his spirit went forth to paradise, and the loving father had lost his loving child. Passionately, wildly did he kiss the pale, beautiful forehead of the sleeper, till at last the clergyman gently led him out of the room.

In wandering through the park to the churchyard some weeks after, I saw a new grave near the little girl's—it was Harry Fulton's.

Again I was wont to see the quick gig upon the road, but the owner seemed to have grown many years older in a few weeks. He was an altered man; the smart, brisk, active man, with the quick, sharp eye, was now sad and grave. Still the gig passed as regularly as before. At last Elmore Park was advertised for sale; everybody was sure Mr. Fulton would be the purchaser, but everybody was wrong; Mr. Fulton did not bid or buy; he remained where he was,

and the long coveted park fell into other hands. Then everybody began to think that the firm was not as rich as had been supposed ; but here again everybody was wrong ; for the other partner bought a vast estate about the same time ; and then everybody was puzzled with Mr. Fulton. The following year, in a poor part of the city, a beautiful church began to rise from the ground for the use of the poor. It sprang up nobody knew how ; the clergyman, who was Mr. Harland's brother, knew of course ; but he would never mention from whence the money came. The mason showed me the first stone that was laid, and at the bottom of it were graven these lines, " To the glory of God the Blessed Trinity, this church is built by a father who learnt from his child what he should have taught his child." Those lines were never seen by any one but the mason and myself.

The year after the church was built, the school at which Harry had taught, being in an old and decayed state, was pulled down, and a new one, of a beautiful and comely form, was reared instead. On the bottom of the foundation stone were written these words, " The father was a child at his child's feet." Later still some alms-houses for the aged poor were built near the old church. Mr. Harland never told whence the money came for these goodly works. All I know is, that Mr. Fulton often went into the school ; if the gig came home a little earlier, I was sure to find him in the school hearing the boys sing the evening hymn ; or perhaps he might be found sitting with the old folks in the alms-houses, reading the Bible or some other good book.

But not only in this way did Mr. Fulton employ his money and his time. He was changed at home ; he became more gentle and affectionate to his wife, while she, being thus met by affection, warmed in her love for him, and as there was now a spur to exertion, her character seemed to expand. After all, it became a happy home, happy, not in the world's sense, or the world's eye ; happy by being consecrated to the service of God ; happy in its sweet memories of the holy boy whom God had raised up and taken away, in order to be a blessing to the house both in his life and in his death.

Years rolled away, and I saw a funeral passing through the park ; it was the funeral of one who had risen in the

world, who had found the world to be but vanity. The poor followed him to the grave ; many a wrinkled cheek was wetted that day with tears as the body of their friend was laid in the earth ; he was buried by the side of his beloved child, and there they lie together in that quiet, calm churchyard, till the resurrection of the just.



PENITENT SWEARER'S SOLILOQUY.

Exod. xx. 7.—*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.*

Zech. v. 3.—*And every one that sweareth shall be cut off.*

St. Matt. v. 34, &c.—*Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; but let your communication be yea, yea,—nay, nay for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.*

Jer. xxiii. 10.—*Because of swearing the land mourneth.*

OH what a judgment is here! How terrible! How full of execution! O detestable, O destructive sin! that leaves a cross upon the doors of generations, and lays whole families upon the dust; a sin whereto neither profit incites, nor pleasure allures, nor necessity compels, nor inclination of nature persuades; a mere voluntary; begun with a malignant imitation, and continued with an habitual presumption. Consider, O my soul, every oath hath been a nail to wound that Saviour, whose blood (O mercy above expression!) must save thee. Be sensible of thy actions and his sufferings. Abhor thyself in dust and ashes, and magnify His mercy that hath turned this judgment from thee. Go wash those wounds, which thou hast made, with tears, and humble thyself with prayers and true repentance.

HIS PRAYER.

ETERNAL and omnipotent God! before whose glorious name angels and archangels bow and hide their faces; to which the blessed spirits and saints of thy triumphant church sing forth perpetual hallelujahs! I, a poor child of disobedient Adam, do here make bold to take that holy name into my sin-polluted lips. I have heinously sinned, O God, against thee and against it; I have disparaged it in my thoughts, dishonoured it in my words, profaned it in my actions; and I know thou art a jealous God, and a consuming fire; as faithful in thy promises—so, fearful in thy judgments. I therefore fly from the dreadful

name of Jehovah, which I have abused, to that gracious name of *Jesus*, wherein thou art well-pleased. In that most sacred name, O God, I fall before thee; and for his beloved sake, O Lord, I come unto thee. Cleanse thou my heart, O God, and then my tongue shall praise thee. Wash thou my soul, O Lord, and then my lips shall bless thee. Work in my heart a fear of thy displeasure, and give me an awful reverence of thy name. Set thou a watch before my lips, that I offend not with my tongue. Let no motives entice me to be an instrument of thy dishonour; and let thy attributes be precious in mine eyes. Teach me the way of thy precepts, O Lord, and make me sensible of all my offences. Let not my dreadful custom in sinning against thy name, take from my guilty soul the sense of my sin. Give me a respect unto all thy commandments, but especially preserve me from the danger of this my bosom sin. Soften my heart at the rebukes of thy servants, and strike into my inward parts a fear of thy judgments. Let all my communication be ordered as in thy presence, and let the words of my mouth be governed by thy Spirit. Avert from me those judgments which thy word hath threatened, and my sin hath deserved; and strengthen my resolution for the time to come. Work in me a true godly sorrow, that it may bring forth in me a newness of life. Sanctify my thoughts with the continual meditation of thy commandments, and mortify those passions which provoke me to offend thee. Let not the examples of others induce me to this sin. Seal in my heart the full assurance of thy reconciliation, and look upon me in the bowels of compassion; that crowning my weak desires with thy all-sufficient power, I may escape this judgment which thy justice hath threatened here, and obtain that happiness thy mercy hath promised hereafter. *Amen.*

HYMN.

- 1 RISE, O my soul, the hours review,
When, aw'd by guilt and fear,
To heaven for grace thou durst not sue,
And found no rescue here :
- 2 Thy tears are dry'd, thy griefs are fled,
Dispelled each bitter care ;
For heaven itself has lent its aid
To save thee from despair.
- 3 Hear, then, O God ! thy work fulfil,
And, from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,
And to resist mine own :
- 4 So shall my soul each pow'r employ
Thy mercy to adore ;
While heaven itself proclaims with joy—
" One pardon'd sinner more !"



THE VICAR WAS STANDING BY A GRAVE ON WHICH THE
TURF HAD BEEN NEWLY LAID.



"BYE AND BYE."

ONE fine summer's evening I bent my steps to the churchyard of the village of Thornham, that from the knoll on which the church stood, I might gaze on the crimson sky and the glowing landscape as the sun went down. When I passed the gate, I saw that the vicar was standing by a grave on which the turf had been freshly laid. Though I made no effort to prevent him hearing me, yet he did not seem aware of my approach; his eyes were bent earnestly on the new grave; he appeared lost in thought, and an expression of great sadness crossed his face.

As I drew still nearer, he seemed still unable to hear my steps; and, as if he were talking to himself, he exclaimed in a melancholy, yet somewhat excited way, "bye and bye, bye and bye!" There was something in the tone with which he spoke these words, which raised my curiosity and made me wish to know what he meant. As he stood by the grave saying with a sad and sorrowful voice, "bye and bye, bye and bye," I felt sure that there was some deep meaning in the words he uttered.

At last he turned from the grave, and as I was resting myself on an old tomb-stone to which I had withdrawn that I might not disturb him, he came near me

and recognized me. After a few words of friendly greeting, I could not help telling him that I had overheard what he had said, and I confessed my curiosity to know what he meant.

"It is," he answered, "a sad, short, and, alas! common tale. Beneath that green turf," pointing as he spoke to the grave he had been gazing upon, "lie the earthly members of one of my flock. He once felt, moved, talked, looked upon the world as you and I do this day; and yet now think of the decaying body that lies beneath the grass; think of the stiff limbs of him who once stepped so actively over the fields; of the closed eyes of him who once looked on the very scene on which we now look; of the silent tongue which was once wont to speak in gay and thoughtless tones. Oh, think of that vile body, that dead, decaying, crumbling body which lies at our feet. And yet we may think more of the soul, of the soul that has gone forth to the unseen world, of the soul that has passed from these earthly scenes, of the soul that is now"—here he abruptly stopped and burst into tears.

After a time he partly recovered himself. "We must not judge," he continued, "and yet what can I say? What is the tale of this man's life who died in his very prime? When he left school he forgot the lessons that he had been taught; he lived a careless life; he did not break out into any gross and desperate sins, but he lived carelessly; he did not think about his God; he had no thought for the salvation of his soul; he came every now and then to church, but it was evident that his heart was not there; the whole matter of religion was dull and tedious to him. He was all for the world; he minded earthly things,

and lived just as if there were no such things as death and judgment to come.

"At last, when he was about one and twenty, he was thrown from a wagon in the hay season and broke his leg. He was for some weeks in the house, and I often visited him; for a time, when the pain was bad, he seemed inclined to listen to me; he appeared to have some regret for his wasted and careless life; but as his strength returned, he pushed off serious thought; and when I earnestly requested him to do his Saviour's will, to wear His cross, to die to the world, to seek heavenly pleasures and heavenly wealth, he was wont to say, 'Well, sir, I hope to be better, bye and bye.'

"When he was perfectly recovered, and went about his usual work, he lived just as carelessly as before. Sometimes I would stop him and speak to him of his accident, of the warning which he had had, of the call which his Saviour had given to him, of the terrors and of the mercies of the Lord, of the uncertainty of life. 'Yes, sir,' he would say, in reply, 'it's all true; it must be very dreadful to be lost; we ought all to live better; there's plenty of room for mending; I've had my warning, and I hope to think more of these things bye and bye.'

"A few years passed on; a fever broke out in the parish; there was scarcely a house in which some one did not die; grave after grave was opened, and with so many fearful deaths of young and old, a deep impression was made upon the place. The sister of this young man sickened, his favorite sister; a few days closed the scene. The brother's grief was great for the time; he was startled by the suddenness of his sister's death; I seized upon the time, and while his

heart was somewhat softened by affliction, I endeavored to sow the seed of eternal life. For a time he listened; he read the books I lent him; I found him more regular at church; he did not hurry out of my way as he had been apt to do; his soul seemed at last to be awakened; I rejoiced greatly at the token of deeper thought; I began to have hope concerning him; but before long, again he slackened; and when I besought him not to take his hand from the plough, but to persevere in Christian ways, the old answer was upon his lips, 'O, I shall be better, I hope, bye and bye.'

"One evening I was returning home from a distant part of my parish, when a man, pale with terror, rushed up to me and said, 'Oh, come, sir, for God's sake, to poor James Bond; come this minute, sir; not a moment is to be lost. O Lord, Lord, have mercy on him!'

"'What's the matter?' I exclaimed, in great fear.

"'Oh, sir, I fear there's no hope, no hope; and what, sir, if he should die! He was riding on the shafts of his wagon as it was going down hill; something frightened the horses and set them off; he leaped off the shaft to get at the leader's head, but in so doing his smock caught, and down he rolled under the wheel. Oh, sir, it was a dreadful, dreadful sight!'

"Greatly shocked, I hurried to the house, trembling for the state of his soul. On entering the room it was, indeed, a dreadful sight; the poor young man, but a few hours ago full of health and strength, now lay moaning on his bed. His mother stood beside him in an agony of grief, and a few friends were with her endeavoring to comfort her, and to do what they could for the young man. 'Oh, my boy, my poor

boy,’ she exclaimed as I entered, ‘can’t you do something for him, sir? Oh, do speak to him! Oh, his soul! his soul!’ I approached the bed, but the pain was so great that the sufferer could not speak though he seemed to recognize me; at last, as if he felt himself unequal to give his mind to any thing, he muttered in a feeble way, ‘bye and bye.’ The pain soon increased, and it made one’s heart ache to see him writhe in his agonies. I then urged his mother and his friends to kneel down with me and pray for him, as he had no longer power to pray for himself, and he seemed getting worse. No sooner had I begun to pray than he sighed deeply, a change passed over his countenance, and in a moment he was gone!

“I need not say with what deep sorrow I went homewards after I had endeavored to console the poor, broken-hearted mother. The best consolation I could not give her; I could not speak of a holy and saintly death; I could not say that I had a sure and certain hope of her son’s salvation. Many a time have those words wrung in my ears, ‘bye and bye,’ and they came into my thoughts as I stood this evening by his grave.”

After thanking the vicar for telling me this sad history, I wended my way home. “How many,” I said to myself, “how many there are at this very time, who, like that young man, say of the things of their souls, of the one thing needful, ‘bye and bye.’” They are always putting off the chief concern; they are always delaying from month to month, from year to year, to turn to their Saviour and to do His will with an earnest mind. What a sermon does that grave preach! How, from his coffin, does that young

man, though dead, cry out to the living who put off the service of the Lord, and urge them to seek the Lord while He may be found, and to call upon Him while He is near.

You, my friend, who are now reading these pages, take warning from this poor young man's end. Do not trifle with your soul; do not trifle with your opportunities; where is he now who once said "bye and bye?" Where will you be soon? Can you make sure of a single day? May not some accident sweep your soul into the presence of God? Some common day when you go out to work, thinking to come home safe at night, your life may be taken from you. Oh, do not say to your Saviour that you will serve Him "bye and bye;" serve Him now; serve Him quickly, or you may be lost.

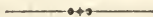
THE END.



THE

"NEW ORPHAN ASYLUM,"

Founded on Faith.



IN the neighborhood of Bristol, England, exists an institution but little known to the general public, yet of such a singular nature that it may be fairly classed amongst the wonders of the age. It is situated at Ashley Down, one of the most beautiful suburbs of the city, and is simply and unobtrusively named "The New Orphan Asylum." Within its walls three hundred fatherless children, aged from a few months upwards, are fed, clothed, and taught. The elder girls are instructed in sewing and all domestic arts, and at a proper age are each provided with an outfit and a suitable situation; the boys are similarly fitted out, and apprenticed; and all this is done without any regular funds or subscribers, by a man who neither does now, nor never did, possess any property, or pecuniary means. Nor has a single shilling ever been solicited for its support, for the New Orphan Asylum is *founded on faith*.

This statement will probably raise a smile of incredulity; but it is, nevertheless, a fact which cannot be gainsayed. There is the extensive range of buildings, in substantial stones and mortar; there, too, are

three hundred living witnesses, the recipients of its bounty and protection. On every Wednesday, the doors are thrown open to all who choose to inspect for themselves this monument of love and charity. Enter: in this stern, practical, matter-of-fact nineteenth century, it is refreshing to halt for a moment on such a verdant oasis. There is no charge for admission; neither are the attendants permitted to receive any fees; but in the entrance hall is a small box labelled, "For the Use of the Orphans;" and if you think fit to drop a coin therein, you may do so. Visitors are shown the dormitories, each little bed with its snowy coverlet; the wardrobes, fitted up with presses, wherein every child deposits his or her Sunday clothing with admirable precision of folding and arrangement; the nursery, and its tiny inmates, their basins and toys; and the dining-room so large and lofty, and well ventilated, that it must be a pleasure to eat therein. Then there are the schools, three in number—the girls', the boys', and the infants'—all of whom go through their exercises and sing their simple melodies, wearing withal, a healthy, hearty, and happy expression, which speaks volumes for the system under which they are trained. Passing on, we visit the "cutting out" and "making-up" rooms, the bakery, the dairy, the kitchens, the laundry, the bathrooms—all well arranged, and indeed perfect in their appointments. Another range of offices is devoted to various store-rooms. There are stores of flour, of bread, of meat, of rice, of oatmeal—good Scotch meal, which forms the staple of the children's breakfast. There are stores of shoes, of clothing, of soap, of linen, of crockery, and even of toys for the delectation of the younger ones. The staff of teachers, nurses, and servants is large and efficient; the mental and physical wants of the children are amply provided for, and their comfort most sedulously studied; and all this, as many well know, has been brought into existence literally out of nothing. Doubt it not.

Were you as incredulous as Thomas of Didymus, yet must the evidence of your senses convince you of the reality of this extraordinary fact. Seek not to explain it away, for the truth of the history attached to that asylum is incontrovertibly established.

That history is to be read in a little book, entitled *A Narrative of some of the Lord's Dealings with George Muller*—a quaint, strange title, which, of itself, seems to remove us far from the world of steam, and gas, and electric telegraphs. It is written in a simple style, wherein is no seeking after effect or ornament, and consists principally of extracts from the author's diary. I much fear, that in giving the substance of this narrative, I shall be unable to render it due justice; but my limited space forbids expansion. Here it is:—

George Muller, a Prussian by birth, emigrated, in 1829, to England, where, to quote from the narrative, he “began the service of caring for children who are bereaved of both parents by death, born in wedlock, and are in destitute circumstances, on December 9, 1835.” For ten years he carried on his work of love in Wilson street, first renting a single house for the use of his proteges. As their number increased, other premises became necessary; till in 1845, four contiguous houses were occupied by about one hundred and thirty children.

The expense of supporting these establishments was entirely defrayed by unsolicited contributions. Upon this principle they were started, and even when sorely pressed, it was rigidly adhered to. A perusal of the author's journal shows that he was often reduced to great extremities, from which he was always relieved in what will no doubt be deemed an unaccountable manner. Thus, under date of August 10, 1844, is the following passage:—

“In the greatest need, when not one penny was in hand, I received £5 from a brother at Hackney.” And again:—

"*Aug. 16, 1845.* Our poverty is extremely great. The trial of faith as sharp as ever, or even sharper. It is ten o'clock, and there are yet no means for a dinner. I thought now of some articles which I should be able to do without, to dispose of them for the benefit of the orphans, when one of the laborers (teachers) gave me £1. There were also taken out of the boxes in the orphan houses, 1s. 6d., and by knitting came in 2s. 3d., and from A. A., 2s."

Such passages as these are of continual recurrence. Frequently, the last crust of bread, and sip of milk, was consumed, and Muller never contracted debts. Over and over again the daily record commences with, "Not a penny in hand!" and ends with, "Only a few pence left; and there was no treasure to draw upon, save the inexhaustible fund of faith—a fund which indeed appears to have fully answered every demand upon it, for the wants of the day were always fully supplied.

But the great work was yet to come. In 1845, Muller first began to conceive the idea of building an asylum for the accommodation of three hundred orphans, and having fully considered the undertaking, "I judged," he says, "that the cost would be £10,000; and on November 4, I began asking the Lord for means." Strangely enough, on the following 10th December, £1000 came to hand. This was the largest donation which, up to that time, had ever been received; "but when this money came," he writes, "I was as calm, as quiet as if I had only received one shilling; for my heart was looking out for answers. Therefore, having faith concerning the matter, this donation did not the least surprise me." Other donations followed, including a second sum of £1000 on the 30th of December; and then he relates how he, "having asked the Lord to go before him, went out to look for a piece of ground" whereon to build.

Here is a picture of startling sublimity! Imagine a gaunt, grave man, attired in a suit of rusty black,

walking forth into the bustling city, like the pilgrims in Vanity Fair, and in all simplicity of heart, and earnestness of faith, seeking to be directed to a suitable site. One almost expects to read on the next page, that "one of shining countenance appeared unto him, and bade him be of good cheer."

It is not my intention to follow George Muller throughout the gradual process by which he effected his purpose; suffice it to say that, by little and little, the necessary funds flowed in. The building, which, with the land, cost eventually upwards of £15,000, was commenced in July, 1847; and in June, 1849, the children were moved from Wilson street to the healthier locality of Ashley Down. No flourish of trumpets ushered in the event; quietly and unostentatiously the children and their more than father walked from the one house to the other; and save that the old school-rooms were closed, whilst merry voices awoke the unwonted echoes of the Down, no change was perceptible.

Little more than twelve months elapsed ere Muller began to contemplate an extension of his work; and undeterred by the absence of visible means, the frequency of pecuniary difficulties, or the magnitude of the undertaking, he determined to build another wing, capable of receiving over 400 orphans, with a view to the ultimate extension of this additional number to 700, or 1000 in the whole. The first donation received for this purpose was ten shillings! But nothing discouraged, he persevered, and in May, 1852, the building fund amounted to £3530 9s. $\frac{1}{4}d$. The next year the amount had increased to £12,531. In 1854, upwards of £5000 was added to the fund; and in 1855, the sum in hand being £23,058 12s. $\frac{1}{4}d$.—always the odd farthing—the new building was commenced, and is, at this present writing, on the point of being opened for the reception of the forlorn little beings for whose benefit it is designed. Whether the benevolent founder will be enabled to complete his

self-imposed task, by the construction of the intended third building, time alone can determine. Let us hope so.

Muller seems to have been incited to his efforts by the success of a similar institution at Halle, in Prussia, founded in 1696 by A. H. Francke, professor of divinity. This is the largest charitable establishment for poor children in the world, containing 2000 inmates, and is in a flourishing condition. We will here let our author speak for himself:—

"Francke is long since gone to his rest, but he spoke to my soul in 1826, and he is speaking to my soul now; and to his example I am greatly indebted in having been stirred up to care about poor children in general, and about poor orphans in particular.

"At the last census, in 1851, there were, in England and Wales, thirty-nine orphan establishments, and the total number of orphans provided for through them amounted only to 3764; but at the time the New Orphan House was being built, there were about 6000 young orphans in the prisons of England. Does not this fact call aloud for an extension of orphan institutions? By God's help, I will do what I can to keep poor orphans from prison?"

The utter abnegation of self which pervades the work is remarkable and characteristic. "What have I done," he cries out in one place, "that men should praise me? I have only sought to be used as the honored instrument of saving young children, who have neither father nor mother, from sin and vice." Truly, such men are *in* the world, but not *of* it.

Contributions appear to arrive from all parts of the globe, and from all kinds and conditions of men. Here are a few entries, for example: "From negro brethren in Demerara, 12 dollars;" "From an arch-deacon, and one of the Queen's chaplains, 12 guineas;" "From one of the orphans formerly under our care, a sovereign;" "From Mount Lebanon, £2, and from Orleans, 5 francs;" "From an Israelitish gentleman,

an entire stranger, £5;" "From a shepherd in Australia, who has read my narrative while tending his flock, 12s." The amounts vary from a single farthing to thousands of pounds; and the receipt of a copper coin, or the presentation of a check for £5000, is recorded in an uniformly grateful strain.

Nor is it to money alone that assistance is confined. One gentleman offers his services gratuitously as an architect, and another as a surgeon. Another gives glass for the three hundred windows of the new building, and others send jewelry and ornaments, silver spoons and teapots, watches, gold and silver, old coins, and needlework—to be sold for the benefit of the institution. One day, "three autographs of William IV., two of Sir Robert Peel, and one of Lord Melbourne," were received; and on another, "a Coverdale Bible of 1535, perfected almost sheet by sheet." Perhaps the most singular gift of this kind was "A silver medal, given to the donor for being engaged in the taking of Java; but, laying down his honor, he desires to have this medal used to lay a stone in the new building." Then there are donations of books, of coals, of provisions, and of clothes—old and new; donations, indeed, in almost every conceivable form. And in this matter, to sum up all in his own words, "without any one having been personally applied to for any thing, the sum of £84,441 6s. 3¼d. has been given to me for the orphans since the commencement of the work." And greatly has it been needed, for, in addition to the expense of purchasing land, and building and furnishing the asylum, the present average expense for each of the orphans is stated at £12 6s. 8d. per annum.

Not the least peculiar feature in the subscription list is the absence of all personal publicity. Those who give to the New Orphan Asylum, must do so from a pure and unmixed feeling of charity; for their names are carefully withheld; even their initials are

rarely given ; nor would any offer induce a departure from this rule.

This remarkable narrative illustrates the *reward* which God ever attaches to Christian liberality and devotion. The happiness which George Muller has in the contemplation of the success of his good work, abundantly repays him for all the pains, care, and self-denial he has had to endure. Christian, you can have the same happiness if you serve God and your fellow-creatures with the same earnestness and zeal.

The narrative illustrates also *the power of faith*. Learn from it how much can be done by a simple trust in Him whose apostle said, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Think whether you, too, cannot do some great thing for the world and the Church, through faith. If you have trials and difficulties, be taught by the success here recorded and described, how they can be dissipated if you "cast all your care on Him who careth for you."

THE END.

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CHAPEL OF CALVARY CHURCH,
NEW-YORK,
1862.



THE

SOLDIER OF ALGERIA.

TRUE religion binds us to our Maker always, on week days as on Sundays. But how may we, exposed to so many excitements and temptations, retain pious impressions? There is but one way. Making these very excitements and depressions means of grace, steps in Heaven's ladder. The naturalist sees God in every leaf. The pious man beholds Him in each event.

This mode was adopted by Christ and his apostles. The Corinthians had their periodical games. Thousands came to witness the contest. The candidates prepared months previously for boxing, wrestling and racing; they abstained from all intemperance; they practiced the daily drill; they bent every energy to win the prize. This, indeed, was one of the pomps which the early Christians mourned; but St. Paul employs these very games as a stimulus to the

flagging disciple. "If," said he, "*they* deny themselves for a corruptible crown, how much greater self denial should you practice for a prize imperishable—Christ your judge, and innumerable angels your witnesses?"

And thus may we derive equal benefit from each daily incident. See the military column pass! Mark the precision of their step; the most difficult manœuvres, as though there were only one hand and one will. Hear the cheers of spectators as they express their delight. And what is the secret of this proficiency? Does it come by chance? No. The ZOUAVES do as the Corinthian racers did; they patiently submit to rigid discipline. Their rule of duty is the work of their captain. If they have no peers, it is because their long-continued drill has no parallel.

We are soldiers. We enlisted for life. The prize presented to us is not the fading pine wreath which decked the victorious Corinthian, nor the shouts of admiring thousands. It is a crown incorruptible—the fadeless smile of God; mansions prepared by a Saviour's love; a triumphal entry into Heaven's courts. Our spectators are angels, the "spirits of just men made perfect." Our contest is *real, internal*; our battle-field is the heart. "Each pulsation is the beat of the muffled drum as we march to our

graves." It is the reveille which revives our flagging energies and urges us to victory. Another day gone—our crown a day nearer. This contest is *unremitting*; no day allows a truce—no change of scene eludes the enemy.

Compared with this, how fades the highest earthly victory! That was a glorious day when the Corinthian athlete gained his hard-earned triumph. But how short that day! In a few weeks the victor was satiated with applause, and at the next game his name was forgotten in the idolatry of a new favorite, or if defeated, time might heal the mortification and revive lost hopes. But what action of ours is forgotten? What victory or defeat on the heart-field is unimportant? One wrong temper, one injurious word, one vicious action, leaves an indelible trace, and is legible throughout eternity. And if a single deed be thus prophetic, who can estimate a life of such deeds—a *character* formed by habits?

And consider the *rewards* of this contest. There is, indeed, a future crown; there is the plaudit, "well done!" but there is also a present consciousness of satisfaction, the retrospect of a well-spent day. The contest is inward—the reward is spiritual. What though no crowds cheer your onward progress; no eclat for the routine drill or the lonely sentinel; there is a reward beyond the reach of num-

bers—crowding memories give repeated congratulations. What though no fading wreath entwine your brow—your name unnoticed by the public press? He that ruleth his spirit is Alexander's peer—greater than earth's conqueror. The city may be taken and lost, as Jerusalem by the Crusaders; but “the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind in the knowledge and love of God,” and guard you as a fortress against the assaults of temptation. The storm may rage without, but who cares, while all is safe within?

The deathbed of Pericles was surrounded by his numerous admirers, who dwelt with complacence on the wisdom of his government, and his brilliant victories by sea and land. “You forget,” said the dying statesman, “the only valuable part of my character: none of my fellow-citizens were ever compelled by me to assume a mourning robe.”

He expired, breathing an invaluable lesson, that when all other objects disappear, the recollection of a well-spent life is still present to the mind, and is more consoling than all the trophies of Pericles; his long and prosperous administration; the perfection of his military and naval skill, and the immortal fame of his unrivalled eloquence. Such is the warfare of the Christian soldier—not a struggle for life, but for eternity!

Reader ! are you sufficiently awake to its importance ? Consider, also, the influence of our actions on *others*—the force of example. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. Dwelling among the mountains of Algeria, the Zouaves were, till recently, almost unknown, but organized by the French into a military company, they reached that efficiency which was felt on the plain of Alma and on the heights of Solferino. The war was finished, but their example remained. It crossed the ocean, and from a newly risen western city marched a company which rivals the original. Nor did the example stop here. It extended to other cities, and from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi it animates our military with fresh spirit. How necessary that Christian soldiers should feel that they are not acting merely for themselves, but for those who come under their influence ; that their example is daguerreotyped in their successors, and that while they sleep in the dust they still speak for good or for evil.

The flag which waves over the Zouave proclaims the slighted truth, that *no excellency can be had without resolute self-denial in the march of duty*. This principle is universally applicable. It shows what miracles may be achieved by minds directed to one object. What a motive to thousands of demoralized families, where “the boy is truly the

father of the man." And, reader, what a motive to *you*. See what *they* do for an *earthly* crown; and will you slumber in a contest involving two worlds? Will you be careless of an immortal prize? expose yourself to irretrievable loss, and sink under the load of accumulated privileges? A grieved spirit, a slighted Saviour, neglected means of grace, and lost hopes of glory.

Reflect on the untold results which flow from the Christian warfare—that here is no neutrality, that there must be a daily progress in *some* direction, widening and deepening as some mountain stream. Reflect, further, on your example, which bears along the stranger, the friend, the relative, as the river attracting its tributaries, and surely you must be convinced that “life is earnest, life is real.” Surely you will now resolve to waken from slumber and “put on the armor of light.” Yes, it *is* high time. Earth’s soldier enlists for a limited period; but what Christian warrior will presume on to-morrow, when he is warned to be *always* ready for his discharge.

Behold that pleasure-party. The day is fine, the wave is sparkling, the breeze is fresh, the merry laugh is heard upon the shore. Surely death must be far from such a scene as this. Alas! A shriek is heard—it ceases. There is silence on the wave, and tearful eyes look in vain for the loved and lost.

Shall we forget such admonition? Did we live for ever in this world, it still should be our privilege to be sleepless at our post, obedient to the Captain of our Salvation; but when we may be called at any time—the pensioners of an hour—what madness to grasp at life's delusions, to build on a sinking foundation! What wisdom to be always insured! Which day shall be our last we know not; but let us so live, that our last may be our best, and *then*, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing.”

Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword and take the crown.
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain and Earth has vanished.

THE
VICTIM OF TODDY.

A TRUE STORY.



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THE VICTIM OF TODDY.

A TRUE STORY.

DR. HAMMOND was a physician, eminent for benevolence as well as skill.

His patients were always sure of his sympathy, as well as of his ability to relieve their sufferings as far as human skill could do. The good doctor did not hesitate to speak his mind plainly whenever occasion seemed to require it. Many a word of counsel and encouragement has he spoken, and many a wholesome admonition given to the thoughtless and the wandering. He never failed to warn his patients of their spiritual as well as their temporal danger; and most especially did he denounce the vice of drinking spirituous liquors, which his soul abhorred. Against this most debasing practice no opportunity of warning was ever lost by this faithful man. With parents and guardians he constantly remonstrated;

for with them he believed it rested to form the characters and direct the destinies of the rising generation.

One cold, rainy night, Dr. Hammond was called up to visit the house of a tradesman, whose little boy lay ill of the croup. When he entered, a crowd was gathered around the little sufferer, as it lay on its mother's knee, struggling for breath. Dismay was depicted on every countenance, as they looked for the approach of the King of Terrors.

"Oh, doctor!" cried the almost frantic mother, "my child is dying! Oh, dear, doctor! don't let my little Tommy die!"

"Certainly, I will do all I can for your child, Mrs. Jenkins," said the doctor, calmly, as he seated himself, and took the hand of the little sufferer.

"Yes," said the doctor, after a while, "Tommy is very sick, it is true, but all things are possible with God.

"He has graciously placed within our reach remedies for the most fearful diseases, and given us the knowledge to use them. How thankful we should be 'for such blessings.'" While discoursing in this christian manner, Dr. Hammond diligently and skilfully applied his remedies, and the alarming symptoms gradually

disappeared. The labored breathing ceased, and at length the infant reposed in a gentle slumber on its mother's now hopeful breast.

The doctor sat watching the sleeping child, and directing the gratitude of its parents to the fountain of their present mercy.

"Well, my friends," said he, "your child is saved, and you should remember it is God who has blessed our efforts in his behalf. To Him is due your gratitude, and I hope to see you prove it by teaching this child to walk in the way most pleasing to his Maker. You cannot begin too soon, for Satan will seize the earliest opportunity to ensnare him."

Being satisfied that the child was indeed relieved, the doctor rose to depart, when the father entreated him to remain for a few moments longer, and left the room. In a short time he returned, with a pitcher in one hand, filled with smoking toddy, and a tumbler in the other.

Advancing directly to the doctor, he said, in a respectful and grateful manner, "I could not think, sir, of letting you go out into this cold, rainy night, without something to warm you, especially after all your kindness, sir. Here is some warm toddy, doctor; do take a drink."

“Thank you, Mr. Jenkins,” replied the doctor, gravely, “but I never take any kind of strong drink. I have never found it contribute to my health or comfort; besides, sir, I consider ardent spirits the deadliest poison, and the love of it one of the vilest propensities to which mankind has ever been addicted. These being my views, I scrupulously avoid setting my fellow creatures any such injurious example.”

“Why, doctor! I did not know you belonged to the Temperance Society. When did you join?”

“I am not a member of the Temperance Society,” replied the doctor, “for reasons of my own not necessary to speak of now, though I endeavor, as far as I am able, both by precept and example, to live according to christian principles in all things, and, therefore, avoid every approach to evil; and drunkenness is one of the deadliest evils which Satan ever devised to destroy unwary souls. If gospel principles prevailed in this so-called christian land, there probably would never have arisen an occasion for such a combination as the Temperance Society. I consider it the bounden duty of every man, woman and child, to carry out gospel principles in using the manifold gifts of God—I mean those of moderation; temper-

ance, if you please—and then there would be no drunkenness, gluttony, or any other excess requiring a combination to put it down.

“I admit that ardent spirits may sometimes be used with advantage as a medicine, (for every thing is created for some good purpose,) but even then it should be under salutary restrictions. I assure you, sir, in all my practice I have met with very few cases requiring it absolutely.”

“I beg your pardon, doctor,” said Mr. Jenkins; “when I offered you this toddy, I did not think you would lecture us so seriously. For my part, I think, now and then, a little toddy does one good, particularly when going out in the cold and wet, as you must now. Don’t you think so, neighbor Hobbs?” he continued, while he turned to an old woman busily engaged trotting the sick child on her knee.

“Yes, indeed,” replied neighbor Hobbs, promptly. “I think with you, Mr. Jenkins, a little drop now and then does a deal of good. Some of these temperance men have been after the doctor.”

“But, indeed, you are much mistaken, madam,” replied Dr. Hammond. I have only been influenced by the precepts of the gospel,

and my sense of right and wrong ; and while I see this deadly pestilence enter thousands of families, and destroy their prosperity here, and all hopes of salvation hereafter, I cannot forbear to lift up my warning voice against its influence. But, good night, I have no time now for argument."

After saying this, the doctor turned to leave the room, and had reached the door, when remembering some additional directions important to the child's care, he retraced his steps to the side of the cradle, when, what was his astonishment, to see the tumbler of toddy in the mother's hand, and placed to the lips of the child, with the utmost unconcern of manner.

"Alas! rash, unthinking woman," said the good doctor, in a sad and melancholy tone and countenance, "is this all the effect my words have had on you? Will you recklessly administer the poison just as your merciful God has restored your child to life? Poison it is, indeed, and none the less so that its effect is slow. Indeed, the more baneful for being slow; for if that present tumbler of toddy possessed the potency to destroy the life of your child instantly, there would be a chance of its salvation; while if, by often placing the poison

to his lips, you train him to love and crave it, it will assuredly destroy both body and soul at last."

"La, me! doctor," said the mother, laughing, "Tommy loves toddy as well as any of us, and now does not that show that it is good for him? You say yourself it is good as a medicine; now, I think, it will do the child good. La! doctor, we have been used to it all our lives, and we are not drunkards. This is a new-fangled notion of yours, doctor, you may depend upon it. Just look, sir, how Tommy begs for the tumbler. 'Yes, it is good for you, dearie, and you shall have it; naughty Dr. Hammond.'"

The good doctor looked on in mournful silence, and as he was about to leave the door a second time, turned, and in a solemn, warning voice pronounced these words:

"You can do as you like, madam, but mark my words—you are teaching your child to steal, lie and commit murder in that act. You are deliberately placing him in the power of the devil, to act out all his malignant purposes. I tell you again, if you persist in this course, your son will come to the gallows."

Again the doctor turned to go; and can you believe it, reader, while he pronounced

this solemn, appalling warning, with prophetic tone and manner, the tumbler was passing from lip to lip, till not a drop remained.

After the good doctor had left the house, there was a merry laugh among its inmates. The doctor's *notions* were discussed, very charitably, of course, for all considered him an excellent man, and believed him their sincere friend; and, as such, entitled to reprove or counsel them, whenever he supposed it his duty to do so. Still he had his peculiar notions, which they did not feel bound to adopt, though they would not contradict so good a man.

But toddy was a pleasant beverage, a harmless comfort, often necessary to their health; and they did not see why they should relinquish its use to humor a notion, even of a good man.

They could never be so selfish as to enjoy a pleasant glass themselves and deny it to their children; and so it was resolved, in this affectionate family, that toddy was to remain a cherished beverage, notwithstanding the well-meant warning of their faithful physician.

From time to time did Dr. Hammond warn this heedless family of the danger that threatened them.

Again and again did he save this very child from the jaws of death, and as often did he assure the weak and thoughtless mother, that it would be better for her child to die in infancy than advance to manhood with that fatal fondness for liquors, which she had created and encouraged.

“If it were not my duty to save life when I can, I should much prefer to see you die now, Tommy,” he often said to this child.

But the Jenkinses laughed, and made light of the warnings given so often by their good physician. They were only notions recently produced by temperance lecturers, many of whom had fallen themselves. The use of toddy was a harmless custom; they had always used it, and yet were no drunkards; and, besides, it was best to accustom their son to a moderate use of the beverage at home, that he might not fall into an extreme abroad. If debarred at home, he might thirst for the forbidden pleasure, and seek its enjoyment among those who would lead him to a dangerous use of it.

Thus plausibly argued those unwise parents, while the dangerous appetite for strong drink was fostered in their child. The Jenkinses attended no place of worship; their children attended no Sunday School. Jenkins was a

hard-working man, well to do in the world. His wife was an industrious woman, and a good wife. A good mother she could not be called, inasmuch as she did not pretend to control or guide her children in the way they should go. The summit of maternal excellence with her was unlimited indulgence.

What result do you look for, my anxious reader?

Very near Mr. Jenkins there lived a family under the governance of one who looked to the eternal interests of his children, knowing that the path of righteousness, even for this world, was a path of peace and prosperity.

His children were well ordered, and consequently happy; far more happy than the indulged and self-indulgent Tommy Jenkins, and his sister Julia. Any gratification approved by these kind parents was doubly delightful to them, while the unbounded license of the Jenkinses was ever abounding with disappointments, satiety, and various other unpleasant consequences.

One Sunday morning little Mattie Bell, leading her two brothers by the hand, set out for the Sunday School, and passed Tommy Jenkins, and another boy of his own kind, playing marbles in the path, and cursing and quarrel-

ling at a terrible rate. Now, Mattie Bell was ten years old, and had been taught, from her very infancy, to venerate God and His holy day, and His service. The bright color left her cheek, and her pious young heart sank within her, when she witnessed this scene, and heard these blasphemous words come out of those lips which God alone should govern, for His own glory and praise.

At first, she thought of passing on as rapidly as possible to be out of their hearing, but then, on second thought, she determined to speak for the honor of God, as children often do with singular effect. "Oh! boys," said she, "look up at that calm, blue, beautiful heaven, where dwells the God of love and kindness. Think how grieved he must be to see his children quarrelling, and calling upon His holy name in the same breath with oaths and wicked curses. Come, leave off breaking His holy day of rest, and go with me to the Sunday School, where you will learn how wickedly you are now acting.

• "Oh! boys, you will be so much happier there than here."

Both the boys stopped, rose up, gathered their marbles in their hands, and walked off in an opposite direction, with their heads hang-

ing down, evidently moved into silence and confusion by the majesty of truth and piety spoken by the lips of one so near their own age.

As soon as this good little girl had arrived at the Sunday School, she related the circumstance to her teacher, who straightway determined to visit the family of Mr. Jenkins and endeavor to draw Tommy to the Sunday School, and find out the name of his companion for the same charitable purpose.

This she accordingly did, and held quite a long and fruitless conversation with Tommy's parents. The reason they gave for declining to send him to Sunday School was, that he went to school all the week, and on Sunday they could not think of debarring him from his pleasure.

Repeated efforts were made in behalf of this misguided lad, without avail, until at last the case proved hopeless, and was, therefore, abandoned. Alas! unhappy boy—debarred an entrance into the gates of life by those who should have rejoiced, with unspeakable joy, to guide his tender footsteps therein—the thoughtless, guilty parents.

Time passed on, and Tommy Jenkins grew

to be a tall boy, while the good Dr. Hammond pursued the duties of his profession with faithfulness and diligence.

In his leisure hours the doctor had amused himself rearing an orchard of rare and choice fruit trees. He owned several trees, which he had tended and watched with peculiar care—almost affection.

One of these favorites was a tree of golden pippins.

It had bloomed, and the enthusiastic master was in raptures; and now the fruit was near maturity.

There were on it eight splendid pippins. All his friends were taken to view this, his triumphant success.

Every one wondered what the doctor would do with his treasures—who was to be the favored one to taste the delicious fruit.

“The doctor, of course, will give them to his wife, with a charge to display them at a well-selected dinner-party, given for the occasion,” said one.

“The doctor will display them at the next horticultural fair,” said another.

Various other suppositions were ventured, but to each and all the doctor shook his head, and smiled, in his most benevolent and good-

humored way, and said: "I have just seven patients who are longing for an apple."

"But, doctor, you have eight of the charm-ers," said a saucy little girl, who hoped to possess the remaining apple.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I know it, and the eighth is for the best friend I have in this world; and that eighth is the largest and fairest."

"Well," said the eager expectant—for it was a little favorite—"and who is your best friend?"

"My wife, there," said the proud horticulturist, while his countenance beamed with affectionate joy.

Only one more sunny day were those beautiful apples to remain on the tree, and the triumph of the horticulturist was complete—a triumph over numerous aspirants.

On the following morning, just after day-break, a servant awoke the doctor from his slumbers, to inform him that five boys were in his orchard.

The orchard was reached as speedily as possible, but four of the boys escaped before he could overtake them. The fifth wheeled round, just as the doctor was about to lay hold of him, with an intention to impose on his credulity.

“Stop thieves! stop thieves!” he shouted, with all his might; and then, as if just espying the doctor, he said, with the most hypocritical voice—

“Good morning, doctor; I was passing by your fence, and seeing those rascally boys stealing your apples, I came over to drive them away.” And then, looking up at the tree, he added—

“Oh, dear! what a pity! they have carried off your finest fruit.”

But the doctor was not so easily deceived, and walking up to the boy, he seized him by the collar, saying, “Come, sir, unbutton your coat and give up my apples, for I perceive you have them all concealed in your bosom.”

The coat was unbuttoned, and out fell the eight golden pippins.

“You miserable dog!” said the indignant doctor; “and so this is the way you repay me for thrice saving your wretched life. How much better it would have been for you had I suffered you to die in infancy, than to save your life for the gallows. Be warned, unhappy boy, in time, or that will be your dismal doom.”

Reader, it was Tommy Jenkins—the boy who had been, from his very infancy, trained

to love ardent spirits. The boy who had never been subjected to any control or wholesome discipline. The boy who had never entered the House of God, or a Sunday School. Do you wonder he travels the downward road?

Tom stood thunder-struck—appalled, for the first time in his life, before the justly incensed doctor; his kind monitor, who had so often warned him, and his thoughtless parents, of the terrible consequences which must follow this most reprehensible indulgence, and neglect of their children's highest interest, their moral and religious training.

“Now, sir,” said Doctor Hammond, as he picked up his golden pippins, “I shall clear my conscience once more, and warn you of the danger to which your evil course will subject you.

“As I told your mother when I saw her put the tumbler of toddy to your infant lips, that she was teaching you to lie, steal and commit murder in that act, I tell you now, I have convicted you of the first two offences this morning—lying and stealing—and I am grieved to find, early as it is, your breath smells strongly of whiskey. Beware, wretched boy, or you will bring upon yourself the ignominious reward of the last dreadful offence.

“You are now fourteen years old, capable of thinking, of resolving. Go at once to a Sunday School, where you will be taught the great truths of christianity. It may be that, by the blessing of God, you may gain the power of control over your lawless propensities. Unless you do this, and do it speedily, you are lost for ever. You are not too old, and your time is precious.”

Tom held down his head; conscience was still in some degree alive; his heart was not yet hardened in sin and crime. The miserable boy walked slowly out of the orchard, without either speaking or looking at the friend whom he had injured, and who yet could make another effort to arrest him in his downward course; to save him from the dreadful doom towards which his evil courses tended.

And this was not the last time the faithful physician and friend admonished this misguided boy and his parents. No opportunity was lost of warning him and his wilfully blinded parents.

Again time passed, while the good Dr. Hammond was engrossed in his own arduous and benevolent duties, and heard no tidings of

Tommy Jenkins. He had left the neighborhood for several years.

One night the doctor had returned from a fatiguing ride of duty, and was about to throw himself on his bed to rest, when an urgent call came for his attendance at a grog-shop in a neighboring alley. The throat of a man had just been cut.

Rest was necessarily forborne, and the doctor hastened to obey the summons. When he arrived at the grog-shop, sure enough he was shown a man extended on the floor, with his throat cut, and a pool of blood surrounding the body.

"Why was I called here?" asked the doctor; "the man is already dead."

"We know it, sir," said the constable, who stood near, "but you are the only man living for whom Tom Jenkins has either fear or reverence. He is yonder in an out-house, with a bowie-knife in one hand and a pistol in the other, swearing to be the death of the first man who dares to approach him."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the doctor, raising his hands with horror, while the blood left his face, and a shudder passed over his powerful frame. "Is it, indeed, that unhappy boy?"

“Come, sir, and see for yourself,” said a voice in the crowd.

The doctor followed slowly and in silence to the out-house. Too true, alas! there stood Tom Jenkins, the murderer, with glaring eyes and ferocious aspect, brandishing his weapons of death.

At Dr. Hammond’s approach terror seemed to seize the wretched culprit. Shuddering with affright, he shrank in to the farthest corner, dropped the deadly weapons from his hands, and hid his terror-stricken face from that pitying eye, now bent on him in sorrow and dismay. He feared to hear that voice, which had so often sounded warning in his ears.

Dr. Hammond looked at him in silence for a few moments, and then said, with a tremulous voice—

“And is my prophecy, indeed, fulfilled, unhappy young man!”

The murderer was speechless.

Dr. Hammond laid his hand on the collar of the culprit, and resigned him to the custody of the officer, who had previously attempted in vain to capture him.

“Oh! miserable man,” said the good physician, as tears flowed from his eyes, and his voice was choked with emotion, “see what

toddy has done for you." Then turning to the crowd, he added, "Yes, fellow-citizens, this young man is a victim to toddy.

"In his infancy I attended him, and saved his life, most unfortunately, for this dreadful end.

"His parents, then deaf to my earnest entreaties and most solemn warning, placed that poison of the serpent to his lips. *Toddy*, yes, toddy, that you suppose a harmless beverage, was the demon that has dragged this wretched boy to his doom.

"Again and again I have solemnly warned his parents. They laughed at what they were pleased to call my *notions*, and in my very presence passed the poisonous bowl from lip to lip. They regarded not my solemn voice of warning and entreaty—my heartfelt anxiety for their welfare. I warned them to beware of this very end.

"Is not this so, Tom? and have I not often, too, warned you to flee that deadly enemy—drink?"

Poor Tom, from whose terror-stricken face had vanished every drop of blood which liquor and rage had called into it but a few moments ago, answered, with streaming eyes, his whole frame quivering with emotion—

"It is every word true, sir. Oh! that I

had hearkened to your voice of counsel and warning. And now I entreat you, my best friend, as the last act of friendship to poor Tom Jenkins, warn these people against the use of intoxicating drink. Tell them to be warned by what they now see and hear. *Toddy* has brought me to the gallows!"

Terror and remorse had thoroughly sobered Tom.

The unhappy young man was duly committed for murder, tried, convicted and executed, in the presence of his father, by whose hand the maddening draught had been placed to his lips, from infancy to mature age, as a pleasant and innocent beverage.

What tongue can tell the agony and remorse of those guilty, wilfully guilty, parents?

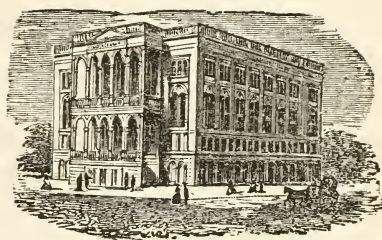
The wretched mother possessed not the nerve to follow her child to the consummation of that fate, which she had been instrumental in causing; but on the succeeding day she requested an interview with the benevolent and wise physician, whose counsel she had so unhappily disregarded till now.

But, reader, I will not harrow up the sensitive feelings of your heart by describing this interview; the agonizing words of self-accusation and despair from the stricken mother,

or the now softened words of her disregarded counsellor for good. We will draw the veil of pity over this scene of anguish. Enough that the good Dr. Hammond bestowed upon the wretched and penitent mourner every consolation within the power of a Christian on such occasions, and succeeded, after this awful retribution, in inducing this family to abandon the use of spirituous liquors; and finally convinced them that toddy was the deadliest enemy that had ever crossed their path in life.

Reader, remember Tommy Jenkins, and beware of the use of toddy.

Very soon after this Mattie Bell was seen entering the Sunday School, leading by the hand two more little boys. She was now a grown-up young woman, and a pious teacher. The little boys were brothers of Tommy Jenkins; and let us hope their unhappy brother's fate may, by the mercy of God, be an effectual warning to them against the dreadful course which wrought his ruin, and that the beauty of holiness, witnessed in God's house, and inculcated in Sunday School, by His pious and faithful servants, may win their admiration, love and reverence, so that Christ's holy religion may be made manifest as the all-powerful restorer of fallen man to a state of grace and holy loving.



THE INQUISITION;

OR,

THE PRISONER COMFORTED

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THE INQUISITION.

MOST people have heard of the **INQUISITION**. The word inquisition means searching out; and the court called the inquisition received its name from its office of searching out *heretics*; that is, persons who did not believe as the Church of Rome said they ought to believe, or worship where that Church said they ought to worship. It was established in the twelfth century, under Pope Innocent. Dominic, called by the Romish Church Saint Dominic, was its founder; for many centuries it was the cause of shedding torrents of blood; and it still exists in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and other countries.

The officers or members of the inquisition are the inquisitors, who derive their power from the Pope. The punishments inflicted by the inquisition on those called heretics are ecclesiastical and civil; the *ecclesiastical* or canonical are excommunication, and deprivation of ecclesiastical burial, and of dignities, benefices, and offices. The *civil* punishments are confiscation of goods, which is inflicted on all who are convicted of heresy, or confess themselves to be guilty, whether they repent or persist in their heresy, because they are declared to incur this punishment as soon as they fall into heresy; disinheriting the children, insomuch, that though they are Romanists they can never inherit the estates of their fathers who died in heresy; infamy, which excludes from all public offices, from bearing witness, making wills, &c., and brings on the loss of all dominion, natural or civil, as power of parents over children, masters over servants, magistrates and princes over subjects, &c., and the deprivation of all property in every thing they have; imprisonment; ban, which is a kind of sentence of excommunication by which any person is cast out of the commonwealth, so that he cannot enjoy the public protection, or discharge any public offices, or receive any benefit of law; diffidation, which declares heretics to be enemies of their country and of the empire, so that any person, by his own private authority, may seize, plunder, and kill him, as an enemy and robber, even though he be a clergyman—nor is it lawful for any one to undertake to take their defence when apprehended; and those advocates who favor and plead for them are pronounced infamous, and suspended from their office; and finally, death, which is that of being burnt alive, in some cases heightened by being gagged with an iron instrument, so that in the midst of their torments they can utter only an inarticulate sound.

It is the constant practice of the inquisition to affect, in all their procedures, to inspire as much terror and amazement as possible; every thing is done with the profoundest silence and secrecy, and with the greatest rigor and pretended impartiality. When a per-

son is seized, all the world abandons him: not the nearest friend dares to speak a word in his defence; that alone would be enough to render them suspected of heresy, and would bring them within the power of the inquisition: nay, the nearest relations are bribed, and constrained to accuse one another. The criminals are seized, examined, tried, tortured, and, unless they recant, are even condemned and executed, without ever seeing or knowing their accusers; whence the revengeful have a fair occasion of wreaking their malice on their enemies.

The use of torture for discovering secret crimes lying concealed in the mind, is a flagrant instance of injustice; and persons are put to the torture upon half proof of the crime; that is, faltering, defamation, one witness of his own knowledge, or when the causes of suspicion are vehement. These tortures are used under a pretence of discovering the truth, and they are varied and continued with the most wanton cruelty. After these, and many other shocking processes, when the inquisition has done with the criminals and condemned them to death, they are turned over to the secular arm, with much prayer and pretended entreaty, that their lives may not be touched. Lapse of time is no manner of security in point of heresy, nor does the grave itself shelter the accused from the pursuits of the inquisition; even the deceased have their trials, and they proceed in all their form and solemnity against the dead carcases. The executions are generally deferred till the number of the condemned is very great, that the multitude of sufferers may strike the deeper horror, and make the scene more terrible and shocking.

The *Auto da Fé*, which means the "act of faith," is held by the inquisition in Spain, on a solemn day, for the punishment of heretics and the absolution of the innocent.

They usually contrive the *Auto* to fall on some great festival, that the execution may impress the greater awe. A competent number of prisoners in the inquisition, being convicted of heresy, are in the morning of the day brought into the great hall, where they are attired for the procession. The prisoners afterward proceed to the place of execution, followed by the inquisitors and officers of the court, and the inquisitor general.

At the place of execution, the prisoners are placed at one end of a large scaffold, the inquisitors at the other; a sermon is then preached, and a priest ascends a desk near the middle of the scaffold to take an abjuration of the penitents, and recite the final sentence of those who are to be put to death. These are now formally delivered to the secular magistrates, who are at the same time besought not to touch their blood, or put their lives in danger. The prisoners are now carried to the secular jail, loaded with chains, and brought thence in an hour or two before the civil judge, who, after asking in what religion they intend to die, sentences such as profess the religion of Rome to be first strangled, and then burnt to ashes; and such as adhered to any other faith, to be burnt alive. Both classes then return to the place of execution, where stakes are prepared for such as persist in their heresy, about four yards high, having a

small board toward the top, for the prisoner to be seated on. The negative and relapsed being first strangled and burnt, the professed mount their stakes by a ladder, and the Jesuits, after exhorting them to be reconciled to the Church, leave them with the assurance that the devil is standing at their elbow to receive their souls, and carry them with him into hell. On this the cry is, "*Let the dogs' beads be made;*" which is done by thrusting flaming furzes fastened to long poles against the prisoners' faces till they are burnt to a coal. At last fire is set to the furze at the bottom of the stake, and the flame seldom reaching higher than the seat they sit on, they are rather roasted than burnt to death, amidst the most savage exclamations of joy!

Many years ago, an Englishman, named John Mole, was imprisoned by the tribunal of the inquisition in Rome. Bishop Hall, a great and good man, wrote him a letter to encourage and to comfort him. An extract from this letter is here given, which is so excellent, that, through the blessing of God, it may do good to the reader, though not exposed to such torments as awaited John Mole.

"TO MR. JOHN MOLE,

Of a long time now prisoner under the Inquisition at Rome.

"What passages can these lines hope to find into that your strait and curious thralldom? Yet who would not adventure the loss of this pains for him which is ready to lose himself for CHRIST? What do we not owe to you, which have thus given yourself for the common faith? Blessed be the name of that God who has singled you out for his champion, and made you invincible: How famous are your bonds! How glorious your constancy! O that out of your close obscurity, you could but see the honor of your suffering, the affections of God's saints, and in some a holy envy at your distressed happiness.

"Those walls cannot hide you. No man is attended with so many eyes from earth and heaven. The Church, your mother, beholds you, not with more compassion than joy: neither can it be said how she at once pities your misery, and rejoices in your patience. The blessed angels look upon you with gratulation and applause; the adversaries, with an angry sorrow, to see themselves overcome by their captive; their obstinate cruelty over-matched with humble resolution and faithful perseverance. Your Saviour sees you from above, not as a mere spectator, but as a patient sufferer with you, in you, for you: yea, as an agent in your endurance and victory, giving new courage with the one hand, and holding out a crown with the other. Whom would not these sights encourage?

"Who now can pity your solitariness? The hearts of all good men are with you. Neither can that place be but full of angels, which is the continual object of so many prayers: yea, the God of heaven was never so near you as now you are removed from men. Let me speak a bold but true word: it is as possible for him to be absent from his heaven as from the prisons of his saints. The glorified spirits above sing to him; the persecuted souls below suffer

for him, and cry to him: he is magnified in both, present with both; the faith of the one is as pleasing to him as the triumph of the other.

“Nothing obligeth us men so much as smarting for us. Words of defence are worthy of thanks, but pain is esteemed above recompense. How do we kiss the wounds which are taken for our sakes, and profess that we would hate ourselves if we did not love those that dare bleed for us! How much more shall the God of mercies be sensible of your sorrows, and crown your patience! To whom you may truly sing that ditty of the prophet, ‘Yea, for thy sake are we killed all the day long; we are counted as sheep for the slaughter.’ Psa. xlv. 22.

“What need I to stir up your constancy, which hath already amazed and wearied your persecutors? No suspicion shall drive me hereto, but rather the thirst of your praise. He that exhorts to persist in well-doing, while he persuades commendeth. Whither should I rather send you than to the sight of your own Christian fortitude, which neither prayers nor threats have been able to shake? Here stand, on the one hand, liberty, promotion, pleasure, life, and, which easily exceeds all these, the dear respect of wife and children, whom your only resolution shall make widow and orphans; these with smiles, and vows, and tears seem to importune you: on the other hand, bondage, solitude, horror, death, and the most lingering of all miseries, ruin of posterity; these, with frowns and menaces, labor to affright you. Betwixt both you have stood unmoved, fixing your eyes either right forward upon the cause of your suffering, or upward upon the crown of your reward.

“It is a happy thing when our own actions may be either examples or arguments of good. These blessed proceedings call you on to your perfection: the reward of good beginnings prosecuted is doubled, neglected is lost. How vain are those temptations which would make you a loser of all this praise, this recompense! Go on, therefore, happily: keep your eyes where they are, and your heart cannot be but where it is, and where it ought.

“Look still for what you suffer, and for whom: for the truth, for **CHRIST**.

“What can be so precious as truth? Not life itself. All earthly things are not so vile to life, as life to truth: life is momentary, truth eternal: life is ours, the truth God’s. Oh happy purchase, to give our life for the truth!

“What can we suffer too much for **CHRIST**? He hath given our life to us: he hath given his own life for us. What great thing is it if he require what he hath given us; if ours for his? yea, rather, if he call for what he hath lent us? yet not to bereave, but to change it; giving us gold for clay, glory for our corruption. Behold that Saviour of yours weeping, and bleeding, and dying for you. Alas! our souls are too strait for his sorrows: we can be made but pain for him; he was made sin for us: we sustain for him but the impotent anger of men; he struggled with the infinite wrath of his Father for us. Oh who can endure enough for him that hath passed through death and hell for his soul?

“The worst of the despite of men is but death; and that if they inflict not, a disease will; or if not that, age. Here is no imposition of that which would not be, but a hastening of that which will be, a hastening to your gain.

“For behold their violence shall turn your necessity into virtue and profit. Nature hath made you mortal: none but an enemy can make you a martyr. You must die, though they will not: you cannot die for CHRIST but by them. How could they else devise to make you happy, since the Giver of both lives hath said, ‘He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it?’ Lo, this alone is lost with keeping, and gained by loss.

“Say you were freed upon the safest conditions, and returning: as how welcome should that news be; more to yours than to yourself! Perhaps death may meet you in the way; perhaps overtake you at home; neither place nor time can promise immunity from the common destiny of men. Those that may abridge your hours cannot lengthen them, and while they last cannot secure them from vexation: yea, themselves shall follow you into their dust, and cannot avoid what they can inflict: death shall equally tyrannise by them and over them. So their favors are but fruitless, their malice gainful; for it shall change your prison into heaven, your fetters into a crown, your jailers to angels, your misery into glory.

“Look up to your future estate, and rejoice in the present. Behold the tree of life, the hidden manna, the sceptre of power, the morning star, the white garment, the new name, the crown and throne of heaven are addressed for you. ‘Overcome,’ and enjoy them.* Oh glorious condition of martyrs! whom conformity in death hath made like their Saviour in blessedness; whose honor is to attend him for ever, whom they have joyed to imitate. ‘What are these which are arrayed in white robes; and whence came they?’ ‘These are,’ says that heavenly elder, ‘they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’

“‘Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints;’ precious in prevention,† precious in acceptance, precious in remuneration. Oh give willingly that which you cannot keep, that you may receive what you cannot lose. The way is steep, but now you breathe toward the top. Let not the want of some few steps lose you an eternal rest. Put to the strength of your own faith. The prayers of God’s saints shall further your peace; and that gracious Hand that sustains heaven and earth shall uphold and sweetly draw you up to your glory. Go on to credit the Gospel with your perseverance, and show the false-hearted clients of that Roman court

* Rev. ii. 7, 17, 26, 27, 28; iii. 5, 12, 21.

† Anticipation.

that the truth yields real and hearty professors—such as dare no less smart than speak for her.

“Without the walls of your restraint where can you look beside encouragements of suffering? Behold in this how much you are happier than your many predecessors: those have found friends, or wives, or children, the most dangerous of all tempters: suggestions of weakness, when they come masked with love, are more powerful to hurt: but you, all your many friends in the valor of their Christian love, wish rather a blessed martyr than a living and prosperous revolter. Yea, your dear wife, worthy of this honor to be the wife of a martyr, prefers your faith to her affection; and in a courage beyond her sex, contemns the worst misery of your loss; professing she would redeem your life with hers; but that she would not redeem it with your yieldance; and while she looks upon your hopeful children, wishes rather to see them fatherless than their father unfaithful. The greatest part of your sufferings are hers; she bears them with a cheerful resolution: she divides with you in your sorrows, in your patience: she shall not be divided in your glory. For us, we shall accompany you with our prayers, and follow you with our thankful commemorations, vowing to write your name in red letters in the calendars of our hearts, and to register it in the monuments of perpetual records, as an example to all posterity. *The memory of the just is blessed.*”

THE END.

12

LITTLE JANE, THE YOUNG COTTAGER.

BY THE REV. LEGH RICHMOND,
RECTOR OF TURVEY, BEDFORDSHIRE.

COMPLETE EDITION.



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STEREOTYPED BY JAMES CONNER, FOR THE
NEW-YORK PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY.



LITTLE JANE.

PART I.

WHEN a serious Christian turns his attention to the barren state of the wilderness through which he is travelling, frequently must he heave a sigh for the sins and sorrows of his fellow-mortals. The renewed heart thirsts with holy desire, that the Paradise, which was lost through Adam, may be fully regained in Christ. But the overflowings of sin within and without, the contempt of sacred institutions, the carelessness of soul, the pride of unbelief, the eagerness of sensual appetite, the ambition for worldly greatness, and the deep rooted enmity of the carnal heart against God; these things are "as the fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought," which distress his soul, as he journeys through "that great and terrible wilderness."

Sometimes, like a solitary pilgrim, he "weeps in secret places," and "rivers of waters run down his eyes because men keep not the law of God."

Occasionally he meets with a few fellow-travellers, whose spirit is congenial with his own, and with whom he can take "sweet counsel together." They comfort and strengthen each other by the way. Each can relate something of the mercies of his God, and how kindly he has dealt with them, as they travelled onwards. The dreariness of the path is thus beguiled, and now and then, for a while, a happy succession of divine consolation cheers their souls; "the wilderness and the solitary place is glad for them; the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose."

But even at the very time when the Christian is taught to feel the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, to trust that he is personally interested in the blessings of salvation, and to believe that God will promote his own glory by glorifying the penitent sinner; yet sorrows will mingle with his comforts, and he will rejoice, not without trembling, when he reflects on the state of other men. The anxieties connected with earthly relations are all alive in his soul, and through the operation of the Spirit of God, become sanctified principles and motives for action. As the husband and father of a family, as the neighbour of the poor, the ignorant, the wicked, and the wretched—above all, as the spiritual overseer of the flock, if such be his holy calling—the heart which has been taught to feel for its own case, will abundantly feel for others.

But when he attempts to devise means in order to stem the torrent of iniquity, to instruct the ignorant, and to convert the

sinner from the error of his way, he cannot help crying out, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Unbelief pauses over the question, and trembles. But faith quickly revives the inquirer with the cheering assurance, that "our sufficiency is of God," and saith, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass."

When he is thus affectionately engaged for the good of mankind, he will become seriously impressed with the necessity of early attentions to the young in particular. Many around him are grown gray-headed in sin, and give but little prospect of amendment. Many of the parents and heads of families are so eagerly busied in the profits, pleasures, and occupations of the world, that they heed not the warning voice of their instructor. Many of their elder children are launching into life, headstrong, unruly, "earthly, sensual, devilish:" they likewise treat the wisdom of God as if it were foolishness. But, under these discouragements, we may often turn with hope to the very young, to the little ones of the flock, and endeavour to teach them to sing Hosannas to the Son of David, before their minds are wholly absorbed in the world and its allurements. We may trust that a blessing shall attend such labours, if undertaken in faith and simplicity, and that some at least of our youthful disciples, like Josiah, while they are yet young, may begin to seek after the God of their fathers.

Such an employment, especially when blessed by any actual instances of real good produced, enlivens the mind with hope, and fills it with gratitude. We are thence led to trust that the next generation may become more fruitful unto God than the present, and the church of Christ be replenished with many such as have been called into the vineyard "early in the morning." And should our endeavours for a length of time apparently fail of success, yet we ought not to despair. Early impressions and convictions of conscience have sometimes lain dormant for years, and at last revived into gracious existence and maturity. It was not said in vain, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Pious parents are not unfrequently tried to the very utmost by the evil dispositions and conduct of some of their children in earlier years: but the promises of God are abundant to those who trust him aright in faith and patience. "The promise is unto you, and to your children." Hear it, ye praying fathers and mothers; "cast your burdens upon the Lord, and he shall sustain you."

What a gratifying occupation it is to an affectionate mind, even in a way of nature, to walk through the fields, and lead a little child by the hand, enjoying the infantine prattle, and striving to improve the time by some kind word of instruction! I wish that every Christian pilgrim in the way of grace, as he walks through the Lord's pastures, would try to lead at least

one little child by the hand ; and perhaps while he is endeavouring to guide and preserve his young and feeble companion, the Lord will recompense him double for all his cares, by comforting his own heart in the attempt. The experiment is worth the trial. It is supported by this recollection : "The Lord will come with a strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him. Behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and *shall gently lead those that are with young.*"

I shall plead no farther apology for introducing to the notice of my readers a few particulars relative to a young female Cottager, whose memory is particularly endeared to me, from the circumstance of her being, so far as I can trace or discover, my first-born spiritual child in the ministry of the gospel. She was certainly the first, of whose conversion to God, under my own pastoral instruction, I can speak with precision and assurance.

Every parent of a family knows that there is a very interesting emotion of heart connected with the birth of his first-born child. Energies and affections to which the mind has hitherto been almost a stranger, begin to unfold themselves, and expand into active existence, when he first is hailed as a father. But may not the spiritual parent be allowed the possession and indulgence of a similar sensation in his connexion with the children whom the Lord gives him, as begotten through the ministry of the word of life? If the first-born child in nature be received as a new and acceptable blessing, how much more so the first-born child in grace! I claim this privilege ; and crave permission, in writing what follows, to erect a monumental record, sacred to the memory of a dear little child, who, I trust, will at the last day prove my crown of rejoicing.

Jane S—— was the daughter of poor parents, in the village where it pleased God first to cast my lot in the ministry. My acquaintance with her commenced, when she was twelve years of age, by her weekly attendance at my house amongst a number of children whom I invited and regularly instructed every Saturday afternoon.

They used to read, repeat catechisms, psalms, hymns, and portions of scripture. I accustomed them also to pass a kind of free conversational examination, according to their age and ability, in those subjects by which I hoped to see them made wise unto salvation.

On the summer evenings I frequently used to assemble this little group out of doors in my garden, sitting under the shade of some trees which protected us from the heat of the sun. From hence a scene appeared which rendered my occupation the more interesting. For adjoining the spot where we sat, and only separated from us by a fence, was the churchyard, surrounded with beautiful prospects in every direction.

There lay deposited the mortal remains of thousands, who from age to age, in their different generations, had been successively committed to the grave, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Here the once famed ancestors of the rich, and the less known forefathers of the poor, lay mingling their dust together, and alike waiting the resurrection from the dead.

I had not far to look for subjects of warning and exhortation suitable to my little flock of lambs that I was feeding. I could point to the heaving sods that marked the different graves, and separated them from each other, and tell my pupils, that, young as they were, none of them was too young to die; and that probably more than half of the bodies which were buried there, were those of little children. I hence took occasion to speak of the nature and value of a soul, and to ask them where they expected their souls to go when they departed hence, and were no more seen on earth.

I told them who was "the resurrection and the life," and who alone could take away the sting of death. I used to remind them that the hour was coming, "in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth: they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." I often availed myself of these opportunities to call to their recollection the more recent deaths of their own relatives, that lay buried so near us. Some had lost a parent, others a brother or sister; some perhaps had lost all these, and were committed to the mercy of their neighbours, as fatherless and motherless orphans. Such circumstances were occasionally useful to excite tender emotions, favourable to serious impression.

Sometimes, I sent the children to the various stones which stood at the head of the graves, and bid them learn the epitaphs inscribed upon them. I took pleasure in seeing the little ones thus dispersed in the churchyard, each committing to memory a few verses written in commemoration of the departed. They would soon accomplish the desired object, and eagerly return to me, ambitious to repeat their task.

Thus my churchyard became a kind of book of instruction, and every grave-stone a leaf of edification for my young disciples.

The church itself stood in the midst of the ground. It was a spacious antique structure. Within those very walls I first proclaimed the message of God to sinners. As these children surrounded me, I sometimes pointed to the church, spoke to them of the nature of public worship, the value of the Sabbath, the duty of regular attendance on its services, and urged their serious attention to the means of grace. I showed them the sad state of many countries, where neither Churches nor Bibles were known; and the no less melancholy condition of multitudes at home, who sinfully neglect worship, and slight

the Word of God. I thus tried to make them sensible of their own favours and privileges.

Neither was I at a loss for another class of objects around me, from which I could draw useful instruction: for many of the beauties of created nature appeared in view.

Eastward of us extended a large river or lake of sea-water, chiefly formed by the tide, and nearly enclosed by land. Beyond this was a fine bay and road for ships, filled with vessels of every size, from the small sloop or cutter to the first-rate man of war. On the right hand of the haven rose a hill of peculiarly beautiful form and considerable height. Its verdure was very rich, and many hundred sheep grazed upon its sides and summit. From the opposite shore of the same water a large sloping extent of bank was diversified with fields, woods, hedges, and cottages. At its extremity stand, close to the edge of the sea itself, the remains of the tower of an ancient church, still preserved as a sea-mark. Far beyond the bay, a very distant shore was observable, and land beyond it; trees, towns, and other buildings appeared, more especially when gilded by the reflected rays of the sun.

To the south-westward of the garden was another down, covered also with flocks of sheep, and a portion of it fringed with trees. At the foot of this hill lay the village, a part of which gradually ascended to the rising ground on which the church stood.

From the intermixture of houses with gardens, orchards, and trees, it presented a very pleasing aspect. Several fields adjoined the garden on the east and north, where a number of cattle were pasturing. My own little shrubberies and flower-beds variegated the view, and recompensed my toil in rearing them, as well by their beauty as their fragrance.

Had the sweet Psalmist of Israel sat in this spot, he would have glorified God the Creator by descanting on these his handy works. I cannot write psalms, like David; but I wish in my own poor way to praise the Lord for his goodness, and to show forth his wonderful works to the children of men. But had David been also surrounded with a troop of young scholars in such a situation, he would once more have said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

I love to retrace these scenes—they are past, but the recollection is sweet.

I love to retrace them—for they bring to my mind many former mercies, which ought not, for the Lord's sake, to be forgotten.

I love to retrace them—for they re-assure me that, in the course of that private ministerial occupation, God was pleased to give me a valuable fruit of my labours.

Little Jane used constantly to appear on these weekly seasons of instruction. I made no very particular observations concerning her during the first twelve months or more of her at-

vengeance. She was not then remarkable for any peculiar attainment. On the whole, I used to think her rather more slow of apprehension than most of her companions. She usually repeated her tasks correctly, but was seldom able to make answers to questions for which she was not previously prepared with replies—a kind of extemporary examination in which some of the children excelled. Her countenance was not engaging, her eye discovered no remarkable liveliness. She read tolerably well, took pains, and improved.

Mildness and quietness marked her general demeanour. She was very constant in her attendance on public worship at the church, as well as on my Saturday instruction at home. But, generally speaking, she was little noticed, except for her regular and orderly conduct. Had I then been asked, of which of my young scholars, I had formed the most favourable opinion, poor Jane might probably have been omitted in the list.

How little do we oftentimes know what God is doing in other people's hearts! What poor calculators and judges we frequently prove, till he opens our eyes! "His thoughts are not our thoughts; neither are our ways his ways."

Once, indeed, during the latter part of that year, I was struck with her ready attention to my wishes. I had, agreeably to the plan above mentioned, sent her into the churchyard to commit to memory an epitaph which I admired. On her return she told me, that in addition to what I had desired, she had also learned another, which was inscribed on an adjoining stone; adding, that she thought it a very pretty one.

I thought so too, and perhaps my readers will be of the same opinion. Little Jane, though dead, yet shall speak. While I transcribe the lines, I can powerfully imagine that I hear her voice repeating them.

EPITAPH ON MRS. A. B.

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stay'd thy progress to the seats of bliss.

No more confin'd to grov'ling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay,
How should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

The above was her appointed task; and the other, which she voluntarily learned and spoke of with pleasure, is this:

EPITAPH ON MR. B. ON THE STONE ADJOINING.

It must be so.—Our father Adam's fall,
And disobedience, brought this lot on all.
All die in him: but hopeless should we be,
Blest Revelation! were it not for thee.

Hail, glorious Gospel! heavenly light, whereby
We live with comfort, and with comfort die:
And view beyond this gloomy scene, the tomb,
A life of endless happiness to come.

I afterwards discovered that the sentiment expressed in the latter epitaph had much affected her. But at the period of this little incident, I knew nothing of her mind. I had comparatively overlooked her. I have often been sorry for it since. Conscience seemed to rebuke me, when I afterwards discovered what the Lord had been doing for her soul. I seemed to have neglected her; yet it was not done designedly. She was unknown to us all; except that, as I since found out, her regularity and abstinence from the sins and follies of her equals in age and station brought upon her many taunts and jeers from others, which she bore very meekly. But at that time I knew it not.

I was young myself in the ministry, and younger in Christian experience. My parochial plans had not as yet assumed such a principal of practical order and inquiry, as to make me acquainted with the character and conduct of each family and individual in my flock.

I was then quite a learner, and had much to learn.

And what am I now?—A learner still: and if I have learned any thing, it is this, that I have every day more and more yet to learn.

Of this I am certain, that my young scholar soon became my teacher. I *first* saw what true religion could accomplish, in witnessing her experience of it. The Lord once “called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of his disciples,” as an emblem and an illustration of his doctrine. But the Lord did more in the case of little Jane. He not only called *her*, as a child, to show by a similitude what conversion means, but he also called her by his grace to be a vessel of mercy, and a living witness of that almighty power and love by which her own heart was turned to God.

PART II.

THERE is no illustration of the nature and character of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth which is more grateful to contemplation, than that of the shepherd and his flock. Imagination has been accustomed from our earliest childhood to wander amongst the fabled retreats of the Arcadian shepherds. We have probably often delighted ourselves in our own native country, by witnessing the interesting occupations of the pastoral scene. The shepherd, tending his flock on the side of

some spacious hill, or in the hollow of a sequestered valley folding them at night, and guarding them against all danger; leading them from one pasture to another, or for refreshment to the cooling waters—these objects have met and gratified our eyes, as we travelled through the fields, and sought out creation's God amidst creation's beauties. The poet and the painter have each lent their aid to cherish our delight in these imaginations. Many a descriptive verse has strengthened our attachment to the pastoral scene, and many a well-wrought picture has occasioned it to glow like a reality in our ideas.

But far more impressively than these causes can possibly effect, has the Word of God endeared the subject to our hearts, and sanctified it to Christian experience. Who does not look back with love and veneration to those days of holy simplicity, when the patriarchs of the church of God lived in tents and watched their flocks? With what a strength and beauty of allusion do the prophets refer to the intercourse between the shepherd and his flock for an illustration of the Saviour's kingdom on earth! The Psalmist rejoiced in the consideration that the Lord was his shepherd, and that therefore he should not want. The Redeemer himself assumed this interesting title, and declared that "his sheep hear his voice, he knows them, and they follow him, and he gives unto them eternal life."

Perhaps at no previous moment was this comparison ever expressed so powerfully as when his risen Lord gave the pastoral charge to the lately offending but now penitent disciple, saying, "Feed my sheep." Every principle of grace, mercy and peace, met together on that occasion. Peter had thrice denied his Master: his Master now thrice asked him, "Lovest thou me?" Peter each time appealed to his own, or to his Lord's consciousness of what he felt within his heart. As often Jesus committed to his care the flock which he had purchased with his blood. And that none might be forgotten, he not only said, "Feed my sheep," but, "Feed my lambs," also.

May every instructor of the young keep this injunction enforced on his conscience and affections!—I return to little Jane.

It was about fifteen months from the first period of her attendance on my Saturday school, when I missed her from her customary place. Two or three weeks had gone by, without my making any particular inquiry respecting her. I was at length informed that she was not well. But, apprehending no peculiar cause for alarm, nearly two months passed away without any farther mention of her name being made.

At length a poor old woman in the village, of whose religious disposition I had formed a good opinion, came and said to me, "Sir, have you not missed Jane S—— at your house on Saturday afternoons?"

"Yes," I replied: "I believe she is not well."

"Nor ever will be, I fear," said the woman.

"What! do you apprehend any danger in the case?"

"Sir, she is very poorly indeed, and I think is in a decline. She wants to see you, Sir; but is afraid you would not come to see such a poor young child as she is."

"Not go, where poverty and sickness may call me! how can she imagine so? At which house does she live?"

"Sir, it is a poor place, and she is ashamed to ask you to come there. Her neighbours are noisy, wicked people. They all make game at poor Jenny, because she reads her Bible so much."

"Do not tell me about poor places and wicked people; these are the very situations where a minister of the gospel is called to do the most good. I shall go to see her; you may let her know my intention."

"I will, Sir; I go in most days to speak to her; and it does one's heart good to hear her talk."

"Indeed!" said I; "what does she talk about?"

"Talk about, poor child! why, nothing but good things, such as the Bible, and Jesus Christ, and life, and death, and her soul, and heaven, and your discourses, and the books you used to teach her, Sir. Many scoff at her, and say they suppose Jenny counts herself better than other folks. But she does not mind all that. She will read her books, and then talk so pretty to her mother, and beg that she would think about her soul."

"The Lord forgive me," thought I, "for not being more attentive to this poor child's case." I seemed to feel the importance of youthful instruction more than ever I had done before, and felt a rising hope that this girl might prove a kind of first fruits of my labours.

I now recollected her quiet, orderly, diligent attendance on our little weekly meetings; and her marked approbation of the epitaph, as related in my last paper, rushed into my thoughts. "I hope, I really hope," said I, "this dear child will prove a true child of God. And if so, what a mercy to her, and what a mercy for me!"

The next morning I went to see the child. Her dwelling was of the humblest kind. It stood opposite to a high bank of earth, which precluded all farther prospect in that direction. Behind it was a little garden furnished with vegetables and flowers. Beneath lay a considerable part of the village, which gradually rising again, terminated with the tower and spire of the parish church. The front aspect of the cottage was chiefly rendered pleasing, by a flowering creeper, which climbed up the wall, enclosing the door and windows with its twining branches. As I entered the house-door, its flowers put forth a very sweet and refreshing smell. Intent on the object of my visit, I at the same moment offered up silent prayer to God, and entertained a hope that the welcome fragrance of the shrub might be illustrative of that all-prevailing intercession

of a Redeemer, which I trusted was, in the case of this little child, "as a sweet-smelling savour" to her heavenly Father. The very flowers and leaves of the garden and field are emblematical of higher things, when grace teaches us to make them so.

Jane was in bed up stairs. I found no one in the house with her, except the woman who had brought me the message on the evening before. The instant I looked on the girl, I perceived a very marked change in her countenance: it had acquired the consumptive hue, both white and red. A delicacy unknown to it before quite surprised me, owing to the alteration it produced in her look. She received me first with a very sweet smile, and then instantly burst into a flood of tears, just sobbing out,

"I am so glad to see you, Sir."

"I am very much concerned at your being so ill, my child, and grieved that I was not sooner aware of your state. But I hope the Lord designs it for your good." Her eye, not her tongue, powerfully expressed, "I hope and think he does."

"Well, my poor child, since you can no longer come to see me, I will come and see you; and we will talk over the subjects which I have been used to explain to you."

"Indeed, Sir, I shall be so glad."

"That I believe she will," said the woman; "for she loves to talk of nothing so much as what she has heard you say in your sermons, and in the books you have given her."

"Are you really desirous, my dear child, to be a true Christian?"

"Oh! yes, yes, Sir, I am sure I desire that above all things."

I was astonished and delighted at the earnestness and simplicity with which she spoke these words.

"Sir," added she, "I have been thinking, as I lay on my bed for many weeks past, how good you are to instruct us poor children; what must become of us without it?"

"I am truly glad to perceive that my instructions have not been lost upon you, and pray God that this your present sickness may be an instrument of blessing in his hands to prove, humble, and sanctify you. My dear child, you have a soul, an immortal soul to think of; you remember what I have often said to you about the value of a soul: 'What would it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"

"Yes, Sir, I remember well, you told us, that when our bodies are put into the grave, our souls will then go either to the good or the bad place."

"And to which of these places do you think that, as a sinner in the sight of God, you deserve to go?"

"To the bad one, Sir."

"What, to everlasting destruction?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Why so?"

"Because I am a great sinner."

"And must all great sinners go to hell?"

"They all deserve it; and I am sure I do."

"But is there no way of escape? Is there no way for a great sinner to be saved?"

"Yes, Sir; Christ is the Saviour."

"And whom does he save?"

"All believers."

"And do you believe in Christ yourself?"

"I do not know, Sir; I wish I did; but I feel that I love him."

"What do you love him for?"

"Because he is good to poor children's souls like mine."

"What has he done for you?"

"He died for me, Sir; and what could he do more?"

"And what do you hope to gain by his death?"

"A good place when I die, if I believe in him, and love him."

"Have you felt any uneasiness on account of your soul?"

"Oh! yes, Sir, a great deal. When you used to talk to us children on Saturdays, I often felt as if I could hardly bear it, and wondered that others could seem so careless. I thought I was not fit to die. I thought of all the bad things I had ever done and said, and believed God must be very angry with me; for you often told us, that God would not be mocked; and that Christ said, if we were not converted, we could not go to heaven. Sometimes I thought I was so young it did not signify; and then again it seemed to me a great sin to think so; for I knew I was old enough to see what was right and what was wrong; and so God had a just right to be angry when I did wrong. Besides, I could see that my heart was not right; and how could such a heart be fit for heaven? Indeed, Sir, I used to feel very uneasy."

"My dear Jenny, I wish I had known all this before. Why did you never tell me about it?"

"Sir, I durst not. Indeed I could not well say what was the matter with me: and I thought you would look upon me as very bold if I had spoke about myself to such a gentleman as you: yet I often wished that you knew what I felt and feared. Sometimes, as we went away from your house, I could not help crying; and then the other children laughed and jeered at me, and said I was going to be very good they supposed, or at least to make people think so. Sometimes, Sir, I fancied you did not think so well of me as of the rest, and that hurt me; yet I knew I deserved no particular favour, because I was the chief of sinners."

"My dear, what made St. Paul say he was the chief of sinners? In what verse of the Bible do you find this expression, 'the chief of sinners?' can you repeat it?"

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners:—is not that right, Sir?"

"Yes, my child, it is right; and I hope that the same conviction which St. Paul had at that moment has made you sensible of the same truth. Christ came into the world to save sinners; my dear child, remember now, and for evermore, that Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners."

"Sir, I am so glad he did. It makes me hope that he will save me, though I am a poor sinful girl. Sir, I am very ill, and I do not think I shall ever get well again. I want to go to Christ, if I die."

"Go to Christ while you live, my dear child, and he will not cast you away when you die. He that said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' waits to be gracious to them, and forbids them not.—What made you first think so seriously about the state of your soul?"

"Your talking about the graves in the churchyard, and telling us how many young children were buried there. I remember you said, one day, near twelve months ago, 'Children! where will you be a hundred years hence? Children! where do you think you shall go, when you die? Children! if you were to die to-night, are you sure you should go to Christ and be happy?' Sir, I shall never forget your saying, 'children,' three times together in that solemn way."

"Did you never before that day feel any desire about your soul?"

"Yes, Sir, I think I first had that desire almost as soon as you began to teach us on Saturday afternoons; but on that day I felt as I never did before. I shall never forget it. All the way as I went home, and all that night, those words were in my thoughts: 'Children! where do you think you shall go, when you die?' I thought I must leave off all my bad ways, or where should I go when I died?"

"And what effect did these thoughts produce in your mind?"

"Sir, I tried to live better, and I did leave off many bad ways; but the more I strove, the more difficult I found it, my heart seemed so hard; and then I could not tell any one my case."

"Could not you tell it to the Lord, who hears and answers prayer?"

"My prayers" (here she blushed and sighed) "are very poor at the best, and at that time I scarcely knew how to pray at all, as I ought. But I did sometimes ask the Lord for a better heart."

There was a character in all this conversation which marked a truly sincere and enlightened state of mind. She spoke with all the simplicity of a child, and yet with the seriousness of a Christian. I could scarcely persuade myself that she was the same girl I had been accustomed to see in past time. Her countenance was filled with interesting affections, and always spoke much more than her tongue could utter. She now possessed an ease and liberty in speaking, to which she had for

merly been a stranger ; nevertheless, she was modest, humble, and unassuming. Her readiness to converse was the result of spiritual anxiety, not childish forwardness. The marks of a divine change were too prominent to be easily mistaken ; and in this very child, I, for the first time, witnessed the evident testimonies of such a change. How encouraging, how profitable to my own soul !

"Sir," continued little Jane, "I had one day been thinking that I was neither fit to live nor die: for I could find no comfort in this world, and I was sure I deserved none in the other. On that day you sent me to learn the verse on Mrs. B——'s headstone, and then I read that on the next to it."

"I very well remember it," Jenny ; you came back and repeated them both to me."

"There were two lines in it which made me think and meditate a great deal."

"Which were they ?"

"'Hail, glorious Gospel, heavenly light, whereby
We live with comfort, and with comfort die.'"

"I wished that glorious Gospel was mine, that I might live and die with comfort: and it seemed as if I thought it would be so. I never felt so happy about my soul before. The words were often in my thoughts,

'Live with comfort, and with comfort die.'

Glorious Gospel, indeed ! I thought."

"My dear child, what is the meaning of the word Gospel ?"

"Good news."

"Good news for whom ?"

"For wicked sinners, Sir."

"Who sends this good news for wicked sinners ?"

"The Lord Almighty."

"And who brings this good news ?"

"Sir, *you* brought it to *me*."

Here my soul melted in an instant, and I could not repress the tears which the emotion excited. The last answer was equally unexpected and affecting. I felt a father's tenderness and gratitude for a new and first-born child.

Jane wept likewise.

After a little pause, she said,

"O, Sir ! I wish you would speak to my father, and mother and little brother ; for I am afraid they are going on very badly."

"How so ?"

"Sir, they drink, and swear, and quarrel, and do not like what is good : and it does grieve me so, I cannot bear it. If I speak a word to them about it, they are very angry, and laugh,

and bid me be quiet, and not set up for their teacher. Still, I am ashamed to tell you this of them, but I hope it is not wrong; I mean it for their good."

"I wish your prayers and endeavours for their sake may be blessed; I will also do what I can."

I then prayed with the child, and promised to visit her constantly.

As I returned home, my heart was filled with thankfulness for what I had seen and heard. Little Jane appeared to be a first fruits of my parochial and spiritual harvest. This thought greatly comforted and strengthened me in my ministerial prospects.

My partiality to the memory of little Jane will induce me to lay some farther particulars before the reader.

PART III.

DIVINE grace educates the reasoning faculties of the soul, as well as the best affections of the heart, and happily consecrates them both to the glory of the Redeemer. Neither the disadvantages of poverty, nor the inexperience of childhood, are barriers able to resist the mighty influences of the Spirit of God, when "he goeth forth where he listeth."—"God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise: and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty." The truth of this scriptural assertion was peculiarly evident in the case of my young parishioner.

Little Jane's illness was of a lingering nature. I often visited her. The soul of this young Christian was gradually, but effectually, preparing for heaven. I have seldom witnessed in any older person, under similar circumstances, stronger marks of earnest inquiry, continual seriousness, and holy affections. One morning, as I was walking through the churchyard, in my way to visit her, I stopped to look at the epitaph which had made such a deep impression on her mind. I was struck with the reflection of the important consequences which might result from a more frequent and judicious attention to the inscriptions placed in our burying-grounds, as memorials of the departed. The idea occurred to my thoughts, that as the two stone tables given by God to Moses were once a mean of communicating to the Jews, from age to age, the revelation of God's will as concerning the law; so these funeral tables of stone may, under a better dispensation, bear a never-failing proclamation of God's will to sinners, as revealed in the Gospel of his grace, from generation to generation. I have often lamented, when indulging a contemplation among the graves, that some of the

nscriptions were coarse and ridiculous; others absurdly flattering; many expressive of sentiments at variance with the true principles of the word of God; not a few, barren and unaccompanied with a single word of useful instruction to the reader. Thus a very important opportunity of conveying scriptural admonition was lost. I wish that every grave-stone might not only record the names of our deceased friends, but also proclaim the name of Jesus, as the only name given under heaven, whereby men can be saved. Perhaps, if the ministers of religion were to interest themselves in this matter, and accustom their people to consult them as to the nature of the monumental inscriptions which they wish to introduce into churches and churchyards, a gradual improvement would take place in this respect. What is offensive, useless, or erroneous, would no longer find admittance, and a succession of valuable warning and consolation to the living, would perpetuate the memory of the dead.

What can be more disgusting than the too common spectacle of trifling, licentious travellers, wandering about the churchyards of the different places through which they pass, in search of rude, ungrammatical, ill-spelt, and absurd verses among the grave-stones: and this for the gratification of their unhol scorn and ridicule! And yet how much is it to be deplored that such persons are seldom disappointed in finding many instances which too readily afford them the unfeeling satisfaction which they seek! I therefore offer this suggestion to my reverend brethren, that as no monument or stone can be placed in church or churchyard without their express consent and approbation, whether one condition of that consent being granted, should not be a previous inspection and approval of every inscription which may be so placed within the precincts of the sanctuary.

The reader will pardon this digression, which evidently arose from the peculiar connexion established in little Jane's history, between an epitaph inscribed on a grave-stone, and the word of God inscribed on her heart. When I arrived at Jane's cottage, I found her in bed, reading Dr. Watts' Hymns for Children, in which she took great pleasure.

"What are you reading this morning, Jane?"

"Sir, I have been thinking very much about some verses in my little book.—Here they are:

'There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come:
A thousand children young as I
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

'Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled:
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.'

Sir, I feel all that to be very true ; and I am afraid I do not improve the hours I have, as I ought to do. I think I shall not live very long ; and when I remember my sins, I say,

‘ Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.’

Do you think he will pardon me, Sir ?”

“ My dear child, I have great hopes that he HAS pardoned you ; that he has heard your prayers, and put you into the number of his true children already. You have had strong proofs of his mercy to your soul.”

“ Yes, Sir, I have ; and I wish to love and bless him for it. He is good, *very* good.”

It had for some time past occurred to my mind, that a course of *regulated* conversations on the first principles of religion, would be very desirable from time to time, for this interesting child’s sake ; and I thought the Church Catechism would be a proper groundwork for that purpose.

“ Jenny,” said I, “ can you repeat the Catechism ?”

“ Yes, Sir ; but I think that has been one of my sins in the sight of God.”

“ What ! repeating your Catechism ?”

“ Yes, Sir, in such a way as I used to do it.”

“ How was that ?”

“ Very carelessly indeed. I never thought about the meaning of the words, and that must be very wrong. Sir, the Catechism is full of good things ; I wish I understood them better.”

“ Well then, my child, we will talk a little about those good things which, as you truly say, are contained in the Catechism. Did you ever consider what it is to be a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven ?”

“ I think, Sir, I have lately considered it a good deal ; and I want to be such, not only in name but in deed and in truth. You once told me, Sir, that, ‘ as the branch is to the vine, and the stone to the building, and the limb to the body and the head, so is a true believer to the Lord Jesus Christ.’ But how am I to know that I belong to Christ as a true *member*, which you said one day in the church, means the same as a *limb* of the body, such as a leg or an arm ?”

“ Do you love Christ now in a way you never used to do before ?

“ Yes, I think so indeed.”

“ Why do you love him ?”

“ Because he first loved me.”

“ How do you know that he first loved you ?”

“ Because he sent me instruction, and made me feel the sin of my heart, and taught me to pray for pardon, and love his ways : he sent you to teach me, Sir, and to show me the

way to be saved; and now I want to be saved in that way that he pleases. Sometimes I feel as if I loved all that he has said and done, so much, that I wish never to think about any thing else. I know I did not use to feel so; and I think if he had not loved me first, my wicked heart would never have cared about him. I once loved any thing better than religion, but now it is every thing to me."

"Do you believe in your heart that Christ is able and willing to save the chief of sinners?"

"I do."

"And what are you?"

"A young, but a great sinner."

"Is it not of his mercy that you know and feel yourself to be a sinner?"

"Certainly; yes, it must be so."

"Do you earnestly desire to forsake all sin?"

"If I know myself, I do."

"Do you feel a spirit within you, resisting sin, and making you hate it?"

"Yes, I hope so."

"Who gave you that spirit? was you always so?"

"It must be Christ, who loved me, and gave himself for me. I was quite different once."

"Now then, my dear Jane, does not all this show a connexion between the Lord Jesus Christ and your soul? Does it not seem as if you lived, and moved, and had a spiritual being from him? Just as a limb is connected with your body, and so with your head, and thereby gets power to live and move through the flowing of the blood from one to the other; so are you spiritually a limb or member of Christ, if you believe in him; and thus obtain, through faith, a power to love him, and live to his praise and glory. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Sir, I believe I do; and it is very comfortable to my thoughts to look up to Christ as a living head, and to consider myself as the least and lowest of all his members."

"Now, tell me what your thoughts are as to being a child of God?"

"I am sure, Sir, I do not deserve to be called his child."

"Can you tell me who *does* deserve it?"

"No one, sir."

"How, then, comes any one to be a child of God, when by nature we are all children of wrath?"

"By God's grace, Sir."

"What does grace mean?"

"Favour; free favour to sinners."

"Right; and what does God bestow upon the children of wrath, when he makes them children of grace?"

"A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; is it not, Sir?"

"Yes, this is the fruit of Christ's redeeming love; and I

hope you are a partaker of the blessing. The family of God is named after him, and he is the first-born of many brethren. What a mercy that Christ calls himself '*a brother*!' My little girl, he is your brother; and will not be ashamed to own you, and present you to his Father at the last day, as one that he has purchased with his blood."

"I wish I could love my Father and my Brother which are in heaven better than I do. Lord, be merciful to me a sinner! I think, Sir, if I am a child of God, I am often a rebellious one. He shows kindness to me beyond others, and yet I make a very poor return.

'Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And strive to serve thee best.'

"That will be the best way to approve yourself a real child of God. Show your love and thankfulness to such a Father, who hath prepared for you an inheritance among the saints in light, and made you 'an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, as well as a member of Christ, and a child of God.' Do you know what the 'kingdom of heaven' means?"

Just at that instant, her mother entered the house below, and began to speak to a younger child in a passionate scolding tone of voice, accompanied by some very offensive language; but quickly stopped on hearing us in conversation up stairs.

"Ah, my poor mother!" said the girl, "you would not have stopped so short if Mr. — had not been here. Sir, you hear how my mother goes on; pray say something to her; she will not hear me."

I went towards the stair-head, and called to the woman, but she suddenly left the house, and for that time escaped reproof.

"Sir," said little Jane, "I am so afraid if I go to heaven, I shall never see my poor mother there. As I lie here a-bed, Sir, for hours together, there is often so much wickedness, and noise, and quarrelling down below, that I do not know how to bear it. It comes very near, Sir, when one's father and mother go on so. I want them all to turn to the Lord, and go to heaven. Tell me now, Sir, something about being an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

"You may remember, my child, what I have told you, when explaining the Catechism in the church, that 'the kingdom of heaven' in the Scriptures, means the Church of Christ upon earth, as well as the state of glory in heaven. The one is a preparation for the other. All true Christians are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, and shall inherit the glory and happiness of his kingdom, and live with Christ, and be with him for ever. This is the free gift of God to his adopted children; and all that believe aright in Christ shall experience the truth of that promise, 'It is your Father's good pleasure to give you

the kingdom.' You are a poor girl now, but I trust, an 'entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' You suffer now; but are you not willing to suffer for his sake, and to bear patiently those things to which he calls you?"

"O yes, very willing; I would not complain. It is all right."

"Then, my dear, you shall reign with him. Through much tribulation you may, perhaps, enter into the kingdom of God but tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope. As a true 'member of Christ,' show yourself to be a dutiful 'child of God,' and your portion will be that of an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. Faithful is He that hath promised. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

"Thank you, Sir; I do so love to hear of these things. And I think, Sir, I should not love them so much, if I had no part in them. Sir, there is one thing I want to ask you. It is a great thing, and I may be wrong—I am so young—and yet I hope I mean right——"

Here she hesitated, and paused.

"What is it? do not be fearful of mentioning it."

A tear rolled down her cheek—a slight blush coloured her countenance. She lifted up her eyes to heaven for a moment, and then fixing them on me, with a solemn affecting look, said,

"May so young a poor child as I am, be admitted to the Lord's Supper? I have for some time wished it, but dared not mention it, for fear you should think it wrong."

"My dear Jenny, I have no doubt respecting it, and shall be very glad to converse with you on the subject, and hope that He who has given you the desire, will bless his own ordinance to your soul. Would you wish it now, or to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, if you please, Sir,—will you come to-morrow, and talk to me about it? and if you think it proper, I shall be thankful. I am growing faint now—I hope to be better when you come again."

I was much pleased with her proposal, and rejoiced in the prospect of seeing so young and sincere a Christian thus devote herself to the Lord, and receive the sacramental seal of a Saviour's love to her soul.

Disease was making rapid inroads upon her constitution, and she was aware of it. But as the outward man decayed, she was strengthened with might by God's Spirit in the inner man. She was evidently ripening fast for a better world.

I remember these things with affectionate pleasure; they revive my earlier associations, and I hope the recollection does me good. I wish them to do good to thee, likewise, my reader and therefore I write them down.

May the simplicity that is in Christ render

"The short and simple annals of the poor"

a mean of grace and blessing to thy soul ! Out of the mouth of this babe and suckling may God ordain thee strength ! If thou art willing, thou shalt hear something further respecting her.

PART IV.

I WAS so much affected with my last visit to little Jane, and particularly with her tender anxiety respecting the Lord's Supper, that it formed the chief subject of my thoughts for the remainder of the day.

I rode in the afternoon to a favourite spot, where I sometimes indulged in solitary meditation ; and where I wished to reflect on the interesting case of my little disciple.

It was a place well suited to such a purpose.

In the widely sweeping curve of a beautiful bay, there is a kind of chasm or opening in one of the lofty cliffs which bound it. This produces a very romantic and striking effect. The steep-descending sides of this opening in the cliff are covered with trees, bushes, wild flowers, fern, wormwood, and many other herbs, here and there contrasted with bold masses of rock or brown earth.

In the higher and middle parts of one of these declivities, two or three picturesque cottages are fixed, and seem half suspended in the air.

From the upper extremity of this great chine or opening in the cliff, a small stream of water enters by a cascade, flows through the bottom, winding in a varied course of about a quarter of a mile in length ; and then runs into the sea across a smooth expanse of firm, hard sand, at the lower extremity of the chasm. At this point, the sides of the woody banks are very lofty, and to a spectator from the bottom, exhibit a mixture of the grand and beautiful not often exceeded.

Near the mouth of this opening was a little hollow recess, or cave, in the cliff, from whence, on one hand, I could see the above-described romantic scene ; on the other, a long train of perpendicular cliffs, terminating in a bold and wild-shaped promontory, which closed the bay at one end, while a conspicuous white cliff stood directly opposite, about four miles distant, at the farther point of the bay.

The shore between the different cliffs and the edge of the waves was in some parts covered with stones and shingle, in some with firm sand, and in others with irregular heaps of little rocks fringed with sea-weed, and ornamented with small yellow shells.

The cliffs themselves were diversified with strata of various

coloured earths, black, yellow, brown, and orange. The effects of iron ore producing very manifest changes of hue, were every where seen in trickling drops and streamlets down the sides.

The huts in which the fishermen kept their baskets, nets, boats, and other implements, occupied a few retired spots on the shore.

The open sea, in full magnificence, filled the centre of the prospect; bounded, indeed, in one small part, by a very distant shore, on the rising ascent from which the rays of the sun rendered visible a cathedral church, with its towering spire, at above twenty miles distance. Every where else, the sea beyond was limited only by the sky.

A frigate was standing into the bay, not very far from my recess; other vessels, of every size, sailing in many directions, varied the scene, and furnished matter for a thousand sources of contemplation.

At my feet the little rivulet, gently rippling over pebbles, soon mingled with the sand, and was lost in the waters of the mighty ocean. The murmuring of the waves, as the tide ebbed or flowed, on the sand; their dashing against some more distant rocks, which were covered fantastically with sea-weed and shells; sea-birds floating in the air aloft, or occasionally screaming from their holes in the cliffs; the hum of human voices in the ships and boats, borne along the water: all these sounds served to promote, rather than interrupt meditation. They were soothingly blended together, and entered the ear in a kind of natural harmony.

In the quiet enjoyment of a scene like this, the lover of nature's beauties will easily find scope for spiritual illustration.

Here I sat and mused over the interesting character and circumstances of little Jane. Here I prayed that God would effectually teach me those truths which I ought to teach her.

When I thought of her youth, I blushed to think how superior she was to what I well remembered myself to have been at the same age: nay, how far my superior at that very time. I earnestly desired to catch something of the spirit which appeared so lovely in her; for simple, teachable, meek, humble, yet earnest in her demeanour, she bore living marks of heavenly teaching.

"The Lord," thought I, "has called this little child, and set her in the midst of us, as a parable, a pattern, an emblem. And he saith, 'Verily, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' O that I may be humble as this little child!"

I was thus led into deep self-examination, and was severely exercised with fear and apprehension, whether I was myself a real partaker of those divine influences which I could so evidently discover in her. Sin appeared to me just then to be more than ever "exceeding sinful." Inward and inbred corruptions made me tremble. The danger of self-deception in so great a

matter alarmed me—I was a teacher of others; but was I indeed spiritually taught myself?

A spirit of anxious inquiry ran through every thought: I looked at the manifold works of creation around me; I perceived the greatest marks of regularity and order; but within I felt confusion and disorder.

“The waves of the sea,” thought I, “ebb and flow in exact obedience to the laws of their Creator.—Thus far they come, and no farther—they retire again to their accustomed bounds; and so maintain a regulated succession of effects.

“But, alas! the waves of passion and affection in the human breast, manifest more of the wild confusion of a storm than the orderly regularity of a tide—Grace can alone subdue them.

“What peaceful harmony subsists throughout all this lovely landscape!—These majestic cliffs, some clothed with trees and shrubs; others bare and unadorned with herbage, yet variegated with many-coloured earths: these are not only sublime and delightful to behold, but they are answering the end of their creation, and serve as a barrier to stop the progress of the waves.

“But how little peace and harmony can I comparatively see in my own heart! The landscape *within* is marred by dreary barren wilds, and wants that engaging character which the various parts of this prospect before me so happily preserve—Sin, sin, is the bane of mortality, and heaps confusion upon confusion, wherever it prevails.

“Yet, saith the voice of Promise, ‘Sin shall not have dominion over you.’—O! then ‘may I yield myself unto God, as one that is alive from the dead, and my members as instruments of righteousness unto God.’ And thus may I become an able and willing Minister of the New Testament!

“I wish I were like this little stream of water—It takes its first rise scarcely a mile off; yet it has done good even in that short course. It has passed by several cottages in its way, and afforded life and health to the inhabitants—it has watered their little gardens as it flows, and enriched the meadows near its banks. It has satisfied the thirst of the flocks that are feeding aloft on the hills, and perhaps refreshed the shepherd’s boy who sits watching his master’s sheep hard by. It then quietly finishes its current in this secluded dell, and agreeably to the design of its Creator, quickly vanishes in the ocean.

“May my course be like unto thine, thou little rivulet! Though short be my span of life, yet may I be useful to my fellow-sinners as I travel onwards! Let me be a dispenser of spiritual support and health to many! Like this stream, may I prove ‘the poor man’s friend’ by the way, and water the souls that thirst for the river of life, wherever I meet them!—And, if it pleases thee, O my God, let me in my latter end be like this brook. It calmly, though not quite silently, flows through this scene of peace and loveliness, just before it enters the sea. Let me thus gently close my days likewise; and may I not unusefully tell to others of the

goodness and mercy of my Saviour, till I arrive at the vast ocean of eternity.

"Thither," thought I, "little Jane is fast hastening. Short, but not useless, has been her course. I feel the great importance of it in my own soul at this moment. I view a work of mercy there, to which I do hope I am not quite a stranger in the experience of my own heart.—The thought enlivens my spirit, and leads me to see that, great as is the power of sin, the power of Jesus is greater: and through grace I may meet my dear young disciple, my child in the Gospel, my sister in the faith, in a brighter, a better world, hereafter."

There was something in the whole of this meditation, which calmed and prepared my mind for my promised visit the next day. I looked forward to it with affectionate anxiety.

It was now time to return homewards. The sun was setting. The lengthened shadows of the cliffs, and of the hills towering again far above them, cast a brown but not displeasing tint over the waters of the bay. Farther on, the beams of the sun still maintained their splendour. Some of the sails of the distant ships, enlivened by its rays, appeared like white spots in the blue horizon, and seemed to attract my notice, as if to claim at least the passing prayer, "God speed the mariners on their voyage."

I quitted my retreat in the cliff with some reluctance; but with a state of mind, as I hoped, solemnized by reflection, and animated to fresh exertion.

I walked up by a steep pathway that winded through trees and shrubs on the sides of one of the precipices. At every step, the extent of prospect enlarged, and acquired a new and varying character, by being seen through the trees on each side. Climbing up a kind of rude inartificial set of stone stairs in the bank, I passed by the singularly-situated cottages which I had viewed from beneath; received and returned the evening salutation of the inhabitants, sitting at their doors, and just come home from labour: till I arrived at the top of the precipice, where I had left my horse tied to a gate.

Could *he* have enjoyed it, he had a noble prospect around him in every direction from this elevated point of view, where he had been stationed, while I was on the shore below. But wherein he most probably failed, I think his rider did not. The landscape, taken in connexion with my recent train of thought about myself and little Jane, inspired devotion.

The sun was now set:—the bright colours of the western clouds faintly reflected from the south-eastern hills, that were unseen from my retreat in the cliff, or only perceived by their evening shadows on the sea, now added to the beauty of the prospect on the south and west. Every element contributed to the interesting effect of the scenery. The earth was diversified in shape and ornament. The waters of the ocean presented a noble feature in the landscape. The air was serene, or only ruffled by a refreshing breeze from the shore. And the sun's

fiery beams, though departing for the night, still preserved such a portion of light and warmth, as rendered all the rest delightful to an evening traveller. From this point the abyss, occasioned by the great fissure in the cliff, appeared grand and interesting. Trees hung over it on each side, projecting not only their branches, but many of their roots, in wild and fantastic forms. Masses of earth had recently fallen from the upper to the lower parts of the precipice, carrying trees and plants down the steep descent. The character of the soil, and the unceasing influence of the stream at the bottom, seemed to threaten farther slips of the land from the summit. From hence the gentle murmur of the cascade at the head of the chine stole upon the ear without much interruption to the quietness of the scene. A fine rocky cliff, half buried in trees, stood erect on the land side, about a mile distant, and seemed to vie with those on the shore, in challenging the passenger's attention. In the distance stood a noble ash-tree, which, on a considerable height, majestically reigned as the patriarch of the grove near which it grew. Every object combined to please the eye, and direct the traveller's heart to admire and love the Author and Creator of all that is beautiful to sense, and edifying to the soul.

The next morning I went to Jane's cottage. On entering the door, the woman who so frequently visited her, met me, and said: "Perhaps, Sir, you will not wake her just yet; for she has dropped asleep, and she seldom gets much rest, poor girl." I went gently up stairs. The child was in a half-sitting posture, leaning her head upon her right hand, with her Bible open before her. She had evidently fallen asleep while reading. Her countenance was beautifully composed and tranquil. A few tears had rolled down her cheek, and (probably unknown to her) dropped upon the pages of her book.

I looked around me for a moment. The room was outwardly comfortless and uninviting; the walls out of repair; the sloping roof something shattered; the floor fractured and uneven; no furniture, but two tottering bedsteads, a three-legged stool, and an old oak chest—the window broken in many places, and mended with patches of paper. A little shelf against the wall, over the bedstead where Jane lay, served for her physic, her food, and her books. "Yet here," I said to myself, "lies an heir of glory, waiting for a happy dismissal. Her earthly home is poor indeed; but she has a house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. She has little to attach her to this world: but what a weight of glory in the world to come! This mean despised chamber is a palace in the eye of faith, for it contains one that is inheritor of a crown. I approached without waking her, and observed that she had been reading the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke. The finger of her left hand lay upon the book, pointing to the words, as if she had been using it to guide her eye while she read. I looked

at the place, and was pleased at the apparently casual circumstance of her finger pointing at these words: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."



"Is this casual or designed?" thought I. "Either way it is remarkable." But in another moment I discovered that her finger was indeed an index to the thoughts of her heart. She half awoke from her dozing state, but not sufficiently so to perceive that any person was present; and said, in a kind of whisper, "Lord, remember me—Remember me—Remember—Remember a poor child—Lord, remember me."—She then suddenly started, and perceived me, as she became fully awake—a faint blush overspread her cheeks for a moment, and then disappeared. "Dame K—, how long have I been asleep?—Sir, I am very sorry——"

"And I am very glad to find you thus," I replied: "you may say with David, 'I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me.' What were you reading?"—"The history of the crucifying of Jesus, Sir."

"How far had you read when you fell asleep?"—"To the prayer of the thief that was crucified with him; and when I came to that place, I stopped, and thought what a mercy it would be, if the Lord Jesus should remember me likewise—and so I fell asleep, and I fancied in my dream, that I saw Christ upon the cross; and I thought I said, 'Lord, remember me'—and I am sure he did not look angry upon me—and then I woke."

All this seemed to be a sweet commentary on the text, and a most suitable forerunner of our intended sacramental service.

"Well, my dear child, I am come, as you wished me, to ad

minister the sacrament of the body and blood of our blessed Saviour to you ; and I dare say neighbour K——will be glad to join us.”—“Talk to me a little about it first, Sir, if you please.”

“You remember what you have learned in your Catechism about it. Let us consider—A sacrament, you know, is ‘an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof.’ Now the Lord has ordained bread and wine in the holy Supper, as the outward mark, which we behold with our eyes. It is a sign, a token, a seal of his love, grace, and blessing, which he promises to, and bestows on, all who receive it, rightly believing on his name and work. He, in this manner, preserves amongst us ‘a continual remembrance of his death, and of the benefits which we receive thereby.’ What do you believe respecting the death of Christ, Jenny?”—“That because he died, Sir, we live.”

“What life do we live thereby?”—“The life of grace and mercy now, and the life of glory and happiness hereafter : is it not, Sir?”

“Yes, assuredly ; this is the fruit of the death of Christ : and thus he ‘opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.’ As bread and wine strengthen and refresh your poor weak fainting body in this very sickness ; so does the blessing of his body and blood strengthen and refresh the souls of all that repose their faith, hope, and affections on Him who loved us and gave himself for us.” Tears ran down her cheeks, as she said, “Oh ! what a Saviour !—Oh ! what a sinner !—How kind—how good !—And is this for me ?”

“Fear not, dear child : He that has made you to love him thus, loves you too well to deny you. He will in no wise cast out any that come to him.”—“Sir,” said the girl, “I can never think about Jesus, and his love to sinners, without wondering how it can be. I deserve nothing but his anger on account of my sins. Why then does he love me ?—My heart is evil. Why then does he love me ?—I continually forget all his goodness. Why then does he love me ?—I neither pray to him, nor do any thing, as I ought to do. Why then such love to me ?”

“How plain it is, that all is mercy from first to last ! and that sweetens the blessing, my child. Are you not willing to give Christ all the honour of your salvation, and to take all the blame of your sins upon your own self ?”—“Yes, indeed, Sir, I am My hymn says,

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood :
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

‘He honour’d all his Father’s laws,
Which we have disobeyed :
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.’

"I am glad you remember your hymns so well, Jenny."

"Sir, you don't know what pleasure they give me. I am very glad you gave me that little book of hymns for children."

A severe fit of coughing interrupted her speech for a while. The woman held her head. It was distressing to see her struggle for breath, and almost, as it were, for life.

"Poor dear!" said the woman, "I wish I could help thee, and ease thy pains: but they will not last for ever."

"God helps me," said the girl, recovering her breath; "God helps me; he will carry me through.—Sir, you look frightened—I am not afraid—this is nothing—I am better now. Thank you, dame, thank you. I am very troublesome; but the Lord will bless you for this and all your kindness to me: yes, Sir, and yours too. Now talk to me again about the Sacrament."

"What is required, Jenny, of them who come to the Lord's Supper? There are five things named in the Catechism—do you remember what is the first?"

She paused; and then said, with a solemn and intelligent look, "To examine themselves whether they repent them truly of their former sins."

"I hope and think that you know what this means, Jenny: the Lord has given you the spirit of repentance."—"No one knows, Sir, what the thoughts of past sin have been to me. Yes, the Lord knows, and that is enough; and I hope he forgives me, for Christ's sake. His blood cleanseth from all sin. Sir, I sometimes think of my sins till I tremble, and it makes me cry to think that I have offended such a God; and then he comforts me again with sweet thoughts about Christ."

"It is well, my child—be it so. The next thing mentioned in that answer of your Catechism, what is it?"—"Steadfastly purposing to lead a new life."

"And what do you think of that?"—"My life, Sir, will be a short one; and I wish it had been a better one. But from my heart I desire that it may be a new one, for the time to come. I want to forsake all my evil ways and thoughts, and evil words, and evil companions; and to do what God bids me, and what you tell me is right, Sir, and what I read of in my Bible. But I am afraid I do not, my heart is so full of sin. However, Sir, I pray to God to help me. My days will be few; but I wish they may be spent to the glory of God."

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you, Jane: so that whether you live, you may live to the Lord; or whether you die, you may die unto the Lord: and that living or dying you may be the Lord's.—What is the next thing mentioned?"—"To have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, Sir."

"Do you believe that God is merciful to you in the pardon of your sins?"—"I do, Sir," said the child, earnestly.

"And if he pardons you, is it for your own sake, Jenny?"—"No, Sir, no; it is for Christ's sake, for my Saviour Jesus Christ's sake, and that only—Christ is all."

"Can you trust him?"—"Sir, I must not mistrust him; nor would I, if I might."

"Right, child; he is worthy of all your trust."—"And then, Sir, I am to have a thankful remembrance of his death. I can never think of his dying, but I think also what a poor unworthy creature I am; and yet he is so good to me. I wish I could thank him.—Sir, I have been reading about his death. How could the people do as they did to him?—but it was all for our salvation. And then the thief on the cross—that is beautiful. I hope he will remember me too, and that I shall always remember him and his death most thankfully."

"And lastly, Jenny, are you in charity with all men? Do you forgive all that have offended you? Do you bear ill-will in your heart to any body?"—"Dear Sir! no; how can I? if God is so good to me, if he forgives me, how can I help forgiving others? There is not a person in all the world, I think, Sir, to whom I do not wish well for Christ's sake, and that from the bottom of my heart."

"How do you feel in regard to those bold, wanton, ill-tempered girls at the next door, who jeer and mock you so about your religion?"—"Sir, the worst thing I wish them is, that God may give them grace to repent; that he may change their hearts, and pardon all their wicked ways and words. May he forgive them, as I do, with all my soul!"

She ceased—I wished to ask no more. My heart was full. "Can this be the religion of a child?" thought I; "Oh! that we were all children like her!"

"Reach me that prayer-book, and the cup and plate. My dear friends, I will now, with God's blessing, partake with you in the holy communion of our Lord's body and blood." The time was sweet and solemn. I went through the sacramental service. The countenance and manner of the child evinced powerful feelings. Tears mingled with smiles; resignation brightened by hope; humility animated by faith; child-like modesty adorned with the understanding of a riper age; gratitude, peace, devotion, patience—all these were visible. I thought I distinctly saw them all—and did I alone see them? Is it too much to say that other created Beings, whom I could not behold with my natural eyes, were witnesses of the scene? If ministering angels do ascend and descend with glad tidings between earth and heaven, I think they did so then.

When I had concluded the service, I said, "Now, my dear Jane, you are indeed become a sister in the church of Christ. May his Spirit and blessing rest upon you—strengthen, and refresh you!"

"My mercies are great, very great, Sir, greater than I can express—I thank you for this favour—I thought I was too young—it seemed too much for me to think of: but I am now sure the Lord is good to me, and I hope I have done right."

"Yes, Jenny: and I trust you are both outwardly and in

wardly sealed by the Holy Ghost to the day of redemption.”—“Sir, I shall never forget this day.”—“Neither, I think, shall I.”—“Nor I,” said the good old woman: “sure the Lord has been in the midst of us three to-day, while we have been gathered together in his name.”—“Sir,” said the child, “I wish you could speak to my mother, when you come again. I am so grieved about her soul; and I am afraid she cares nothing at all about it herself.”—“I hope I shall have an opportunity the next time I come. Farewell, my child.”—“Good by, Sir, and I thank you for all your kindness to me.”

“Surely,” I thought within myself, as I left the cottage, “this young bud of grace will bloom beautifully in Paradise. The Lord transplant her thither in his own good time! Yet, if it be his will, may she live a little longer, that I may farther profit by her conversation and example.”

Possibly, some who peruse these simple records of poor little Jane, may wish the same. If it be so, we will visit her again before she depart hence, and is no more seen.

PART V.

JANE was hastening fast to her dissolution. She still, however, preserved sufficient strength, to converse with much satisfaction to herself and those who visited her. Such as could truly estimate the value of her spiritual state of mind, were but few; yet the most careless could not help being struck with her affectionate seriousness, her knowledge of the scriptures, and her happy application of them to her own case.

“The holy spark divine,”

which regenerating grace had implanted in her heart, brightened as she drew near the close of life, and kindled into a flame which warmed and animated the beholder. To some, I am persuaded, her example and conversation were made a blessing. Memory reflects with gratitude, whilst I write, on the profit and consolation which I individually derived from her society. Nor I alone. The last day will, if I err not, disclose farther fruits, resulting from the love of God to this little child; and, through her, to others that saw her. And may not hope indulge the prospect, that this simple memorial of her history shall be as an arrow drawn from the quiver of the Almighty to reach the heart of the young and the thoughtless? Direct its course, O my God! May the eye that reads, and the ear that hears, the record of little Jane, through the power of the Spirit of the Most High, each become a witness for the truth as it is in Jesus!

I remember the tender solicitude of this dear child for her mother. I well knew what a contrast the dispositions and conduct of her parents exhibited, when compared with her own.

I resolved to avail myself of the first opportunity I could seize to speak to the mother in the child's presence. The road by which I usually approached the house lay, for some little distance, sufficiently in sight of its windows, to enable the woman to retire out of the way before I arrived. There was, however, another path, through fields at the back of the village, which owing to the situation of the ground, allowed of an approach unperceived, till the visitor reached the very cottage itself.

One morning, soon after the sacramental interview related in the last paper, I chose *this* road for my visit. It was preferable to me on every account. The distance was not quite half a mile from my house. The path was retired. I hereby avoided the noise and interruption which even a village street will sometimes present to disturb the calmness of interesting meditation.

As I passed through the churchyard, and cast my eye on the memorable epitaph; "Soon," I thought within me, "will my poor little Jane mingle her mouldering remains with this dust, and sleep with her fathers! Soon will the youthful tongue, which now lisps Hosannas to the son of David, and delights my heart with the evidences of early piety and grace, be silent in the earth! Soon shall I be called to commit her 'body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' But O! what a glorious change. Her spirit shall then have returned to God, which gave it. Her soul will be joining the hallelujahs of Paradise, while we sing her requiem at the grave. And her very dust shall here wait, 'in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection from the dead.'"

I went through the fields without meeting a single individual. I enjoyed the retirement of my solitary walk: various surrounding objects contributed to excite useful meditation, connected with the great subjects of time and eternity. Here and there a drooping flower reminded me of the fleeting nature of mortal life. Sometimes a shady spot taught me to look to Him who is "a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain." If a worm crept across my path, I saw an emblem of myself as I am now: and the winged insects, fluttering in the sun-beams, led me comparatively to reflect on what I hoped to be hereafter.

The capacious mansion of a rich neighbour appeared on the right hand, as I walked: on my left were the cottages of the poor. The church spire pointing to heaven a little beyond, seemed to say to both the rich and the poor, "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."

All these objects afforded me useful meditation; and all ob-

tained an increased value, as such, because they lay in my road to the house of little Jane.

I was now arrived at the stile nearly adjoining her dwelling. The upper window was open, and I soon distinguished the sound of voices : I was glad to hear that of the mother. I entered the house-door unperceived by those above stairs, and sat down below, not wishing as yet to interrupt a conversation, which quickly caught my ear.

"Mother ! mother ! I have not long to live. My time will be very short. But I must, indeed I must, say something for your sake, before I die. O mother ! you have a soul—you have a soul ; and what will become of it when you die ? O my mother—I am so uneasy about your soul——"

"O dear ! I shall lose my child—she will die—and what shall I do when you are gone, my Jenny ?" She sobbed aloud.

"Mother, think about your soul. Have not you neglected that ?"

"Yes, I have been a wicked sinner, and not loved that which was good. What can I do ?"

"Mother, you must pray to God to pardon you for Christ's sake. You *must* pray."

"Jenny, my child, I cannot pray ; I never did pray in all my life. I am too wicked to pray."

"Mother, I have been wanting to speak to you a long time. But I was afraid to do it. You did not like me to say any thing about yourself, and I did not know how to begin. But indeed, mother, I must speak now, or it may be too late. I wish Mr.— was here, for he could talk to you better than I can. But, perhaps you will think of what I say, poor as it is, when I am dead. I am but a young child, and not fit to speak about such things to any body. But, mother, you belong to me, and I cannot bear to think of your perishing for ever. My Lord and Saviour has shown me my own sin and corruptions : he loved me and gave himself for me : he died and he rose again : I want to praise him for it for ever and ever. I hope I shall see him in heaven ; but I want to see you there too, mother. Do, pray do, both father and you, leave off swearing, and all other bad ways : go to church, and hear our minister speak about Jesus Christ, and what he has done for wicked sinners. He wishes well to souls. He taught me the way, and he will teach you, mother. Do not be angry with me, mother ; I only speak for your good. I was once as careless as you are about the things of God. But I have seen my error. I was in the broad road leading to destruction, like many other children in the parish ; and the Lord saw me, and had mercy upon me."

"Yes, my child, you was always a good girl, and minded your book."

"No, mother, no ; not always. I cared nothing about goodness, nor my Bible, till the minister came and sent for us, as

you know, on Saturday afternoons. Don't you remember, mother, that at first you did not like me to go, and said you would have no such godly pious doings about your house; and that I had better play about the streets and fields than be laughed at and made game of for pretending to be so good? Ah, mother! you did not know what I went for, and what God designed for me and my poor sinful soul. But, thank God, I did go, and there learnt the way of salvation. Mother, I wish you had learnt it too."

As I listened to this affecting conversation, it appeared to me, from the tone and manner of the mother's voice, that she was more under the influence of temporary grief, on account of her child's extreme illness, than sincere sorrow from any real sense of her sins. I however hoped the best, and rejoiced to hear such weighty and important exhortation dropping from her daughter's lips. I felt that present circumstances rendered it far more valuable than my own could have been.

I have often, since that time, seen the wicked and careless much affected, while sitting by the dying bed of a near relative: I have witnessed their temporary acknowledgments of sin, and heard their professions of amendment. But, after a short season, all has passed away, like the morning dew. The friend has been buried out of sight. The world and its cares, the flesh and its sins, have returned with new temptations, and the eloquence of iniquity has prevailed over the voice of truth. "The dog has returned to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire."

On the other hand, how frequently have the death-beds of true believers been blessed to the eye-witnesses of the triumphs of grace over sin, death, and hell! Often has the careless bystander received the first saving impressions of divine truth, whilst the dying Christian has experienced and testified the supports of love and mercy, in the trying hour. At such seasons, faith wields a bright and burning torch, which occasionally softens the hardest, and warms the coldest heart. The expressions of that heavenly consolation and devout solicitude, which the Holy Spirit vouchsafes to some, thus become the happy means of grace and blessing for the conversion and edification of others. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

At this moment the house-door opened, and a younger child, a brother of Jane's, came in. The mother asked from above, who it was; the boy replied, and, without farther inquiry, she continued in the chamber. I beckoned to the lad to sit down quietly; and thus it still remained unknown that I was below.

"Mother," continued Jane, "that is my brother, and will soon be your only remaining child. Do, pray, encourage him to follow good ways. Send him to Mr.—, and he will be kind to him, as he has been to me. He is a wild boy, but I hope he will be brought to think about his soul in time. Those

naughty wicked boys teach him to swear and fight, and run after all manner of evil. Lord, help him to flee from the wrath to come!"

I made a sign to the boy to listen to what his sister said concerning him. He seemed to hear with attention, and a tear dropped down his cheek.

"Ay, Jenny, it is to be hoped he will, and that we all shall likewise."

"Mother, then you must flee to Christ. Nothing you can do will save you without that. You must repent and turn from sin—without the grace of God you cannot do it; but seek, and you shall find it.—Do for your own sake, and for my sake, and my little brother's sake."

The woman wept and sobbed without replying. I now thought it time to appear, went to the bottom of the stairs, and said, "May a friend come up?"

"Mercy on me!" said the mother; "there is Mr.—."

"Come in, Sir," said Jane; "I am very glad you are come now. Mother, set a chair."

The woman looked rather confused. Jane smiled as I entered, and welcomed me as usual.

"I hope I shall be forgiven, both by mother and daughter, for having remained so long below stairs, during the conversation which has just taken place. I came in the hope of finding you together, as I have had a wish for some time past to speak to you, Sarah, on the same subjects, about which I am happy to say your daughter is so anxious. You have long neglected these things, and I wished to warn you of the danger of your state—but Jenny has said all I could desire; and I now solemnly ask you whether you are not much affected by your poor child's faithful conversation? You ought to have been *her* teacher and instructor in the ways of righteousness; whereas now she is become *yours*. Happy, however, will it be for you, if you are wise, and consider your latter end, and the things which belong to your peace, before they are hidden from your eyes. Look at your dying child, and think of your other and only remaining one, and say whether this sight does not call aloud upon you to hear and fear."

Jane's eyes were filled with tears whilst I spoke. The woman hung her head down, but betrayed some emotion on account of the plain dealing used towards her.

"My child, Jenny," said I, "how are you to-day?"

"Sir, I have been talking a good deal, and feel rather faint and weary, but my mind has been very easy and happy since I last saw you. I am quite willing to die, when the Lord sees fit. I have no wish to live, except it be to see my friends in a better way before I depart. Sir, I used to be afraid to speak to them; but I feel to-day as if I could hold my peace no longer, and I must tell them what the Lord has done for my soul, and what I feel for theirs."

There was a firmness, I may say a dignity, with which this was uttered, that surprised me. The character of the child seemed to be lost in that of the Christian; her natural timidity yielded to a holy assurance of manner, resulting from her own inward consolations, mingled with spiritual desire for her mother's welfare. This produced a flush upon her otherwise pallid countenance, which in no small degree added to her interesting appearance. The Bible lay open before her as she sat up in the bed. With her right hand she enclosed her mother's

"Mother, this book you cannot read: you should therefore go constantly to church, that you may hear it explained. It is God's book, and tells us the way to heaven; I hope you will learn and mind it; with God's blessing it may save your soul. Do think of that, mother, pray do. I am soon going to die. Give this Bible to my brother: and will you be so kind, Sir, to instruct him? Mother, remember what I say, and this gentleman is witness: there is no salvation for sinners like you and me but in the blood of Christ; he is able to save to the uttermost; he will save all that come to him; he waits to be gracious; cast yourself upon his mercy. I wish—I wish—I—I—I—"

She was quite overcome, and sunk away in a kind of fainting fit. Her mother observed that she would now probably remain insensible for some time, before she recovered.

I improved this interval in a serious address to the woman, and then prepared to take my departure, perceiving that Jane was too much exhausted for farther conversation at that time. As I was leaving the room, the child said faintly, "Come again soon, Sir; my time is very short."

I returned home by the same retired road I had before chosen. I silently meditated on the eminent proofs of piety and faith which were just afforded me in the scene I had witnessed. Surely, I thought, this is an extraordinary child! What cannot grace accomplish? Is it possible to doubt, after this, who is the alone Author and Finisher of salvation: or from whom cometh every good and perfect gift? How rich and free is the mercy of Jehovah. Hath not he "chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty? Let no flesh glory in his presence; but he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

PART VI.

THE truth and excellence of the religion of Jesus Christ appears to be remarkably established by the union of similarity with variety, in the effects which it produces on the hearts and lives of true believers. In the grand and essential features of

Christian experience, the whole household of God possess an universal sameness of character, a family likeness, which distinguishes them from all the world besides: yet, in numerous particulars, there also exists a beautiful variety.

On the one hand, in the aged and the young, in the wise and the unlearned, in the rich and the poor; in those of stronger and weaker degrees of mental capacity, in more sanguine or more sedate dispositions; and in a multitude of otherwise varying circumstances, there is a striking conformity of principles and feeling to Christ, and to each other. Like the flowers of the field and the garden, they are "all rooted and grounded" in the soil of the same earth; they are warmed by the same sun, refreshed by the same air, and watered by the same dews. They each derive nourishment, growth, and increase, from the same life-giving Source. As the flower puts forth its leaves and petals, adorns the place which it inhabits with its beauty, and possesses an internal system of qualities, whereby it is enabled to bring forth its seed or fruit, in the appointed season; so does the Christian.

But, on the other hand, like the flowers also, some Christians may be said to grow on the mountain-tops, some in the valleys, some in the waters, and others in dry ground. Different colours, forms, and sizes, distinguish them from each other, and produce a diversity of character and appearance, which affords a delightful variety, both for the purposes of use and beauty. Yet is that variety perfectly consistent with their essential unity of nature in the vegetable kingdom, to which they all equally belong.

In another particular they likewise resemble. They both die a natural death. The Lord ever preserves "a seed to serve him, from generation to generation;" for, as one disappears, another springs up to supply his place. But, "it is appointed unto all men once to die."—"Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not."—"All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away."

In the midst of such diversity of Christian characters, there is much to love and admire. I have selected the case of little Jane, as one not undeserving of notice.

It is true, she was only a child—a very poor child—but a child saved by divine grace, enlightened with the purest knowledge, and adorned with unaffected holiness;—she was a child, humble, meek, and lowly. She "found grace in the eyes of the Lord," while she was on earth; and, I doubt not, will be seen on his right hand at the last day. As such, there is a preciousness in the character, which will account for my attempting once more to write concerning her, and describe her last moments, before she went to her final rest.

At a very early hour on the morning of the following day, I

was awoke by the arrival of a messenger, bringing an earnest request that I would immediately go to the child, as her end appeared to be just at hand.

It was not yet day, when I left my house to obey the summons. The morning star shone conspicuously clear. The moon cast a mild light over the prospect, but gradually diminished in brightness, as the eastern sky became enlightened. The birds were beginning their song, and seemed ready to welcome the sun's approach. The dew plentifully covered the field, and hung suspended in drops from the trees and hedges. A few early labourers appeared in the lanes, travelling towards the scene of their daily occupations.

All besides was still and calm. My mind, as I proceeded, was deeply exercised by thoughts concerning the affecting events which I expected soon to witness.

The rays of the morning star were not so beautiful in my sight, as the spiritual lustre of this young Christian's character. Her "night was far spent;" the morning of "a better day was at hand." The sun of eternal blessedness was ready to break upon her soul with rising glory. Like the moon, which I saw above me, this child's exemplary deportment had gently cast a useful light over the neighbourhood where she dwelt. Like this moon, she had for a season been permitted to shine amidst the surrounding darkness; and her rays were also reflected from a luminary, in whose original splendour her own would quickly be blended and lost.

The air was cool, but the breezes of the morning were refreshing, and seemed to foretell the approach of a beautiful day. Being accustomed, in my walks, to look for subjects of improving thought and association, I found them in every direction around me, as I hastened onwards to the house where Jane lay, waiting for a dismissal from her earthly dwelling.

I felt that the twilight gravity of nature was, at that hour, peculiarly appropriate to the circumstances of the case; and the more so, because that twilight was significantly adorned with the brilliant sparklings of the star on one hand, and the clear pale lustre of the waning moon on the other.

When I arrived at the house, I found no one below; I paused a few minutes, and heard the girl's voice, very faintly saying "Do you think he will come? I should be so glad—so very glad to see him before I die."

I ascended the stairs—her father, mother, and brother, together with the elderly woman before spoken of, were in the chamber. Jane's countenance bore the marks of speedy dissolution. Yet, although death was manifest in the languid features, there was something more than ever interesting in the whole of her external aspect. The moment she saw me, a renewed vigour beamed in her eyes—grateful affection sparkled in the dying face.

Although she had spoken just before I entered, yet for some

time afterwards she was silent, but never took her eyes off me. There was animation in her look—there was more—something like a foretaste of heaven seemed to be felt, and it gave an inexpressible character of spiritual beauty even in death.

At length she said, "This is very kind, Sir,—I am going fast— I was afraid I should never see you again in this world."

I said, "My child, are you resigned to die?"

"Quite."

"Where is your hope?"

She lifted up her finger, pointing to heaven, and then directed the same downward to her own heart, saying successively as she did so, "Christ *there*, and Christ *here*."

These words, accompanied by the action, spoke her meaning more solemnly than can easily be conceived.

A momentary spasm took place.—Looking towards her weeping mother, she said, "I am very cold; but it is no matter it will soon be over—"

She closed her eyes for about a minute, and, on opening them again, said, "I wish, Sir, when I am gone, you would tell the other children of the parish, how good the Lord has been to me, a poor sinner; tell them, that they who seek him early will find him; tell them, that the ways of sin and ignorance are the ways to ruin and hell; and pray tell them, sir, from me, that Christ is indeed the Way, the Truth, and the Life—he will in no wise cast out any that come. Tell them that I, a poor girl—"

She was quite exhausted, and sunk for a while into a torpid state, from which, however, she recovered gradually, uttering these expressions: "Where am I? I thought I was going—Lord, save me."

"My dear child, you will soon be forever in his arms, who is now guiding you by his rod and staff through the valley of the shadow of death."

"I believe so, indeed I do," said she; "I long to be with him! O how good, how great, how merciful!—Jesus, save me, help me through this last trial."

She then gave one hand to her father, the other to her mother, and said, "God bless you, God bless you—seek the Lord—think of me, when I am gone—it may be for your good—remember your souls—O! for Christ's sake remember your souls—then all may be well—you cannot know what I have felt for both of you—Lord, pardon and save my dear father and mother!"

She then took hold of her brother's hand, saying, "Thomas, I beg of you to leave off your bad ways—read the Bible—I give you mine—I have found it a precious book. Do you not remember our little brother, who died some years since?—he was praying to the last moment of his life. Learn to pray, while you are in health, and you will find the comfort and

power of it when you come to die: but, first of all, pray for a new heart—without it you never will see God in heaven—your present ways lead to misery and ruin—may the Lord turn your heart to love and follow him!”

To the other woman she said, “I thank you, Dame K—, for all your kindness, since I have been ill—you have been a Christian friend to me, and I hope the Lord will remember you for it according to his rich mercy:—you and I have many a time talked together about death; and though I am the youngest, he calls me first to pass through it; but, blessed be his name, I am not terrified. I once thought I never could die without fear; but indeed I feel quite happy, now it is come; and so will you, if you trust him—he is the God both of the old and the young.”

“Ah, my child!” said the woman, “I wish I was as fit to die as you are; but I fear that will never be; my sins have been many, very many.”

“Christ’s blood cleanseth from all sin,” said the child.

At this moment, instead of growing weaker, through the fatigue of so much speaking, she seemed to gather fresh strength. She turned to me with a look of surprising earnestness and animation, saying,

“You, Sir, have been my best friend on earth—you have taught me the way to heaven, and I love and thank you for it—you have borne with my weakness and my ignorance—you have spoken to me of the love of Christ, and he has made me to feel it in my heart—I shall see him face to face—he will never leave me nor forsake me—he is the same, and changes not. Dear Sir, God bless you.”

The child suddenly rose up, with an unexpected exertion, threw her livid wasted arms around me, as I sat on the bedside, laid her head on my shoulder, and said distinctly, “God bless and reward you—give thanks for me to Him—my soul is saved—Christ is every thing to me. Sir, we shall meet in heaven, shall we not?—O yes, yes,—then all will be peace—peace——”

She sunk back on the bed, and spoke no more—fetched a deep sigh—smiled—and died.

At this affecting moment the first rays of the morning sun darted into the room, and filled my imagination with the significant emblem of “the tender mercy of God, whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.”

It was a beam of light, that seemed at once to describe the glorious change which her soul had now already experienced; and, at the same time, to shed the promised consolations of hope over the minds of those who witnessed her departure.

This was an incident obviously arising from a natural cause;

but one which irresistibly connected itself with the spiritual circumstances of the case.

For some time I remained silently gazing on the breathless corpse, and could hardly persuade myself that Jane was indeed no longer there.

As I returned homeward, I found it difficult to repress the strong feelings of affection, which such a scene had excited. Neither did I wish it. Religion, reason, and experience, rather bid us indulge, in due place and season, those tender emotions, which keep the heart alive to its most valuable sensibilities. To check them, serves but to harden the mind, and close the avenues which lead to the sources of our best principles of action.

Jesus himself wept over the foreseen sorrows of Jerusalem. He wept also at the grave of his friend Lazarus. Such an example consecrates the tear of affection, while it teaches us "concerning them which are asleep not to sorrow, as those which have no hope."

I soon fell into meditation on the mysterious subject of the flight of a soul from this world to that of departed spirits.

"Swifter than an arrow from the bow, or than the rays of light from the sun, has this child's spirit hastened, in obedience to its summons from God, to appear in his immediate presence. How solemn a truth is this for universal consideration! But, 'washed in the blood of the Lamb that was slain,' and happily made partaker of its purifying efficacy, she meets her welcome at the throne of God. She has nothing to fear from the frowns of divine justice. Sin, death, and hell, are all vanquished through the power of Him, who hath made her more than conqueror. He will himself present her to his Father, as one of the purchased lambs of his flock—as one whom the Spirit of God 'has sealed unto the day of redemption.'

"What a change for her! from that poor tattered chamber to the regions of Paradise! from a bed of straw to the bosom of Abraham! from poverty, sickness, and pain, to eternal riches, health, and joy! from the condition of a decayed weary pilgrim in this valley of tears, to that of a happy traveller, safely arrived at home, in the rest that remaineth to the people of God.

"I have lost a young disciple endeared to me by a truly parental tie. Yet how can I complain of that as lost, which God has found? Her willing and welcome voice no longer seeks or imparts instruction here. But it is far better employed. The angels, who rejoiced over her when her soul first turned to God, who watched the progress of her short pilgrimage, and who have now carried her triumphantly to the heavenly hills, have already taught her to join,

'In holy song, their own immortal strains.'

"Why then should I mourn? The whole prospect, as it concerns

ner, is filled with joy and immortality. 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'"

As I looked upon the dew-drops which rested on the grass, and hung from the branches of the trees, I observed that the sun's rays first filled them with beautiful and varied colours; then dried them up, and they were seen no longer.

Thus it was with myself. The tears which I neither would nor could restrain, when I first began thus to reflect on the image of the dying chamber of little Jane, were speedily brightened by the vivid sunshine of hope and confidence. They then gradually yielded to the influence of that divine principle which shall finally wipe the tear from every eye, and banish all sorrow and sighing for evermore.

On the fourth day from thence, Jane was buried. I had never before committed a parishioner to the ground with similar affections. The attendants were not many, but I was glad to perceive among them some of the children who had been accustomed to receive my weekly private instruction along with her.

I wished that the scene might usefully impress their young hearts, and that God would bless it to their edification.

As I stood at the head of the grave, during the service, I connected past events, which had occurred in the church-yard, with the present. In this spot Jane first learned the value of that Gospel which saved her soul. Not many yards from her own burial-place, was the epitaph which has already been described as the first means of affecting her mind with serious and solemn conviction. It seemed to stand at this moment as a peculiar witness for those truths which its lines proclaimed to every passing reader. Such an association of objects produced a powerful effect on my thoughts.

The evening was serene—nothing occurred to interrupt the quiet solemnity of the occasion.

"Peace" was the last word little Jane uttered, while living and peace seemed to be inscribed on the farewell scene at the grave where she was laid. A grateful remembrance of that peace revives in my own mind, as I write these memorials of it—and oh! may that peace which passeth all understanding be its most perfect exercise when I shall meet her again at the last day.

Attachment to the spot where this young Christian lay, induced me to plant a yew-tree close by the head of her grave, adjoining the eastern wall of the church. I designed it as an evergreen monument of one who was dear to memory. The young plant appeared healthy for a while, and promised by its outward vigour long to retain its station. But it withered soon afterwards, and, like the child whose grave it pointed out to notice, early faded away and died.

The yew-tree proved a frail and short-lived monument. But a more lasting one dwells in my own heart. And possibly this narrative may be permitted to transmit her memory to other

generations, when the hand and heart of the writer shall be cold in the dust.

Perchance some, into whose hands these pages may fall, will be led to cultivate their spiritual young plants with increased hope of success in so arduous an endeavour. May the tender blossoms reward their care, and bring forth early and acceptable fruit!

Some, who have perhaps been accustomed to undervalue the character of very youthful religion, may hereby see that the Lord of grace and glory is not limited in the exercise of his power by age or circumstance. It sometimes appears in the displays of God's love to sinners, as it does in the manifestation of his works in the heavens, that the least of the planets moves in the nearest course to the sun, and there enjoys the most powerful influence of his light, heat, and attraction.

The story of this Young Cottager involves a clear evidence of the freeness of the operations of divine grace on the heart of man; of the inseparable connection between true faith and holiness of disposition; and of the simplicity of character which a real love of Christ transfuses into the soul.

How many of the household of faith, in every age,

“Alike to fortune and to fame unknown,”

have journeyed, and are now travelling to their “city of habitation,” through the paths of modest obscurity and almost unheeded piety! It is one of the most interesting employments of the Christian minister to search out these spiritual lilies of the valley, whose beauty and fragrance are nearly concealed in their shady retreats. To rear the flower, to assist in unfolding its excellencies, and bring forth its fruit in due season, is a work that delightfully recompenses the toil of the cultivator.

While he is occupied in this grateful task of labouring in his heavenly Master's garden, some blight, some tempest, may chance to take away a favourite young blossom, in a premature state of its growth.

If such a case should befall him, he will then, perhaps, as I have often done, when standing in pensive recollection at little Jane's grave, make an application of these lines, which are inscribed on a grave-stone erected in the same church-yard, and say,

‘This lovely bud, so young and fair,
Call'd hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In paradise would bloom.”

No. 54.

THE

SHEPHERD

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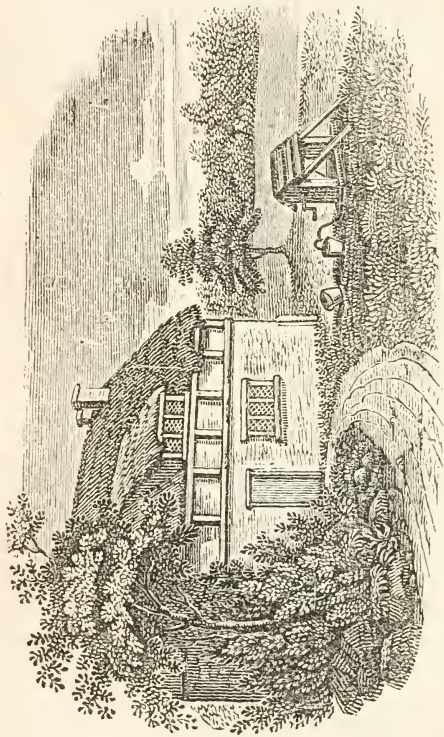
SALISBURY PLAIN.

By Hannah More.

NEW YORK:

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY





The above was *intended* for a copy of an engraving made for the American Sunday School Union, from a drawing of the cottage actually inhabited by *David Saunders*, the ‘Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.’ But a mistake of the engraver has deprived it of the dilapidated appearance of the original,—the broken chimney and patched windows to which allusion is made in the story. In other respects, however, it is a tolerably faithful representation of that “dwelling of the righteous,” and may serve to give locality to the reader’s recollections of the simple and instructive history which follows

SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN

PART I.

MR. JOHNSON, a very worthy charitable gentleman, was travelling, some time ago, across one of those vast plains which are known in Wiltshire. It was a fine summer's evening; and he rode slowly, that he might have leisure to admire God in the works of creation. For this gentleman was of opinion, that a walk or a ride was as proper a time as any to think about good things: for which reason, on such occasions, he seldom thought so much about his money, or his trade, or public news, as at other times; that he might, with more ease and satisfaction, enjoy the pious thoughts which the visible works of the great Maker of heaven and earth are intended to raise in the mind.

His attention was all of a sudden called off by the barking of a shepherd's dog; and, looking up, he spied one of those little huts, which are here and there to be seen on these great downs, and near it was the shepherd himself, busily employed with his dog, in collecting together his vast flock of sheep. As he drew nearer, he perceived him to be a clean, well-looking poor man, near fifty years of age. His coat, though at first it had probably been of one dark color, had been, in a long course of years, so often patched with different sorts of cloth, that it was now become hard to say which had been the original color. But this, while it gave a plain proof of the shepherd's poverty, equally proved the exceeding neatness, industry, and good management of his wife. His stockings no less proved her good housewifery, for they were entirely covered with darns of different colored worsted, but had not a hole in them—and his shirt, though nearly as coarse as the sails of a ship, was as white as the drifted snow, and neatly mended, where time had either made a rent or worn it thin. This is a rule of judging by which one shall seldom be deceived. If I meet with a laborer hedging, ditching, or mending the highways, with his stockings and shirt tight and whole, however mean and bad his other garments are, I have seldom failed, on visiting his cottage, to find that also clean and well-ordered, and his wife notable and worthy of encouragement. Whereas a poor woman who will be lying in bed, or gossiping with her neighbors, when she ought to be fitting out her husband in a cleanly manner, will seldom be found to be very good in other respects.

This was not the case with our shepherd. And Mr. Johnson was not more struck with the decency of his mean and frugal dress, than with his open honest countenance, which bore strong marks of health, cheerfulness, and spirits.

Mr. Johnson, who was on a journey, and somewhat fearful, from the appearance of the sky, that rain was at no great distance, accosted the shepherd with asking, What sort of weather he thought it would be on the morrow? "It will be such weather as pleases me;" answered the shepherd. Though the answer was delivered in the mildest and civilest tone that could be imagined, the gentleman thought the words themselves rather rude and surly, and asked him how that could be? "Because," replied the shepherd, "it will be such weather as shall please God; and whatever pleases him, always pleases me."

Mr. Johnson, who delighted in good men and good things was very well satisfied with this reply; for though he justly thought that a hypocrite may easily contrive to appear better than he really is to a stranger, and that no one should be too soon trusted merely from having a few good words in his mouth, yet as he knew, that *out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh*, he always accustomed himself to judge favorably of those who had a serious deportment and solid manner of speaking. 'It looks as if it proceeded from a good habit,' said he; 'and though I may now and then be deceived by it, yet it has not often happened to me to be so. Whereas, if a man accosts me with an idle, dissolute, vulgar, indecent, or profane expression, I have never been deceived in him, but have generally, on inquiry, found his character to be as bad as his language gave me room to expect.'

He entered into conversation with the shepherd in the following manner:—"Yours is a troublesome life, honest friend," said he. "To be sure, sir," replied the shepherd, "'tis not a very lazy life, but 'tis not near so toilsome as that which my great Master led for my sake; and he had every state and condition of life at his choice, and chose a hard one, while I only submit to the lot that is appointed me." "You are exposed to great cold and heat," said the gentleman. "True, sir," said the shepherd, "but then I am not exposed to great temptations; and so, throwing one thing against another, God is pleased to contrive to make things more equal than we poor, ignorant, short-sighted creatures are apt to think. David was happier when he kept his father's sheep on such a plain as this, and singing some of his own psalms, perhaps, than ever he was when he became king of Israel and Judah. And I dare say, we should never have had some of the most beautiful texts in all those fine psalms, if he had not been a shepherd, which enabled him to make so many fine comparisons and similitudes, as one may say, from a country life, flocks of sheep, hills and valleys, and fountains of water."

"You think, then," said the gentleman, "that a laborious life is a happy one?"

"I do, sir, and more so especially as it exposes a man to fewer sins. If King Saul had continued a poor laborious man to the end of his days, he might have lived happy and honest, and died a natural death in his bed at last, which you know, sir, was more than he did. But I speak with reverence; for it was Divine Providence over-ruled all that, you know, sir; I do not presume too make comparisons. Besides, sir, my employment has been particularly honored: Moses was a shepherd in the plains of Midian. It was to *shepherds keeping their flocks by night*, that the angels appeared in Bethlehem, to tell the best news—the gladdest tidings that ever were revealed to poor sinful men; often and often has the thought warmed my poor heart in the coldest night, and filled me with more joy and thankfulness than the best supper could have done."

Here the shepherd stopped, for he began to feel that he had made to free, and talked too long; but Mr. Johnson was so well pleased with what he said, and with the cheerful contented manner in which he said it, that he desired him to go on freely, for that it was a pleasure to him to meet with a plain man, who without any kind of learning but what he had got from the Bible, was able to talk so well on the subject in which all men, high and low, rich and poor, are equally concerned.

"Indeed I am afraid I make too bold, sir, for it better becomes me to listen to such a gentleman as you seem to be, than to talk in my poor way; but as I was saying, sir, I wonder all working men do not derive as great joy and delight as I do, from thinking how God has honored poverty! Oh, sir, what great, or rich, or mighty men have had such honor put on them, or their condition, as shepherds, tent-makers, fishermen, and carpenters have had?"

"My honest friend," said the gentleman, "I perceive you are well acquainted with Scripture." "Yes, sir, pretty well, blessed be God! through his mercy I learnt to read when I was a little boy; though reading was not so common when I was a child, as I am told, through the goodness of Providence, and the generosity of the rich, it is likely to become now-a-days. I believe there is no day for the last thirty years, that I have not peeped at my Bible. If we can't find time to read a chapter, I defy any man to say he can't find time to read a verse—and a single text, sir, well followed, and put in practice every day, would make no bad figure at the year's end; three hundred and sixty-five texts, without the loss of a moment's time, would make a pretty stock, a little golden treasury, as one may say, from new-year's-day to new-year's-day: and if children were brought up to it, they would look for their text as naturally as they do for their breakfast. No laboring man, 'tis true, has so much leisure as a shepherd; for while the flock is feeding, I am obliged to be still, and at such times I can now and then read a

shoe for my children or myself, which is a great saving to us and while I am doing that, I repeat a bit of a chapter, which makes the time pass pleasantly in this wild solitary place. I can say the best part of the Bible by heart—I believe I should not say the *best* part, for every part is good—but I mean the *greatest* part. I have had but a lonely life and have often had but little to eat, but my Bible has been meat, drink, and company to me, as I may say; and when want and trouble have come upon me, I don't know what I should have done, indeed, sir, if I had not the promises of this book for my stay and support."

"You have great difficulties then?" said Mr. Johnson.—"Why, as to that, sir, not more than neighbor's fare; I have had but little cause to complain, and much to be thankful, but I have had some little struggles, as I will leave you to judge. I have a wife and eight children, whom I bred up in that little cottage which you see upon the hill, about half a mile off." "What, that with the smoke coming out of the chimney?" said the gentleman. "Oh, no, sir," replied the shepherd, smiling, "we have seldom smoke in the evening; for we have little to cook, and firing is very dear in these parts. 'Tis that cottage which you see on the left hand of the church, near that little tuft of hawthorns." "What, that hovel, with only one room above and one below, with scarcely any chimney? How is it possible you can live there with such a family?" "Oh, it is very possible, and very certain too," cried the shepherd. "How many better men have been worse lodged! How many good Christians have perished in prisons and dungeons, in comparison of which my cottage is a palace. The house is very well, sir; and if the rain did not sometimes beat down upon us through the thatch, when we are a-bed, I should not desire a better; for I have health, peace, and liberty, and *no man maketh me afraid.*"

"Well, I will certainly call upon you before it be long; but how can you contrive to lodge so many children?"—"We do the best we can, sir. My poor wife is a very sickly woman, or we should always have done tolerably well. There are no gentry in the parish, so that she has not met with any great assistance in her sickness. The good curate of the parish, who lives in that pretty parsonage in the valley, is very willing, but not very able to assist us on these trying occasions, for he has, indeed, little enough for himself, and a large family into the bargain; yet he does what he can, and more than many richer men do, and more than he can well afford. Besides that, his prayers and good advice we are always sure of, and we are truly thankful for that; for a man must give, you know, sir, *according to what he hath*, and not according to what he hath not."

"Are you in any distress at present?" said Mr. Johnson. "No, sir, thank God!" replied the shepherd. "I get my shilling a day, and most of my children will soon be able to earn something, for we have only three under five years of age."

"*Only!*" said the gentleman; "that is a heavy burden!"

"Not at all; God fits the back to it. Though my wife is not able to do any out-of-door work, yet she breeds up her children to such habits of industry, that our little maids, before they are six years old, can first get a halfpenny, and then a penny a day by knitting. The boys who are too little to do hard work, get a trifle by keeping the birds off the corn; for this the farmers will give them a penny or twopence, and now and then a bit of bread and cheese into the bargain. When the season of crow-keeping is over, then they glean, or pick stones; any thing is better than idleness, sir; and if they did not get a farthing by it, I would make them do it just the same, for the sake of giving them early habits of labor.

"So you see, sir, I am not so badly off as many are; nay, if it were not that it costs me so much in 'pothecary's stuff for my poor wife, I should reckon myself well off. Nay, I *do* reckon myself well off; for blessed be God, he has granted her life to my prayers, and I would work myself to 'natomy, and live on one meal a day to add any comfort to her valuable life; indeed, I have often done the last, and thought it no great matter neither."

While they were in this part of the discourse, a fine plump cherry-cheek little girl ran up out of breath, with a smile on her young happy face, and without taking any notice of the gentleman, cried out with great joy—"Look here, father, only see how much I have got to-day!" Mr. Johnson was much struck with her simplicity, but puzzled to know what was the occasion of this great joy. On looking at her, he perceived a small quantity of coarse wool, some of which had found its way through the holes of her clean but scanty and ragged woollen apron. The father said, "This has been a successful day, indeed, Molly. Don't you see the gentleman?" Molly now made a courtesy down to the very ground; while Mr. Johnson inquired into the cause of the mutual satisfaction which both father and daughter had expressed at the unusual good fortune of the day.

"Sir," said the shepherd, "poverty is a great sharpener of wits. My wife and I cannot endure to see our children, poor as they are, without shoes and stockings, not only on account of the pinching cold, which cramps their poor little limbs, but because it degrades and debases them: and poor people who have but little regard to appearances, will seldom be found to have any regard for honesty and goodness: I don't say this is always the case, but I am sure it is so too often. Now shoes and stockings being very dear, we could never afford to get them without a little contrivance. I must show you how I manage about the shoes when you condescend to call at our cottage, sir; as to the stockings, this is the way we take to help to get them. My young ones who are too little to do much work, sometimes wander at odd hours over the hills, for the chance of finding what little wool the sheep may drop when they rub themselves

as they are apt to do, in the bushes.* These scattered bits of wool the children pick out of the brambles, which I see have torn sad holes in Molly's apron to-day; they carry this wool home, and when they have got a pretty parcel together, their mother cards it; for she can sit and card it in the chimney corner, when she is not able to wash or work about the house. The biggest girl then spins it—it does very well for us without dying, for poor people must not stand for the color of their stockings. After this our little boys knit it for themselves, while they are employed in keeping crows in the field, and after they get home at night. As for the knitting the girls and their mother do, that is chiefly for sale, which helps to pay our rent."

Mr Johnson lifted up his eyes in silent astonishment at the shifts which honest poverty can make rather than beg or steal; and was surprised to think how many ways of subsisting there are which those that live at their ease little suspect. He secretly resolved to be more attentive to his own petty expenses than he had hitherto been; and to be more watchful that nothing was wasted in his family.

But to return to the shepherd—Mr. Johnson told him, that as he needs must be at his friend's house, who lived many miles off, that night, he could not, as he wished to do, make a visit to his cottage at present. "But I will certainly do it," said he, "on my return; for I long to see your wife and her nice little family, and to be an eye-witness of her neatness and good management." The poor man's tears started into his eyes on hearing the commendation bestowed upon his wife, and wiping them off with the sleeve of his coat, (for he was not worth a handkerchief in the world,) he said, "Oh! sir, you just now, called me an humble man—but, indeed, I am afraid I am a very proud one."—"Proud!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson, "I hope not! Pride is a great sin, and as the poor are liable to it as well as the rich, so good a man as you seem to be, ought to guard against it."—"Sir," said he, "you are right, but I am not proud of myself. God knows I have nothing to be proud of! I am a poor sinner; but, indeed, sir, I am proud of my wife; she is not only the most tidy, notable woman on the Plain, but she is the kindest wife and mother, and the most contented, thankful Christian that I know. Last year I thought I should have lost her in a violent fit of the rheumatism, caught by going to work too soon after her lying in, I fear; for it is but a bleak coldish place, as you may see, sir, in winter, and sometimes the snow lies so long under the hill, that I can hardly make myself a path to get out and buy a few necessaries in the next village, and we are afraid to send out the children, for fear they should be lost when the snow is deep. So, as I was saying, the poor soul was very bad indeed, and for several weeks lost the use of her limbs, except her hands—a merciful

* This piece of frugal industry is not imaginary, but a real fact, as is the character of the shepherd, and his uncommon knowledge of the Scriptures.

Providence spared her the use of these, so that when she could not turn in her bed, she could contrive to patch a rag or two for her family. She was always saying, 'had it not been for the great goodness of Gon, she might have had the palsy instead of the rheumatism, and then she could have done nothing; but nobody had so many mercies as she had.'

"I will not tell you what she suffered during that bitter weather, sir, but my wife's faith and patience during that trying time, were as good a lesson to me as any sermon I could hear; and yet Mr. Jenkins gave us very comfortable ones too, that helped to keep up my spirits.

"One Sunday afternoon, when my wife was at the worst, as I was coming out of church, for I went one part of the day, and my eldest daughter the other, so my poor wife was never left alone—as I was coming out of church, I say, Mr. Jenkins, the minister, called out to me, and asked me how my wife did, saying, he had been kept from coming to see her by the deep fall of snow; and, indeed, from the parsonage house to my hovel it was quite impassable. I gave him all the particulars he asked, and I am afraid a good many more, for my heart was quite full. He kindly gave me a shilling, and said he would certainly try to pick out his way, and come and see her in a day or two.

"While he was talking to me, a plain farmer-looking gentleman in boots, who stood by, listened to all I said, but seemed to take no notice. It was Mr. Jenkins' wife's father, who was come to pass the Christmas holidays at the parsonage-house. I had always heard him spoken of as a plain, frugal man, who lived close himself, but was remarked to give away more than any of his show-away neighbors.

"Well! I went home with great spirits at this seasonable and unexpected supply: for we had tapped our last sixpence, and there was little work to be had on account of the weather. I told my wife I was not come back empty-handed. 'No, I dare say not,' says she, 'you have been serving a Master, *who filleth the hungry with good things, though he sendeth the rich empty away.*' 'True, Mary,' says I, 'we seldom fail to get good spiritual food from Mr. Jenkins, but to-day he has kindly supplied our bodily wants.' She was more thankful when I showed her the shilling, than I dare say some of your great people are when they get a hundred pounds!"

Mr. Johnson's heart smote him when he heard such a value set upon a shilling. 'Surely,' said he to himself, 'I will never waste another!' but he said nothing to the shepherd, who thus pursued his story:—

"Next morning, before I went out, I spent part of the money to buy a little ale and brown sugar, to put into her water-gruel, which, you know, sir, made it nice and nourishing. I went out to cleave wood in a farm-yard, for there was no standing out on the plain after such snow as had fallen in the night. I went with a lighter heart than usual, because I had left my poor wife a little

better, and comfortably supplied for this day, and I now resolved more than ever to trust in God for the supplies of the next. When I came back at night, my wife fell a crying as soon as she saw me. This I own I thought a bad return for the blessings she had so lately received, and so I told her. ‘Oh!’ said she, ‘it is too much, we are too rich! I am now frightened, not lest we should have no portion in this world, but for fear we should have our whole portion of it. Look here, John!’ So saying, she uncovered the bed whereon she lay, and showed me two warm thick new blankets. I could not believe my own eyes, sir, because when I went out in the morning, I had left her no other covering than our little old thin blue rug. I was still more amazed when she put half-a-crown into my hand, telling me she had a visit from Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Jones, the latter of whom had bestowed all these good things upon us. Thus, sir, have our lives been crowned with mercies. My wife got about again, and I do believe, under Providence, it was owing to these comforts; for the rheumatism, sir, without blankets by night, and flannel by day, is but a baddish job, especially to people who have little or no fire. She will always be a weakly body, but thank God, her soul prospers, and is in health. But I beg your pardon, sir, for talking on at this rate.”—“Not at all, not at all,” said Mr. Johnson; “I am much pleased with your story; you shall certainly see me in a few days. Good night!” So saying, he slipped a crown into his hands, and rode off. “Surely,” said the shepherd, “*goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life*,” as he gave the money to his wife when he got home at night.

As for Mr. Johnson, he found abundant matter for his thoughts during the rest of his journey. On the whole, he was more disposed to envy than to pity the shepherd. ‘I have seldom seen,’ said he, ‘so happy a man. It is a sort of happiness which the world could not give, and which I plainly see it has not been able to take away. This must be the true spirit of religion. I see more and more, that true goodness is not merely a thing of words and opinions, but a living principle, brought into every common action of a man’s life. What else could have supported this poor couple, under every bitter trial of want or sickness?—No, my honest shepherd, I do not pity, but I respect, and even honor thee; and I will visit thy poor hovel, on my return to Salisbury, with as much pleasure as I am now going to the house of my friend.’

I shall now conclude the first part with

THE SHEPHERD’S HYMN.

The LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd’s care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O LORD, art with me still :
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile ;
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd
 And streams shall murmur all around.

PART II.

MR. JOHNSON, after having passed some time with his friend set out on his return to Salisbury ; and on the Saturday evening reached a very small inn, a mile or two distant from the shepherd's village, (for he never travelled on a Sunday.) He went the next morning to the church nearest the house where he had passed the night ; and after taking such refreshments as he could get at that house, he walked on to find out the shepherd's cottage. His reason for visiting him on a Sunday, was chiefly, because he supposed it to be the only day which the shepherd's employment allowed him to pass at home with his family ; and as Mr. Johnson had been struck with his talk, he thought it would be neither unpleasant nor unprofitable to observe how a man, who carried such an appearance of piety, spent his Sunday. For though he was so low in the world, this gentleman was not above entering very closely into his character, of which he thought he should be able to form a better judgment, by seeing whether his practice at home kept pace with his professions abroad. For it is not so much by observing how people *talk*, as how they *live*, that we ought to judge of their characters.

After a pleasant walk, Mr. Johnson got within sight of the cottage, to which he was directed by the clump of hawthorns and the broken chimney. He wished to take the family by surprise ; and walking gently up to the house, he stood awhile to listen. The door being half open, he saw the shepherd, who looked so respectable in his Sunday coat that he should hardly have known him ; his wife and their numerous young family, drawing around their little table, which was covered with a clean, though very coarse cloth. There stood on it a large dish

of potatoes, a brown pitcher, and a piece of a coarse loaf. The wife and children stood in silent attention, while the shepherd, with uplifted hands and eyes, devoutly begged the blessing of heaven on their homely fare. Mr. Johnson could not help sighing to reflect, that he had sometimes seen better dinners eaten with less appearance of thankfulness.

The shepherd and his wife then sat down with great seeming cheerfulness, but the children stood; and while the mother was helping them, little fresh-colored Molly, who had picked the wool from the bushes with so much delight, cried out, "Father, I wish I was big enough to say grace; I am sure I should say it very heartily to-day: for I was thinking what must *poor* people do, who have no salt to their potatoes; and do but look, our dish is quite full!" "That is the true way of thinking, Molly," said the father: "in whatever concerns bodily wants, and bodily comforts, it is our duty to compare our own lot with the lot of those who are worse off; and this will keep us thankful. On the other hand, whenever we are tempted to set up our own wisdom or goodness, we must compare ourselves with those who are wiser and better; and that will keep us humble." Molly was now so hungry, and found the potatoes so good, that she had no time to make any more remarks, but was devouring her dinner very heartily, when the barking of the great dog drew her attention from her trencher to the door; and spying the stranger, she cried out—"Look, father, see here! if yonder is not the good gentleman!" Mr. Johnson, finding himself discovered, immediately walked in, and was heartily welcomed by the honest shepherd, who told his wife that this was the gentleman to whom they were so much obliged.

The good woman began (as some very neat people are rather apt to do) with making many apologies that her house was not cleaner, and that things were not in fitter order to receive such a gentleman. Mr. Johnson, however, on looking round, could discover nothing but the most perfect neatness. The trenchers on which they were eating, were almost as white as their linen; and notwithstanding the number and smallness of the children, there was not the least appearance of dirt or litter. The furniture was very simple and poor, hardly indeed amounting to bare necessities. It consisted of four brown wooden chairs, which, by constant rubbing, were become as bright as a looking-glass; an iron pot and kettle; a poor old grate, which scarcely held a handful of coals, and out of which the little fire that had been in it, appeared to have been taken as soon as it had answered the end for which it had been lighted, that of boiling their potatoes. Over the chimney stood an old-fashioned broad bright candlestick, and a still brighter spit.—It was very clear that this last was kept rather for ornament than use.—An old carved elbow chair, and a chest of the same date, which stood in the corner, were considered as the most valuable part of the shepherd's goods, having been in his family for three generations. But

all these were lightly esteemed by him, in comparison of another possession; which, added to the above, made up the whole of what he had inherited from his father; and which last he would not have parted with, if no other could have been had, for a king's ransom—this was a large old Bible, which lay on the window-seat, neatly covered with brown cloth, variously patched. This sacred book was most reverently preserved from dog's ears, dirt, and every other injury but such as time and much use had made it suffer in spite of care. On the clean white walls was pasted a hymn on the crucifixion of our Saviour; a print of the Prodigal Son; the Shepherd's Hymn; and A New History of a True Book.

After the first salutations were over, Mr. Johnson said, that if they would go on quietly with their dinner, he would sit down. Though a good deal ashamed, they thought it more respectful to obey the gentleman, who having cast his eye on their slender provisions, gently rebuked the shepherd for not having indulged himself, as it was Sunday, with a morsel of bacon to relish his potatoes. The shepherd said nothing, but poor Mary colored and hung down her head, saying, "Indeed, sir, it is not my fault; I did beg my husband to allow himself a bit of meat to-day out of your honor's bounty, but he was too good to do it, and it is all for my sake." The shepherd seemed unwilling to come to an explanation, but Mr. Johnson desired Mary to go on. So she continued—"You must know, sir, that both of us, next to a sin, dread a debt; but, indeed, in some cases, a debt *is* a sin: but with all our care and pains we have never been able quite to pay off the doctor's bill, for that bad fit of the rheumatism which I had last winter. Now when you were pleased to give my husband that kind present the other day, I heartily desired him to buy a bit of meat for Sunday, as I said before, that he might have a little refreshment for himself out of your kindness. 'But,' answered he, 'Mary, it is never out of my head long together, that we still owe a few shillings to the doctor, and thank God it is all we do owe in the world! Now if I carry him this money directly, it will not only show him our honesty, and our goodwill, but it will be an encouragement to him to come to you another time, in case you should be taken once more in such a bad fit; for I must own,' added my poor husband, 'that the thought of your being so terribly ill, without any help, is the only misfortune I want courage to face.'"

Here the grateful woman's tears ran down so fast, that she could not go on. She wiped them with the corner of her apron, and humbly begged pardon for making so free. "Indeed, sir," said the shepherd, "though my wife is full as unwilling to be in debt as myself, yet I could hardly prevail on her to consent to my paying this money just then, 'Because,' she said, 'it was hard I should not have a taste of the gentleman's bounty myself.' But for once, sir, I would have my own way. For you must know, as I pass best part of my time alone, 'tending my sheep

'tis a great point with me, sir, to get comfortable matter for my own thoughts ; so that 'tis rather self-interest in me to allow myself in no pleasures and no practices that wont bear thinking on over and over. For when one is a good deal alone, you know, sir, all one's bad deeds do so rush in upon one, as I may say, and so torment one, that there is no true comfort to be had but in keeping clear of wrong doings and false pleasures ; and that, I suppose, may be one reason why so many folks hate to stay a bit by themselves. But as I was saying—when I came to think the matter over on the hill yonder, said I to myself, 'A good dinner is a good thing, I grant, and yet it will be but cold comfort to me a week after to be able to say—'To be sure I had a nice shoulder of mutton last Sunday for dinner, thanks to the good gentleman, but then I am in debt. I HAD a rare dinner, that 's certain, but the pleasure of that has long been over, and the debt still remains. I have spent the crown, and now if my poor wife should be taken in one of those fits again, die she must, unless God works a miracle to prevent it ; for I can get no help for her.' This thought settled all, and I set off directly and paid the crown to the doctor with as much cheerfulness as I should have felt on sitting down to the fattest shoulder of mutton that ever was roasted. And if I was contented at the time, think how much more happy I have been at the remembrance ! Oh, sir, there are no pleasures worth the name, but such as bring no plague or penitence after them."

Mr. Johnson was satisfied with the shepherd's reasons, and agreed, that though a good dinner was not to be despised, yet it was not worthy to be compared with a *contented mind* ; which, as the Bible truly says, *is a continual feast*. "But come," said the good gentleman, "what have we got in this brown mug?" "As good water," said the shepherd, "as any in the king's dominions. I have heard of countries beyond sea, in which there is no wholesome water—nay, I have been myself in a great town not far off, where they are obliged to buy all the water they get, while a good Providence sends to my very door a spring as clear and fine as Jacob's well. When I am tempted to repine that I have often no other drink, I call to mind, that it was nothing better than a cup of cold water which the woman of Samaria drew for the greatest guest that ever visited this world."

"Very well," replied Mr. Johnson : "but as your honesty has made you prefer a poor meal to being in debt, I will at least send and get something for you to drink. I saw a little public-house just by the church as I came along. Let that little rosy faced fellow fetch a mug of beer." So saying, he looked full at the boy, who did not offer to stir, but cast an eye at his father to know what he was to do. "Sir," said the shepherd, "I hope we shall not appear ungrateful, if we seem to refuse your favor, my little boy would, I am sure, fly to serve you on any other occasion. But, good sir, it is Sunday ; and should any of my

family be seen at the public house on a Sabbath day, it would be a much greater grief to me, than to drink water all my life. I am often talking against these doings to others, and if I should say one thing, and do another, you can't think what an advantage it would give many of my neighbors over me, who would be glad enough to report, that they caught the shepherd's son at the ale-house, without explaining how it happened. Christians, you know, sir, must be doubly watchful, or they will not only bring disgrace on themselves, but what is much worse, on that holy name by which they are called."

"Are you not a little too cautious, my honest friend?" said Mr. Johnson. "I humbly ask your pardon, sir," replied the shepherd, "if I think that is impossible. In my poor notion, I no more understand how a man can be *too* cautious, than how he can be too strong or too healthy."

"You are right, indeed," said Mr. Johnson, "as a general principle; but this struck me as a very small thing." "Sir," said the shepherd, "I am afraid you will think me very bold, but you encourage me to speak out"—"'Tis what I wish," said the gentleman. "Then, sir," resumed the shepherd, "I doubt, if where there is a temptation to do wrong, any thing can be called *small*; that is, in short, if there is any such thing as a *small* wilful sin. A poor man, like me, is seldom called out to do great things, so that it is not by a few great deeds his character can be judged by his neighbors, but by the little round of daily customs he allows himself in."

While they were thus talking, the children, who had stood very quietly behind, and had not stirred a foot, now began to scamper about all at once, and in a moment ran to the window-seat to pick up their little old hats. Mr. Johnson looked surprised at this disturbance: the shepherd asked pardon, telling him 'it was the sound of the church-bell which had been the cause of their rudeness; for their mother had brought them up with such a fear of being too late for church, that it was but who could catch the first stroke of the bell and be first ready. He had always taught them to think that nothing was more indecent than to get into church after it was begun; for as the service opened with an exhortation to repentance, and a confession of sin, it looked very presumptuous not to be ready to join in it; it looked as if people did not feel themselves to be sinners. And though such as lived at a great distance might plead difference of clocks as an excuse, yet those who lived within the sound of the bell, could pretend neither ignorance nor mistake.'

Mary and her children set forward. Mr. Johnson and the shepherd followed, taking care to talk the whole way on such subjects as might fit them for the solemn duties of the place to which they were going. "I have often been sorry to observe," said Mr. Johnson, "that many who are reckoned decent good kind of people, and who would on no account neglect going to church, yet seem to care but little in what frame or temper of

mind they go thither. They will talk of their worldly concerns till they get within the door, and then take them up again the very minute the sermon is over, which makes me ready to fear, they lay too much stress on the mere form of going to a place of worship. Now, for my part, I always find that it requires a little time to bring my mind into a state fit to do any common business well, much more this great and most necessary business of all." "Yes, sir," said the shepherd, "and then I think, too, how busy I should be in preparing my mind, if I was going into the presence of a great gentleman, or a lord, or the king—and shall the King of kings be treated with less respect? Besides, one likes to see people feel as if going to church was a thing of choice and pleasure, as well as duty; and that they were as desirous of not being last there, as they would be if they were going to a feast or a fair."

After service, Mr. Jenkins, the clergyman, who was well acquainted with the character of Mr. Johnson, and had a great respect for him, accosted him with much civility, expressing his concern that he could not enjoy just then so much of his conversation as he wished, as he was obliged to visit a sick person at a distance, but he hoped to have a little talk with him before he left the village. As they walked along together, Mr. Johnson made such inquiries about the shepherd, as served to confirm him in the high opinion he entertained of his piety, good sense, industry, and self-denial. They parted, the clergyman promising to call in at the cottage in his way home.

The shepherd, who took it for granted that Mr. Johnson was gone to the parsonage, walked home with his wife and children, and was beginning in his usual way to catechize and instruct his family, when Mr. Johnson came in, and insisted that the shepherd should go on with his instructions just as if he was not there. This gentleman, who was very desirous of being useful to his own servants and workmen in the way of religious instruction, was sometimes sorry to find, that though he took a good deal of pains, they did not now and then quite understand him; for though his meaning was very good, his language was not always very plain; and though the THINGS he said were not so hard to be understood, yet the WORDS were, especially to such as were very ignorant. And he now began to find out, that if people were ever so wise and good, yet if they had not a simple, agreeable, and familiar way of expressing themselves, some of their plain hearers would not be much the better for them. For this reason, he was not above listening to the plain humble way in which this honest man taught his family; for though he knew that he himself had many advantages over the shepherd, had more learning, and could teach him many things, yet he was not too proud to learn even of so poor a man, in any point where he thought the shepherd might have the advantage of him.

This gentleman was much pleased with the knowledge and piety he discovered in the answers of the children, and desired

the shepherd to tell him how he contrived to keep up a sense of divine things in his own mind, and in that of his family, with so little leisure, and so little reading? "Oh, as to that, sir," said the shepherd, "we do not read much, except in *one book*, to be sure, but by hearty prayer for God's blessing on the use of that book, what little knowledge is needful, seems to come of course, as it were. And my chief study has been to bring the fruits of the Sunday reading into the week's business, and to keep up the same sense of God in the heart, when the Bible is in the cupboard, as when it is in the hand. In short, to apply what I read in the book, to what I meet with in the field."

"I don't quite understand you," said Mr. Johnson.

"Sir," replied the shepherd, "I have but a poor gift at conveying these things to others, though I have much comfort from them in my own mind; but I am sure that the most ignorant and hard-working people, who are in earnest about their salvation, may help to keep up devout thoughts and good affections during the week, though they have hardly any time to look in a book. And it will help them to keep out bad thoughts too, which is no small matter. But then they must know the Bible: they must have read the word of God: this is a kind of stock in trade for a Christian to set up with; and it is this which makes me so diligent in teaching it to my children, and even in storing their memories with psalms and chapters. This is a great help to a poor hard-working man, who will hardly meet with any thing but what he may turn to some good account. If one lives in the fear and love of God, almost every thing one sees abroad will teach one to adore his power and goodness, and bring to mind some text of Scripture, which shall fill the heart with thankfulness, and the mouth with praise. When I look upwards, *the heavens declare the glory of God*, and shall I be silent and ungrateful? If I look round, and see *the vallies standing thick with corn*, how can I help blessing that Power who *giveth me all things richly to enjoy*? I may learn gratitude from the beasts of the field, for *the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib*, and shall a Christian *not know*—shall a Christian *not consider, what great things God hath done for him*? I, who am a shepherd, endeavor to fill my soul with a constant remembrance of that *good Shepherd*, who *feedeth me in green pastures, and maketh me to lie down beside the still waters, and whose rod and staff comfort me*."

"You are happy," said Mr. Johnson, "in the retired life, by which you escape the corruptions of the world." "Sir," said the shepherd, "I do not escape the corruptions of my own evil nature. Even there, on that wild solitary hill, I can find out that my heart is prone to evil thoughts. I suppose, sir, that different states have different temptations. You great folks that live in the world, perhaps, are exposed to some of which such a poor man as I am, know nothing: but to one who leads a lonely life, like me, evil thoughts are a chief besetting sin; and I can

no more withstand these without the grace of God, than a rich man can withstand the snares of evil company without the same grace. And I feel that I stand in need of God's help continually, and if he should give me up to my own evil heart, I should be lost."

Mr. Johnson approved of the shepherd's sincerity; for he had always observed, that where there was no humility, and no watchfulness against sin, there was no religion; and he said, that the man who did not feel himself to be a sinner, in his opinion could not be a Christian.

Just as they were in this part of the discourse, Mr. Jenkins, the clergyman, came in. After the usual salutations, he said, "Well, shepherd, I wish you joy. I know you would be sorry to gain any advantage by the death of a neighbor, but old Wilson, my clerk, was so infirm, and I trust so well prepared, that there is no reason to be sorry for his death: I have been to pray by him, but he died while I staid. I have always intended you should succeed to his place; 'tis no great matter, but every little is something."

"No great matter, sir?" said the shepherd: "Indeed, it *is* a great thing to me—it will more than pay my rent—blessed be God for all his goodness." Mary said nothing, but lifted up her eyes full of tears in silent gratitude.

"I am glad of this little circumstance," said Mr. Jenkins, "not only for your sake, but for the sake of the office itself. I so heartily reverence every religious institution, that I wou'd never nave even the AMEN added to the excellent prayers of our Church by vain or profane lips; and if it depended on me, there should be no such thing in the land as an idle, drunken, or irreligious parish-clerk. Sorry I am to say, that this matter is not always sufficiently attended to, and that I know some of a very indifferent character."

Mr. Johnson now inquired of the clergyman, Whether there were many children in the parish? "More than you would expect," replied he, "from the seeming smallness of it; but there are some little hamlets which you do not see." "I think," returned Mr. Johnson, "I recollect that in the conversation I had with the shepherd on the hill yonder, he told me you had no Sunday School." "I am sorry to say we have none," said the minister. "I do what I can to remedy this misfortune, by public catechizing; but having two or three churches to serve, I cannot give so much time as I wish to private instruction; and having a large family of my own, and no assistance from others, I have never been able to establish a school."

"There is an excellent institution in London," said Mr. Johnson, "called the Sunday School Society, which kindly gives books and other helps, on the application of such pious ministers as stand in need of their aid, and which, I am sure, would have assisted you: but I think we shall be able to do something ourselves. Shepherd," continued he, "if I was a king, and had it

in my power to make you a rich and a great man, with a word speaking, I would not do it. Those who are raised by some sudden stroke, much above the station in which Divine Providence had placed them, seldom turn out very good or very happy. I have never had very great things in my power, but as far as I have been able, I have been always glad to assist the worthy; I have, however, never attempted or desired to set any poor man much above his natural condition; but it is a pleasure to me to lend him such assistance as may make that condition more easy to himself, and to put him in a way which shall call him to the performance of more duties than, perhaps, he could have performed without my help, and of performing them in a better manner. What rent do you pay for this cottage?"

"Fifty shillings a year, sir."

"It is in a sad tattered condition; is there not a better to be had in the village?"

"That in which the poor clerk lived," said the clergyman, "is not only more tight and whole, but has two decent chambers, and has a very large light kitchen." "That will be very convenient," replied Mr. Johnson: "pray what is the rent?" "I think," said the shepherd, "poor neighbor Wilson gave somewhat about four pounds a year;—or it might be guineas." "Very well," said Mr. Johnson; "and what will the clerk's place be worth, think you?" "About three pounds," was the answer.

"Now," continued Mr. Johnson, "my plan is, that the shepherd should take that house immediately; and as the poor man is dead, there will be no need of waiting till quarter-day, if I make up the difference." "True, sir," said Mr. Jenkins, "and I am sure my wife's father, whom I expect to-morrow, will willingly assist a little towards buying some of the clerk's old goods. And the sooner they remove the better, for poor Mary caught that bad rheumatism by sleeping under a leaky thatch." The shepherd was too much moved to speak, and Mary could hardly sob out, "Oh! sir, you are too good, indeed, this house will do very well." "It may do very well for you and your children, Mary," said Mr. Johnson, gravely; "but it will not do for a school; the kitchen is neither large nor light enough. Shepherd," continued he, "with your good minister's leave and kind assistance, I propose to set up in this parish a Sunday School, and to make you the master. It will not at all interfere with your weekly calling, and it is the only lawful way in which you could turn the Sabbath into a day of some little profit to your family, by doing, as I hope, a great deal of good to the souls of others. The rest of the week you will work as usual. The difference of the rent between this house and the clerk's, I shall pay myself; for to put you in a better house at your own expense, would be no great act of kindness. As for honest Mary, who is not fit for hard labor, or any out-of-door work, I propose to endow a small weekly school, of which she shall be the mistress, and employ her notable turn to good account, by teaching

as a dozen girls to knit, sew, spin, card, or any other useful way of getting their bread ; for all this I shall only pay her the usual price, for I am not going to make you *rich*, but *useful*."

"Not rich, sir?" cried the shepherd. "How can I ever be thankful enough for such blessings? And will my poor Mary have a dry thatch over her head? And shall I be able to send for the doctor when I am like to lose her? Indeed my cup runs over with blessings. I hope God will give me humility." Here he and Mary looked at each other, and burst into tears. The gentlemen saw their distress, and kindly walked out upon the little green before the door, that these honest people might give vent to their feelings. As soon as they were alone, they crept into one corner of the room, where they thought they could not be seen, and fell on their knees, devoutly blessing and praising God for his mercies. Never were heartier prayers presented than this grateful couple offered up for their benefactors. The warmth of their gratitude could only be equalled by the earnestness with which they besought the blessing of God on the work in which they were going to engage.

The two gentlemen now left this happy family, and walked to the parsonage, where the evening was spent in a manner very edifying to Mr. Johnson, who the next day took all proper measures for putting the shepherd in immediate possession of his now comfortable habitation. Mr. Jenkins' father-in-law, the worthy gentleman who gave the shepherd's wife the blankets, (in the first part of this history,) arrived at the parsonage before Mr. Johnson left it, and assisted in fitting up the clerk's cottage.

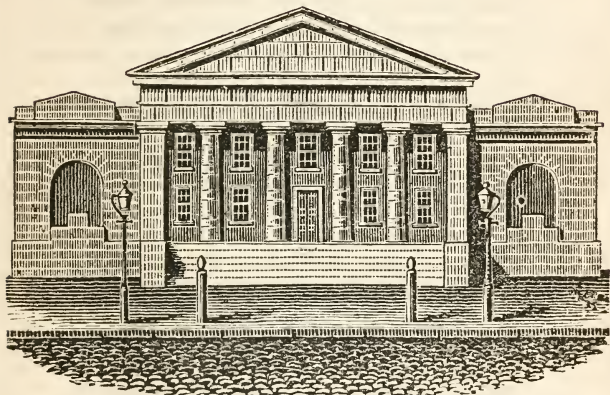
Mr. Johnson took his leave, promising to call on the worthy minister and his new clerk once a year, in his summer's journey over the Plain, as long as it should please God to spare his life. He had every reason to be satisfied with the objects of his bounty. The shepherd's zeal and piety made him a blessing to the rising generation. The old resorted to his school for the benefit of hearing the young instructed ; and the clergyman had the pleasure of seeing that he was rewarded for the protection he gave to the school, by the great increase in his congregation. The shepherd not only exhorted both parents and children to the indispensable duty of a regular attendance at church, but by his pious counsels he drew them thither, and by his plain and prudent instructions, enabled them to understand, and of course to delight, in the public worship of God.

THE RECOGNITION,

OR THE

DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.



Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Philadelphia.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.—ISAIAH ix. 2.

NEW-YORK:

NEW-YORK PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY;

LOVE ALONE BLEST.

WE barter life for pottage ; sell true bliss
For wealth or power, for pleasure or renown
Thus, Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss,
Then wash with fruitless tears our faded crown.

Our faded crown, despised and flung aside,
Shall on some brother's brow immortal bloom ;
No partial hand the blessing may misguide ;
No flatt'ring fancy change our Monarch's doom :

His righteous doom,—that meek, true-hearted love,
The everlasting birthright should receive,
The softest dews drop on her from above,*
The richest green her mountain-garland weave •

Her brethren, mightiest, wisest, eldest-born,
Bow to her sway, and move at her behest : —
Isaac's fond blessing may not fall on scorn,
Nor Balaam's curse on love, which God *has blest*.

* *Genesis* xxvii. 27, 28

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THE RECOGNITION;

OR,

THE DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

A True Narrative.

ONE summer afternoon I was busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to a picture, which I was particularly anxious to complete, and having made all those arrangements in the morning which I thought could interfere with my design, and thinking it scarcely possible that I could meet with any interruption, I applied myself with the most perfect satisfaction and the most absorbing interest to my favorite occupation. I was just congratulating myself that I had selected such an appropriate season for accomplishing my purpose, and was anticipating the joyful surprise my picture would occasion when presented to the friend for whom it was designed, when I was suddenly startled by the ringing of the street-door bell, which was soon followed by a messenger with the intelligence that a stranger, whom I shall call Miss L., (upon the present occasion,) was in the parlor, and requested to see me. As I had always derived much pleasure and improvement from her conversation, and entertained a high respect for her character, I should have been delighted to welcome her at any other juncture, and under any other circumstances, than the particular one to which I have just alluded. However, I descended immediately, and was so much pleased to see one to whom I had been so long attached, and to talk of 'old times,' that I forgot my picture and every thing else, until she informed me she had called to inquire where she could procure some articles she was anxious to obtain? My first impulse was to offer to accompany her, as I thought she would have some difficulty in finding the places I designated, but I hesitated a moment before I offered my services, thinking I could not attend her, and finish my picture also; but suddenly recollecting St. Peter's injunction, 'use hospitality without grudging,' I determined to relinquish my first design, and devote my afternoon to her.

It occurred to me at this time, that it was wrong to feel such an *intense* and *absorbing* interest in any sublunary object or pursuit as would prevent me from gratifying any reasonable demand, or which would indispose me for applying myself promptly and cheerfully to any social duty which might arise from unforeseen contingencies like the present; and that I should not deceive myself by imagining I was engaged in an innocent amusement or harmless recreation, when I felt such a great reluctance to relinquish it in order to attend to ar.

imperative duty. The Psalmist says, 'I will run in the way of thy commandments when thou hast set my heart at liberty : ' I not only felt indisposed to run, but even to move upon the present occasion, so fettered was I by self-will, so entirely was my heart engrossed by one exclusive object. Yet as this tempting picture was not for myself, I endeavored to persuade myself that I was not selfish, and attributed my impatience to complete it to laudable and disinterested kindness, although I knew there was no absolute necessity for finishing it that afternoon, and that the gift would be equally acceptable a day later. These petty acts of self-denial which we are constantly called upon to practise in our daily social intercourse, have a salutary influence in strengthening a habit of self-command ; and the more disagreeable and annoying they are to our indolence and selfishness, the more we require this kind of discipline. There is nothing more lovely and engaging in a friend than the uniform exhibition of a good-humored obliging disposition, which finds its own happiness in consulting the convenience and promoting the comfort of all around. Many are willing to signalize themselves by *occasionally* doing some 'great thing,' who are *habitually* extremely reluctant to put themselves in the slightest degree out of their own way, to perform those obliging little acts upon which so much of the comfort and happiness of social life depend. Whenever Providence blesses us with an opportunity of being useful, and we neglect to take advantage of it, we are guilty of a *sin* of omission, according to St. James, who says, 'To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is *sin*.'

I had reason to rejoice this afternoon that I had sacrificed my own inclination, as I was more than compensated for the trifling act of self-denial I had practised, by witnessing a most novel and touching exhibition of gratitude. This interesting spectacle, which I shall presently attempt to delineate, I hope will prove as acceptable to my readers in description, as it was gratifying to myself in reality.

After my friend had completed her purchases, which were soon accomplished, as she devoted but little time to her own immediate gratification, she informed me that she intended visiting a girl, for whom she was particularly interested, in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Several years previous to our visit, I had accidentally ascertained that Miss L. supported one of the inmates of this noble institution, whom she had rescued from that vice and misery which would almost inevitably have resulted from the situation in which she was placed. I inquired if it were the same individual, and when she replied in the affirmative, my curiosity was powerfully excited to observe how this recipient of her bounty would receive her benefactress, and I volunteered to accompany her.

I knew that my friend had met with her full share of ingratitude from the numerous objects she had endeavored to relieve,

but hoped this deaf and dumb girl might prove an honorable exception.

Miss L. was one of those perseveringly benevolent people, who are rather stimulated to increased exertion, than discouraged, by the ingratitude they meet from those whom they attempt to benefit. The worse she found people to be, the more she exerted herself to improve them; and when she found *one* absolutely incorrigible, she sought out *another*, whom there was a greater probability of benefitting. She said every instance of ingratitude she met with served as a useful lesson to herself, and led her to inquire, what innumerable comforts and mercies am I continually receiving from my heavenly Father, without returning any adequate thanks, and frequently without even reflecting 'from whom those blessings flow!' Why should I expect more gratitude from my frail fellow-creatures, than I render to my God for 'all his gifts to me?' We are commanded by our Saviour 'to do good, hoping for *nothing* again;' and should require no other encouragement than the anticipation of our Redeemer's joyful benediction, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

Every kind act we perform for others, *improves our own character and disposition.*

When we arrived at the Asylum, the school had just been dismissed, and the scholars were amusing themselves with their different recreations, which they immediately suspended upon our entrance, and fixed their inquisitive eyes upon us, with that indescribable expression which is peculiar to the deaf and dumb. When we entered the apartment in which the female pupils were assembled, I observed a very interesting young girl, apparently nineteen years of age, in the remotest corner of the room, and was particularly struck with her appearance. She was clad in the most simple and homely attire, but her dress was arranged with that peculiar air of neatness which indicates a well regulated mind. Her sunny golden ringlets were parted in such a manner on her pure white forehead as to give us a full view of her remarkably open, candid, ingenuous countenance, and threw an additional softness over her mild, thoughtful, and rather pensive blue eye. I inquired who it was, and was not a little pleased to ascertain that it was the young girl who was the object of our visit, and whom I shall name Ellen in the present narrative. When she was apprized that visitors desired to see her, she advanced with an air of modesty, politeness, and self-respect, which prepossessed me still more in her favor. She was ignorant that her benefactress was in the city; but as she approached more nearly, with a dubious and inquiring countenance, the resemblance of the stranger to one who was so deservedly dear to her, appeared to excite the most pleasurable emotions. As Ellen advanced toward us, she began to suspect that it might be the person to whom she was most indebted upon earth; but, from the vacillating expression of her

countenance, she appeared to me to be afraid to indulge the delightful hope, lest she might be disappointed: but when she ascertained that her fondest hopes were realized, it is impossible to describe her delight. No language can do justice to that gradual recognition; no painter could faithfully depict the mute but impassioned eloquence of that illumined eye which kindled with ecstacy and melted with sensibility; or catch the transient flush, the varying tints, which beautified her glowing cheek.

How forcibly did that inimitably beautiful definition of one of the Abbé Sicard's deaf and dumb pupils, that 'gratitude is the memory of the heart,' recur to my mind, when I beheld this exquisite moral scene. Ellen's first irresistible impulse was to rush into the arms of her benefactress, to fall on her neck, and embrace her: but instantaneously recollecting the vast difference in their respective ranks and stations in society, she suddenly retreated, blushing the deepest crimson; then timidly raising her downcast eyes, which were glistening through her tears, she fixed them upon Miss L., as if to implore her pardon for the unwarrantable liberty she had taken. Her speaking eyes expressed, as plainly as words could do, 'Pray forgive me, indeed, indeed I could not help it; I was so overcome with delight in seeing you so unexpectedly, I forgot every thing else.'

I was at a loss which to admire the most, the artless expression of her grateful attachment, or the mute but pathetic apology which succeeded it. It was impossible to misunderstand the speaking eloquence of that beseeching eye, or to refuse its affecting petition. O, thought I, how amply is my friend repaid for all her kindness to this grateful, this warm-hearted young girl, by the pure delight, the luxury of this moment!

How encouraging are these beautiful moral spectacles, which are occasionally presented to our view, to refresh us in our pilgrimage; traits of disinterestedness, benevolence, gratitude, and affection, are as delightful to the heart, as the *oases* or bright spots of verdure which enliven and invigorate the weary and exhausted traveller, in the burning sandy desert. These emanations from the HOLY SPIRIT of love, and light, and joy, shed bright rays of light to gild the gloom of the moral desert of this 'sin-stricken world.'

When Ellen had sufficiently recovered from her excitement, she turned around to her companions, and informed them who the stranger was. The congratulatory smile which brightened their youthful faces, and their animated gesticulations declared, as plainly as language could do, how sincerely they sympathized in her joy, and convinced me that Ellen was the general favorite. This gay and joyous expression was suddenly converted into one of the deepest reverence and veneration when they gazed upon Miss L., as if they imagined she belonged to a superior order of beings. And surely if those who 'live by faith and not by sight,' and are 'a peculiar people, zealous of good works,'—

who live not unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them,' are superior to the common herd who act upon the ignoble and sensual maxim, 'let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' then were these children correct in their judgments, and proved themselves to be good physiognomists upon that occasion. In the meantime Ellen ran eagerly to procure two little slates, one for herself, and another for her friend, in order to facilitate the interchange of thought and feeling, as Miss L. was unacquainted with the *manual language* and signs by which the deaf and dumb have been taught to express themselves.

At first sight I was deeply affected in observing that peculiarly pensive expression of countenance, which characterizes the deaf and dumb, but was happy to perceive this melancholy expression give way to the most animated cheerfulness, while the two friends were thus pleasantly engaged together. While Miss L. was writing her questions and answers in her turn, Ellen's eyes, which beamed with delighted affection, were rivetted on her loved features, as if to assure herself that it was no illusive dream or delightful vision before her.

If I was gratified with the exhibition of Ellen's affectionate gratitude, I was not less pleased with that rare and beautiful simplicity which threw such a charm over my friend's manner, and enhanced her benefits so greatly, which St. Paul recommends to all those who confer obligations upon others, 'He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity.' Many convert favors into insults, by a certain oppressive ostentation, or ungracious reluctance of manner, and then complain of the ingratitude of the recipients of their bounty, and make that an excuse for their indolence and selfishness in future.

After Ellen and her benefactress had enjoyed 'the full free converse of the friendly heart,' for a short time, we were obliged to take our leave, as we perceived from the windows that the sun was rapidly declining in the west. As my friend had formed another engagement for the evening, I reluctantly parted from her, after thanking her for the unexpected treat she had provided for me, and returned home to indulge in solitary meditations for the remainder of the evening.

I will now communicate my desultory reflections upon the occasion to my readers, in order that they may compare them with those which this narrative may excite in their own minds.

For the satisfaction of those who are anxious to learn how Miss L. and Ellen became known to each other, I will draw a slight sketch of their lives at the time the acquaintance commenced. Miss L. employed the greater part of that time which she could spare from an unwearied attendance on the couch of an aged and infirm parent, in going about doing good. She was as *judicious* as she was *unwearied* in her benevolent exertions. She endeavored to diminish pauperism, by finding suitable

employment for the poor, to whom she paid the regular wages; and to those who did it faithfully, she gave little gratuities of such things as their exigencies required. She set up many poor widows in small shops, and assisted them with her advice, and in many other ways. It was her delight to read to the blind and to the sick; to instruct the young and the ignorant; and to increase the comforts of the aged and decrepit, and all those who were incapacitated by infirmity from assisting themselves: but when the idle, the drunken, and the worthless had the effrontery to apply to her for assistance, instead of encouraging them in their vices, she uniformly dismissed them with St. Paul's emphatic decision, 'He that will not work, neither let him eat.' One day while diving into the hovels of indigence and misery, she discovered this desolate little being, sitting in the darkness of her bewildered mind, surrounded by victims of poverty and vice, from whose contaminating example she could learn nothing but evil. She was immediately inspired with the heavenly desire of rescuing this helpless and unfortunate individual from the degradation of her situation. It is a gratifying and profitable exercise of the mind to observe the leadings of a particular Providence, in the minute and apparently casual incidents of life, as well as in those of more momentous concern: reflection and observation will soon convince us that 'it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps,' and it will afford inestimable comfort to those who walk uprightly, to know that the steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD.

After encountering and overcoming many difficulties, Miss L. at length prevailed upon Ellen's relations to relinquish their claims upon her, and placed her in this happy asylum, where her intellect has been enlightened, her moral sense cultivated, and the ardent feelings of her young heart directed to the 'Author of every good and perfect gift.' The deaf and dumb have no conception of a Supreme Being, 'the High and Mighty Ruler of the universe,' until they are instructed in this first article of our belief! This fact demonstrates the insufficiency of reason as a light to the human mind; and proves the indispensable necessity of a *divine revelation*, as 'a lamp to our feet, and a light to our paths.' 'Thanks be unto God for this, his unspeakable gift!' Never was I so fully convinced of the force of holy Job's interrogatory, 'Canst thou *by searching* find out God, canst thou find out the ALMIGHTY unto perfection?' until I ascertained this important fact.

To a superficial observer, Ellen, from her peculiar deprivations, would have appeared the only object of commiseration in her family; but those who love to 'justify the ways of God to man,' who 'from *seeming evil* still educe *good*,' will acquiesce in that mysterious dispensation which has been made subservient to her temporal, and we hope to her eternal interests also. Ellen gratefully acknowledges that particular Providence, which directed the steps of her charitable visiter to her dark abode;

how will she hereafter rejoice in that apparent misfortune which made her the object of such beneficent attentions. Every situation has its spiritual, if not temporal advantages. Ellen, in being deprived of speech and hearing, has certainly been prevented from committing many of those 'sins of the tongue' which are so offensive to our Maker. Although

'God knows what 't is our lips would vent,
Our yet unutter'd words' intent ;'

and those who are deaf and dumb, as well as those who possess the delightful faculties of speech and hearing, are actually guilty in the sight of an omniscient God, if they have 'bitter envyings and strife in their hearts,' even if they do not give vent to their unchristian feelings in words; yet much guilt and mischief would be prevented, if we allowed ourselves time to reflect, and did not exasperate each other by sharp quick replies; so I believe the deaf and dumb escape much external provocation, from not understanding the common language of those with whom they live. It would be a great advantage to us all, if we acted occasionally as if we were deaf and dumb,—if we would turn a *deaf* ear to all the fascinating but soul-destroying allurements and temptations of 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' The Psalmist says he put a bridle upon his mouth and 'was *dumb* while the wicked were before him;' and St. James pronounces that man's religion to be vain which does not induce him to '*bridle his tongue.*'

It is evident that Ellen's young heart was not hardened, or her artless mind corrupted by the sinful example, and profane but unintelligible discourse of those with whom she lived from her infancy. Thus even with our dim vision, we see 'God looking upon her for good. Let this consideration encourage us in every trying circumstance, and in every unpleasant or painful situation in which we may be placed by a mysterious, but all-wise Providence, 'to exult in hope that all will yet be well.' In this probationary state

'Trials must and will befall,
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
'This is happiness to me.'

And O! how glowing will that inscription be when viewed in the light of eternity! '*God is love,*' will be chanted by 'cherubim and seraphim, by angels and arch-angels, and all the company of heaven,' through the endless ages of eternity; and those who have meekly submitted to the greatest privations, and patiently endured the deepest and heaviest afflictions, will join the most exultingly in the angelic strain. In the last day, when our blessed Saviour 'shall come in his glorious majesty to judge both the quick and dead,' with what grateful rapture, with what holy joy will the redeemed, who rise to the life immortal, mutually ask each other, 'O! hath he not indeed

done *all* things well?" All the rest of Ellen's family, without a single exception, are madly following the devices and desires of their own depraved hearts; they are treading in those paths which inevitably lead to the mansions of everlasting despair, where 'there is the blackness of darkness for ever!' Ellen is walking in the paths of pleasantness and peace, and 'goes on her way rejoicing' in the bright beams of light, which the Sun of Righteousness sheds on his Church, of which she has become a zealous member. She is diligently using the means of grace, and animated in her Christian course by the hopes of eternal glory. She is now guided on her way by that 'true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world;' but, before her mind was informed, 'the light shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.'

It is true that she cannot show forth the praises of God with her *lips*, but she does what is far better, she lets her light so shine before men, they see her good works, and glorify her Father who is in heaven. The whole tenor of her life evinces that she is a 'child of God.' No one who is acquainted with her, and observes her daily walk, can doubt the genuine character of that faith which is evinced in the sweetness and kindness of her *manner*, the cheerfulness and mildness of her *temper*, and in the uniform and conscientious performance of all the *relative duties* of her situation. Her patroness frequently receives the most satisfactory assurances of her capabilities and her faithful exertions from the matron, who loves Ellen as a daughter. She says when she is incapacitated, by indisposition, from superintending the arrangements of the establishment, that Ellen attends to every thing in the most judicious manner, and that she places such confidence in her integrity, that her mind is relieved from all anxiety. She says, that she is in every way an inestimable treasure to her, and a blessing to the institution; as her consistent example of piety and usefulness sheds a salutary influence on all around, and has already produced the happiest effects upon the other scholars. When the inmates of the asylum are prevented from attending the services of the sanctuary on Sunday, Ellen assembles them all together, in the school-room, and leads their devotions; and, afterward, clearly and forcibly explains some little portion of Scripture, with which she is well acquainted, in the most interesting manner you can imagine. Which of us, with all our faculties and advantages, can compare with this deaf and dumb girl in true piety and usefulness? Surely this little band of silent youthful worshippers, kneeling in meek humility, and offering their mute adorations to the Father of their spirits, presents a spectacle upon which angels may gaze with delight: and those who have been the honored instruments in producing such a beautiful, such a blessed result, may contemplate the scene with grateful satisfaction and complacency. Those who impatiently expect to reap almost as soon as they have sown,

would have felt their interest in Ellen diminished by her apparent dulness, and been discouraged in seeing her so far surpassed by the generality of the scholars, in learning to read, and in her other acquirements; but her patient instructors were at length agreeably surprised in discovering, that although her perceptions were not quick, yet she possessed uncommon solidity of mind, and sound practical judgment, very superior to most girls of her age who possess every natural and acquired advantage.

As soon as Ellen could write she commenced a correspondence with her benefactress. Her letters were exceedingly interesting, from the originality of their style, from the freshness of her youthful feelings and ideas, and from the singular phraseology which is peculiar to the writings of the deaf and dumb. Miss L. gladly availed herself of the favorable opportunities which letters afford, to advise Ellen in all her little difficulties, to explain her various duties to her, and to animate and encourage her in the performance of them. She enforced her arguments by appropriate texts of Scripture, which Ellen always treasured up in her memory. It is incalculable how much good we each might accomplish in our correspondence with those young friends and relatives who respect our judgments, and whom we have endeared to us by little acts of kindness. There is scarcely any thing which children prize as much as a *letter*; they are gratified and flattered by being noticed in this way, and generally repeat over and over again the contents of the valued epistle, and ponder the expressions in their hearts. Perhaps some holy text, some useful and pious suggestion, conveyed through this agreeable medium, may tell upon their eternal interests: some little seed, thus sown, and watered with the dew of the Divine blessing, may germinate, bud, and blossom, and bring forth much fruit. Let us then take advantage of every such opportunity

To breathe the enlivening spirit,
And fix the generous purpose in the glowing breast.'

In the course of the correspondence Miss L. was delighted to observe the spirit of genuine piety which breathed in Ellen's letters. She expressed such a child-like confidence in her heavenly Father, such a *happy security* in his overruling providence. She acknowledged that when she reflected upon the deplorable condition of all those who were naturally near and dear to her, that her spirit was grieved, and her young heart was sad, but that God's precious promises refreshed and comforted her soul. In a late letter to her friend, she expressed the joyful gratitude she felt in being permitted to partake of that

'Sacred feast which JESUS makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!'

O, it was a touching, a deeply affecting sight, to behold this interesting young Christian meekly and devoutly receiving the consecrated memorials of her Redeemer's dying love!

How many sources of pure and innocent delight are now opened to Ellen's expanding and inquiring mind: the books of Creation, of Providence, and of Redemption, which were formerly sealed, are now unfolded to her delighted and adoring view! Untutored and uninstructed, she would have regarded the beautiful and stupendous works of nature 'with brute unconscious gaze,' but now she looks with illumined eye 'through nature up to nature's God,' and exclaims, '*My Father made them all.*'

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
ALMIGHTY, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!'

Instead of fearing an '*unknown God*,' she humbly adores the Omnipotent Creator and Preserver of all mankind; instead of being a prey to superstitious and mysterious horrors, she rejoices in the paternal care of her heavenly Father, feeling assured that in every danger and difficulty, 'the ALMIGHTY GOD is her refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms;' that 'the LORD GOD is a sun and a shield; the LORD will give grace and glory; and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.' Instead of wasting her time in frivolous conversation, or sinful company, she can now profitably 'commune with her own heart in her chamber, and be still.' Although she is deprived of many social pleasures, yet in her lonely and solitary hours, she can enjoy the highest and most ennobling intellectual gratification of which the human soul is capable, in holding 'high converse with her God!' She draws treasures of heavenly wisdom from the word of God, and refreshes her soul at this inexhaustible spring of pure delight. As she has no relatives who are capable of giving her useful advice, this destitution only induces her to pray more frequently and more fervently to the Fountain of wisdom and love, 'from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed,' and 'without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy,' that he would guide her safely through all the dark and bewildering mazes of life: and He who has promised to guide 'the meek in judgment,' answers her humble petitions; for Ellen appears to have an almost intuitive perception of whatever is right and fit in her peculiar situation. O! is it surprising that she should be so overwhelmed with joy, in seeing one who had been the chosen instrument of the Father of mercies to convey such unspeakable consolations to her desolate heart, such ineffable delights to her wondering mind?

I reflected that the first thrilling sound that will strike upon Ellen's astonished ear will be the awakening note of the archangel's trumpet, summoning the quick and dead to judgment! O, solemn thought! the first sentence she will ever hear pronounced, will be the eternal benediction of those on the right hand of their Saviour and Judge, 'Come, ye blessed-of my

Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world;' and the immutable malediction denounced against those on the left, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!' I hope she will be enabled to continue faithful until death, and then, when mortality is swallowed up of life, and she shall be invested with a glorified body, 'will the tongue of the dumb be loosed,' and the first use she will make of her newly acquired faculty, will be in an ascription of praise to the 'holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three persons and one God,' who made, redeemed, and sanctified her. The first song she will ever sing, will be the song of the redeemed, 'Alleluiah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!' The first concord of sweet sounds that will ever strike upon her enraptured sense, will be the celestial harmony of the angelic choir, of ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, who surround the throne, saying, with a loud voice, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!' O! if poor Ellen's joy was so excessive in beholding her *earthly* benefactress, how intense! how overwhelming will be her 'wonder, love, and praise, 'when she beholds HIM who was the 'Author, Finisher, and Rewarder of her faith' and obedience; whom not having seen, she loved! I often endeavor to realize the morning of the resurrection, when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God; I contemplate the blissful re-union of friends and relatives, who have been long separated by death; and think, if through the efficacy of that atoning blood 'which cleanseth from all sin,' and the infinite merits of Him, 'who is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world;' I should be accounted worthy to enter the mansions of the blest, how happy I shall be to see 'the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs,' and the great and good of all ages; and think what a satisfaction it will be to me to express my obligations to all those among them who may have benefitted my soul, either by their writings, or their recorded examples. I thought, upon the present occasion, if Ellen was so overjoyed to meet her friend here below, how infinitely greater will be her joy to 'recognise' her among the blessed: for then, and then only, when she shall have entered into 'the joy of her Lord,' will she be able fully to comprehend and to appreciate the extent of her obligations to that kind and truly Christian friend, who was so greatly instrumental in leading her to the knowledge and love of 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.'

E X T R A C T.

'Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the LORD, till he come and rain righteousness upon you.'—*Hosea* x. 12.

It would be as absurd for a man to expect that God's mercy should save him without works of righteousness, as for the husbandman to look for a harvest without ever ploughing and sowing his ground. He were a madman in his husbandry that should do this, and he is no less infatuated in his religion that doth the other. The same thing under the same metaphor St. Paul teacheth us, *Gal.* vi. 7, 8:—'Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting:' which great truth the Scripture delivers in proper terms, when it tells us, as it often doth, that 'God will render to or reward every man according to his works.' 'Without holiness no man shall see the LORD,' saith the divine author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, chap. xii. 14. Without a *holy life* here, no man ought to expect or hope for a *happy life* hereafter. But when we have sown in righteousness, that is, done righteous works, we must not plead any *merit* of our own in having so done; but must look for the reward of our righteousness only from the *free grace and mercy* of God. He that is richest in good works, must sue for heaven in the quality of a poor worthless creature, that needs infinite mercy to bring him thither; mercy to pardon his sins, antecedent to his good works; mercy to forgive the sins and defects in his works; mercy to advance his works (being, though supposed never so perfect, yet finite and temporary,) to the possibility of attaining an infinite and endless reward. He must confess with St. Paul, that 'eternal life is the gift of God through JESUS CHRIST.' *Rom.* vi. 23. That it is the rich purchase of CHRIST's most precious blood, by which alone a covenant of eternal life was established upon the gracious condition of *faith working by love*; that it was the grace of the divine SPIRIT, promised in the same covenant that prevented him and co-operated with him, and continually assisted and followed him in all his good works, and consequently, that though his crown of glory be a crown of righteousness, that is, of God's righteousness, whereby he is obliged to make good his own covenant; yet that it is a crown of mercy too, because that covenant itself was a covenant of infinite grace and mercy. And if the best of men, after all the good works they have done or can do, need mercy, infinite mercy to save them; what a miserable condition are they in, who have *no good works* at all to show; but on the contrary, a *large catalogue of wicked works*, unrepented of, to account for? We may say in this sense with St. Peter, 'If the righteous

scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?' 1 *Pet.* iv. 18. Certainly even the *mercy* of God cannot save this man, because his *holiness* will not suffer him. For though our good works are not required to make us capable of *meriting* heaven, (that being impossible for us,) yet they are *absolutely necessary* to make us fit objects for infinite mercy to bestow heaven on, or in the excellent words of St. Paul, 'to make us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.' *Col.* i. 12.—BISHOP BULL.

O God, whose blessed Son was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil, and make us the sons of God, and heirs of eternal life; grant us, we beseech thee, that having this hope, we may purify ourselves, even as he is pure; that when he shall appear again with power and great glory, we may be made like unto him in his eternal and glorious kingdom; where with thee, O FATHER, and thee, O HOLY GHOST, he liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end Amen.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

O HELP US, LORD! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth to live.

O help us, when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore,
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O help us, LORD, the more.

O help us, through the prayer of faith,
 More firmly to believe;
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.

If strangers to thy fold we call,
 Imploring at thy feet
 The crumbs that from thy table fall,
 'Tis all we dare entreat.

But be it, LORD of mercy, all,
So thou wilt grant but this ;
The crumbs that from thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

O help us, JESUS ! from on high ;
We know no help but thee ;
O ! help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be.

THE END.



THE

COTTAGER'S WIFE:

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER."

I HAD officiated but once in my parish, when I was told that there was a poor young woman, supposed to be in a decline, who wished to see me. I accordingly took an early opportunity of calling on her. As I resided about two miles from the village, and could have, as yet, but a slight acquaintance with the characters of its inhabitants, I was employed, during my walk, in considering in what manner I might be likely to render my visit most profitable to my poor patient. My clerical brethren, and indeed all those who have been in the habit of attending the sick beds, whether of the rich or the poor, will readily enter into the anxiety and perplexity of my thoughts upon such a subject. They will not be surprised that my expectations, as to the actual state of the sick person, were not very favorable; and that I rather feared to find, what is so commonly met with on these occasions, either great insensibility and unconcern, or a false and ill-grounded satisfaction and confidence in the goodness and safety of her condition. It is a melancholy consideration that there should in general be so much ground for such apprehensions; and while it shows the vast importance of a parochial ministry, it may serve to quicken those who are engaged in it to the diligent use of every means of awakening and instructing their flocks. Absorbed in this painful but profitable train of thought, I arrived at the village, and was soon directed by my clerk's daughter to one of the smallest cottages that I had ever seen. On lifting the latch of this lowly dwelling I was struck with the remarkable cleanliness and neatness of every part of it. The furniture, though of the humblest kind, was decent, and in the most perfect order; and various traces might be perceived of the industry and care of the mistress of this little abode, though she had now been confined for some weeks to her bed. The cottage consisted but of two small rooms, separated by a few stairs, or rather steps, which led from the one to the other. I was met at my entrance by a pleasant looking elderly woman, holding in her arms an infant a few months old. "I heard," said I, "that a young woman was ill here, and I have called to see her. Are you her mother?" "I am her husband's mother

Sir, and this is her little child. Poor dear babe, he has never known the comfort of his mother, and I am very much afraid he will soon lose her." "I am sorry," said I, "to hear she is so ill. Would she like to see me now, do you think?" "Oh yes, Sir, that I am sure she will." This answer was made in so unusual a tone of confidence and apparent welcome, that I could not help hailing it as a token of good. How often, alas! are ministers received with a degree of coldness and indifference in their visits to the sick, which too plainly proves that these labors of love are but slightly valued, if at all desired.

The reply was no sooner made than I followed the good woman into the sick room. It was a little apartment formed out of the roof of the cottage, open to the stairs, and without any means of warming it by a fire. The walls were whitewashed, and it had one very small casement, which its neat but afflicted tenant had adorned with a little muslin curtain. On a bedstead just raised from the floor, and without any curtain to shelter her from the keen air of winter, lay the poor object of my visit, apparently far advanced in a consumption. "Alas!" thought I, "this is but a comfortless accommodation for one in such a disorder! How many, in the midst of health, would think themselves hardly used to be obliged to content themselves with such an apartment! Can I ever murmur at any circumstances in my own comparatively favored lot! Forbid it, Lord, and forgive the repining thoughts which have sometimes found admission into my mind. O! make me thankful for my superior blessings, and in whatsoever state I am, let me learn to be therewith content!" These and similar thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, as I approached the bedside of my poor parishioner. "M——," said her mother-in-law, "here is the minister come to see you." "I am very glad to see him," was the immediate answer, "and greatly obliged to him for coming so far in this cold weather." "How do you find yourself," said I. "I am very ill, Sir, and feel that I am getting weaker every day." "How long have you been ill?" "Three-and-twenty weeks, Sir; I have never been well since the birth of my poor babe, and I begin to think that I shall never recover." I perceived at once, by the hectic flush upon her cheek, and by the difficulty with which she breathed, that her apprehensions were but too well founded, and therefore determined to lose no time in examining the state of her mind as to religion. "Your illness," said I, "has indeed been very long, and seems now to be very serious; but this is the Lord's doing; it is He who has laid you on the bed of sickness; and the length of your confinement has given you a very merciful opportunity of thinking upon religion and the concerns of your soul. I hope you have improved it." "I have tried to do so." "I am glad to hear you say so; but let me have a little serious conversation with you upon this subject." "That is what I greatly desire, Sir." "Religion, you know, should be the great business of our lives, whether in health or

sickness, but especially in sickness, and since your state seems very uncertain, let me ask you what you think about it? If it should please God that you should not recover, what hope have you as to another world?" Those who know by painful experience the answers which are commonly made both by the rich and the poor to such questions, will judge of the surprise and pleasure I felt on hearing a very different reply from my afflicted parishioner. In feeble accents, broken and interrupted by her cough and laboring breath, she spoke, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:—"Sir, I know and acknowledge that I am a poor miserable sinner; a great sinner, Sir. I do not mean that I ever committed any heinous crime. I thank God I cannot charge myself with that; but, notwithstanding this, I know and feel that I am a very sinful creature. I have endeavored, Sir, during my long illness, to call to mind my past life; and, as nearly as I can remember, *I have spread all my sins before God*, and earnestly begged his forgiveness through JESUS CHRIST. I know and believe that he is the only Saviour of sinners—I put my whole trust in him—and I hope I have *come to him*—I know that he is a merciful Saviour—but, Sir, (and here she burst into tears,) when I reflect upon my vileness and sinfulness, I often fear that he will not receive me—and if CHRIST should refuse me, where shall I go, or what shall I do to be saved." Many of my readers will anticipate my reply to this affecting but hopeful declaration. I told my poor patient that I was truly rejoiced to hear what she had just been saying—that the frame of her mind was very much what I wished it to be; and that if she was perfectly sincere in what she had told me, of which, indeed, from her whole air and manner, I could have but little doubt, there was much that I could say to comfort her. I said it was a great satisfaction to me to find that she was convinced of her sinful state, and of the necessity of CHRIST as a Saviour, and assured her that if she came to him with a sincere and humble faith, there could be no doubt of his willingness to receive her. To confirm this I read to her several passages of Scripture, particularly 1 Tim. i. 15; John iii. 16, 17, and vi. 36; Matt. xi. 28-30; to which she listened with profound attention and eagerness, and afterward expressed the encouragement and consolation which they afforded her.

Fearing, however, that what had given me so much pleasure might possibly be, at least in part, owing to a religious education, or to a merely nominal acquaintance with religious sentiments and phraseology, I inquired of her where she had obtained a degree of knowledge in religion, which unhappily was but too seldom met with in visiting sick beds. She told me that as long ago as she could remember, she had been impressed with the fear of God and a strong desire to be a true Christian. "When I was quite a child, Sir," said she, "I had a *great dread* of the Almighty upon me." This was her exact expression, by which

I doubt not she meant to describe that which the Psalmist speaks of when he says, "Even from my youth up, thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind." "At this early age, Sir," she continued, "I remember that I often left my companions to say the prayers I had learnt; and as I grew up, and went into the fields to work with other young people, I have sometimes been so full of thought and anxiety about my soul, that I have spoken of what I was thinking aloud, and now and then uttered a short prayer, upon which my companions generally laughed and called me by some nickname. My greatest delight was to go to church; and, as I had a very good memory, (proofs of which she frequently gave me in the course of my visits,) I was able to remember a great many texts of Scripture, which I used to think of when I was by myself. I recollect to this hour some of the sermons I heard when I was quite young. At that time my great desire was to attend the sacrament. I thought if I could but be fit to go there I should be quite happy; and I often begged some of my friends to read to me upon the subject, and to help me to become prepared to take the Lord's Supper. After this I learned to read myself; and oh! what a great blessing I have found it to read the word of God!"

The preceding account of the early feelings and dispositions of this young woman satisfied me that the grace of God had visited her heart, and had long been drawing her to an acquaintance with herself, and with her Redeemer. How highly should we prize these divine impressions and attractions in our own cases, and how anxious should we be to cherish and improve them in others! But, alas! how often are they neglected and checked by some sinful pursuit or worldly object, until God, in his all-wise and merciful providence, interposes for our deliverance! Thus it was with the humble subject of this narrative. After the promising beginning which has been mentioned, the vanities of youth, and the evil communications of those with whom she lived in service, led her away from God and religion, and though preserved from gross sins, she lived some years in a careless and worldly manner. "What a mercy it was, Sir," said she, while mentioning this unhappy period, "that I was not cut off in the midst of it, without repentance and preparation for eternity! I bless God that he has been pleased to spare me, though he has brought me into the affliction in which you see me." "Pray," said I, "what circumstances roused you to serious thought, after you had been thus living in a negligent way?" "Several things happened to bring about this blessed change in me. Mr. N—— came to be minister at H——, and his sermons went to my heart; and not to mine only, but to my poor aged mother's, and to one of my sister's. Not long after this dear sister died of the same disorder that I am now in, and *so peacefully, so happily*, that nobody could doubt of her having gone to heaven. Her death was greatly blessed to me, and I have often prayed that mine might be like it."

Perceiving that she begun to be fatigued, I was unwilling to prolong the conversation at this time, further than to ask her whether she had been much in the habit of *prayer*. She replied that she had; "but now, Sir," continued she, "that I am so weak, I am sometimes hardly able to use my voice for any length of time, but I *pray with my heart continually*; and when I lie awake at night this is my great support and comfort. I think, too, at such times, of many texts of Scripture, which I know by heart, and they are greatly blessed to my soul." At her earnest request I prayed with her, and was much struck with the remarkable seriousness and fervor with which she joined in my petitions. When I had ended I urged upon her the duty of self-examination, and frequent applications to the throne of grace for "repentance and remission of sins," and was about to leave her, when the apothecary, who was attending her, came in. After he had visited his patient, I inquired his opinion of her case, and was grieved to find that he entertained no expectations of her recovery; grieved, not on her own account, for after what I had just witnessed I could not but believe that she was ripening for heaven, but for her husband and her infant, who were about shortly to be deprived of so valuable a wife and mother; and for myself, who was likely so soon to lose a parishioner, whose example, were she spared, might prove eminently beneficial to all around her.

Though I could not but regret this melancholy prospect, yet joy and gratitude were the predominant feelings in my mind on leaving the cottage. I had entered it full of anxiety, doubt, and apprehensions, fearing that I should only find fresh cause for lamenting the wretched state of those who are ignorant of themselves and of JESUS CHRIST, and who are wholly unprepared for a dying bed. I quitted it, not only relieved of this burthen, but rejoicing in the awakened, humble, spiritual frame of mind, which its afflicted inhabitant discovered, and feeling inexpressibly gratified at so unexpected a result of my first parochial visit. Full of the interesting reflections which this occurrence had excited in my mind, I returned homeward. My thoughts were chiefly occupied with the love of God in the redemption of a ruined world, by the sufferings and death of his only begotten Son; with the love of that gracious Redeemer who came into the world to save sinners; with the grace of that Holy Spirit, who vouchsafes to apply that salvation effectually to the soul. While meditating on these sacred and inestimable truths, I could not help thinking how superior was the happiness of my poor parishioner, in the midst of her poverty, distress, and pain, to that of the wealthy, the prosperous, and the gay, who live "without God in the world;" who, satisfied with themselves and with worldly pleasures "for a season," neglect their immortal souls, and neither seek nor desire an interest in the redemption which is in CHRIST JESUS. "Surely," thought I, "*one thing is indeed needful*, and M—— has chosen that good part which shall never

be taken away from her. I am thankful, also, that I have thus early been honored with the opportunity of administering to the edification and comfort of one who will, I doubt not, prove an heir of salvation."

On the following Sunday I again directed my steps to the village. As I approached it "the sound of the church-going bell" was collecting my rustic congregation. I could not, therefore, proceed to the cottage till I had closed the morning service. I then hastened to the cottage. The gate was opened to me by her husband, a remarkably fine healthy-looking young man. "How is your wife," said I, "to-day?" "Very ill, Sir," "Worse than when I saw her on Thursday?" "Rather weaker, Sir." "Shall I walk up stairs?" "If you please; she will be very glad to see you." M—— appeared truly so. "I am sorry to hear that you feel weaker than when I saw you last." "I do indeed, Sir, but it is the will of God, and it is my sincere desire that *his* will, and not mine, should be done." "Whatever his will may be," said I, "be assured that it is the best." "I know," she replied, "that all things work together for good to them that love God." "Do you think that you are of that happy number?" "I cannot but hope so. God knows that I love him. I am grieved that I have not served him as I ought, and that I cannot love him better; but I often think, if it should please God to spare my life and to raise me up again, how careful I will be not to offend him—how I will try to serve and please him." "I trust you would; but since you have not done this as you ought before, why do you think you should hereafter?" "Sir, I know that my heart is very wicked and deceitful, and that I cannot do any thing good of myself; but I hope I have learned much from this illness. I see the vanity of every thing but religion, and I think that, with God's assistance, I *should* lead a more Christian life." "Have you thought much of what I said to you when I was here before?" "I have thought of little else." "And do you believe that your repentance for your past sins is quite sincere?" "I do indeed hope that it is." "Do you feel any real sorrow on account of them, and any inward hatred and dread of sin?" "I think I feel, Sir, something of that broken and contrite heart which God will not despise."

Soon after this, her husband, who had till now been present, left the room, when I took the opportunity of asking M—— whether he thought and felt in any manner as she did upon religious subjects. She shook her head at this question and sighed as she answered, "I wish I could say he did, but I cannot, my husband is a very sober, honest, well-behaved man, but I am sorry to say he knows but little about religion." "How then," said I, "came you to think of marrying him?" "Because I was a vain and foolish girl: but I have been sorely chastised for it. I have known but very little happiness since I married. My husband, though kind and civil, has never liked to join with me in living as Christians should, and his family are all worldly

people; and living so close to them I have been *greatly tried*. I have earnestly desired to say with Joshua, 'As for me and my house we will serve the LORD:' but when I have asked my husband to hear me read the Bible (for he is no scholar himself,) he would only tell me it was enough to go to church on Sundays: but I used to tell my husband that we could not expect the blessing of God upon us if we did not worship and serve him; and often, when he has been going to lie down at night, without prayer, I have said to him, 'O! John, how can you go to rest without begging God's forgiveness and protection! Suppose your soul should this night be required of you, do you think you should awake in heaven?' Sometimes, when I have spoke thus, I could prevail upon him to pray a few words; but at other times he would bid me hold my tongue and go to sleep. O! Sir, I cannot tell you what I have suffered on his account; and his family are all of the same way of thinking; but I hope you will be able to do them some good. All these things have made them not very kind to me; but I have much to be forgiven *myself*, and I freely forgive them." I closed this second visit by praying with the afflicted woman. M—— joined in every petition with a degree of animation and fervor which I have seldom seen surpassed, and expressed her gratitude in a manner which left no room to doubt the reality of a divine work in her heart.

On leaving the room I gave her a copy of "The Dairyman's Daughter," thinking that she might derive both instruction and comfort from a history which exhibits some circumstances very similar to those of her own case. I was, however, agreeably surprised to find that the benevolent apothecary, whom I had met in my first visit, had been beforehand with me in this present. "I have contrived to read part of that little book, Sir," said M——, "though not without difficulty. That young woman died of the disorder which I have. She was a true Christian, Sir, and I have been much comforted by many things that are related of her. God grant that I may be like her." "I trust," said I, "that by the grace of God you *will* be like her both living and dying. Fix your faith and love on the same gracious Saviour in whom she trusted, and you will enjoy similar peace and consolation, and the same blessed hope of eternal happiness! God bless you, M——; may he support, sanctify, and comfort you while you remain here below, and make you daily better prepared for the heavenly world." "God bless you, Sir," was the reply, "for all your kind instructions and prayers; I can not tell you how much they have comforted me."

About two days after my second visit to M——, I was told that some one from S——, the village in which she lived, wished to see me. As I had desired her to send for some little comforts which her humble circumstances could not afford, I took for granted that this was her messenger; but instead of the person

whom I expected on this errand, I was surprised to find that 't was M——'s mother. She was a decent looking old woman, with an air of peculiar meekness and gravity, and apparently bending more under the weight of trouble than of years. "Pray rest yourself," said I, as she was attempting to rise. "You must be tired after your long walk." "A little, Sir," was the reply, "but more distressed by my poor dear daughter's illness." "How is she to day?" "Very ill indeed, Sir; she cannot hold it long I think." "I fear not," said I, "but do not be too much distressed. Your daughter is, I trust, a real Christian, and preparing for a better world." "Ah, Sir, I trust she is. She is following her dear sister, who died about two years ago. Thank God *she* was ready to go, and no doubt she is in heaven; and my poor M—— is very like her; but it is a great affliction to lose such good children in my old age." "It is indeed," I replied, "and I feel much for you. I have lost children, too, though not grown up; but although it is a heavy trial, the blessed hope of their being happy for ever in heaven is an unspeakable consolation. For, as far as I am able to judge, I think your daughter is a true believer in JESUS CHRIST, and interested in his salvation." "It is a great comfort to me to hear you say so, Sir. Indeed I do think so myself. She was always inclined to religion from a child; but she has attended more to it within the last two or three years than ever." "She appears to me," said I, "to be in a very hopeful frame of mind. I cannot look into her heart, but if she is sincere in her professions, I cannot but think she is in the way to heaven." "Why, to be sure, Sir, as you say, we cannot look into the heart, but it is of no use to pretend to religion if we are not sincere in it, and so I tell M——; and indeed I think she *is* sincere." "Pray when did you come to see your daughter?" "Last Sunday, Sir, just after you left her. I have been in a good deal of trouble about walking over on the *Sabbath*, but I trust the LORD will forgive me if I did wrong. I did not hear till then that she was so ill, and put off coming to see her as long as possible, for the journey is almost too much for me at my age; but I was afraid I should hardly see her alive if I did not set off directly, or be stopped next day by the weather, this winter time; and all the way I came my thoughts were taken up with God and heavenly things." "Indeed," said I, much struck with the tenderness of conscience displayed by the poor old woman, "I think this is a case in which God would have 'mercy, and not sacrifice.' You know your Saviour graciously allows us to perform acts of necessity, mercy, and charity, on the *Sabbath*, and I doubt not that he freely forgives your journey to see your poor sick daughter, especially as you seem to have so sincere a desire to serve and please him. Pray have you long thought so seriously upon religion?" "Not so long, Sir, as I could wish I had. The former part of my life was too much taken up with the cares of the world, and the labor of bringing up a large

family ; but I have had much affliction of late years, and it has pleased God to teach me many things concerning his Son JESUS CHRIST and the salvation of my soul ; and I bless his holy name for giving me the opportunity, in my old age, of attending to these things." "Is your husband living?" "Oh no, Sir ; I have been a widow some years, and now I have a very comfortable dwelling in an alms-house at H—, where I have time to read my Bible, and think of my latter end. But I should never have known or felt so much about religion, if it had not been for Mr. N—, the minister of our parish. He is a good gentleman, and takes a deal of pains with us poor people, both in the pulpit and out of it. He was of great use to my daughters, and I hope one of my sons is turning after them." "Well, my aged friend," I replied, "next to that first and greatest gift of his Son JESUS CHRIST to be our Saviour, God's chief mercy to us is an interest in him for ourselves ; and since he has been pleased to bestow this unspeakable blessing upon *you* and your poor sick daughter, comfort yourself with this thought. He has done more even for your present happiness, by the gift of his Son, than if he had bestowed the whole world upon you without him ; and although you have had many trials, and are now again about to suffer affliction in the loss of another of your children, yet be assured, that all these things are wisely and graciously ordered, and are working together for your good. A time will shortly come in which you will see this more clearly, when your mourning shall be turned into joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away for ever." "What you say, Sir, greatly comforts me, and I am truly thankful that you have been so kind to visit my daughter, and to give her so much good instruction and consolation."

The good old woman had now rested herself after the fatigue of her walk, and, after a little further refreshment, prepared to return to her daughter's cottage. I could not help regarding her with a peculiar pleasure. Truly "the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." But how wretched is an old age of carelessness, worldliness, and irreligion ! On *it*, even if the outward circumstances be ever so prosperous, *death* must indeed heavily fall, "and double terror own ;" while to the aged Christian, "at evening time it shall be light." Although, like the poor and afflicted mother whom I have been just describing, we may be called upon to part from the dearest objects of our affections, yet the separation will be, at the utmost, but short, and the re-union, if previously united by a living faith to the Redeemer, unspeakably delightful,—"where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing ; neither shall there be any more pain ; for the former things shall have passed away."

But I must begin to draw toward the close of my village narrative. Two days after that on which I made the visit last described, I again saw M—. During this short interval her

disease had made a rapid progress, and I plainly perceived that it would soon remove her from a world of pain and sorrow. Although considerably weaker, and suffering more than before, she expressed the same humble yet joyful hope of acceptance through her Redeemer, and her earnest desire "to depart and to be with CHRIST." "But I cannot help thinking," said she, "that I must *suffer* more yet, before I can be fit for heaven." "You do not suppose," I replied, fearing at the moment that she might be imagining her sufferings to be in some manner meritorious, "that the pain which you endure can purchase heaven, or in itself prove profitable to you." "Oh no, Sir; God forbid that I should trust in any thing for salvation but the merits of my Saviour. I only meant, that as I was a very sinful creature, and deserved to be afflicted, and had found the benefit of pain and suffering in weaning me from a vain and worldly life, I should probably have to go through more than I have yet suffered: but perhaps I do not express myself as I ought." "There is truth," said I, "in what you say. You know the Scripture says, that CHRIST was made perfect through suffering; and we may be well contented to be like him if we may dwell with him for ever in glory. Every member of CHRIST is in a measure conformed or made like to him in suffering; but his alone was meritorious—ours is intended to humble and purify us, and God knows best how much, and what kind of suffering is most suited to sanctify us. He will not lay upon *you* more than is good for you, or more than he will enable you to bear. Resign yourself to him, and be assured that he will support you in every trial, and make you more than conqueror, through him who hath loved us." "I trust he will, and do not doubt his goodness, though I am so sinful and unworthy a creature." After a short pause, M—— continued; "I am glad to see and hear you again, Sir, for my poor mother was obliged to leave me yesterday, and the neighbors who are kind enough to come and see me, talk almost entirely about worldly things; and I tell them I have done with the world, and only wish to think and speak of what concerns the salvation of my soul. Indeed, I have but one thing which gives me much anxiety; and that is about my poor dear babe. I used to think how happy I should be when I had him, but I have never had health to enjoy him, and now I must very soon be parted from him for ever as to this world! Poor dear little fellow; I can resign him cheerfully sometimes, when he is away from me, but as soon as I see him it goes to my very heart." "I do not doubt it," I replied. "It is, indeed, a painful task for you to leave him so young in a world like this; but his father and grandmother will no doubt be kind to him, and take all the charge of him in their power, and he shall not want a friend:—but intrust him in the hands of your heavenly Father. *He* will take him up, though every other friend should forsake him, and will not suffer him to want. 'I have been young,' said the Psalmist,

‘and now am old : yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.’ Hope in God, that as he has blessed *you*, so he will also bless your *offspring*.” “ This is my earnest prayer, Sir, and I hope God will enable me to commit myself, my child, and my husband, into his hands, to do as it seemeth good in his sight.”

My poor friend was so much exhausted by her conversation, although it was comparatively a short one, that I was obliged to close my visit more quickly than usual, which I did by reading-a few passages of Scripture suited to her state, and commending her in prayer to the mercy and grace of God our Saviour. As I was leaving the room she repeated her earnest request that I would remember her in my prayers, and that I would visit during the short remainder of her earthly pilgrimage, adding, with a sort of prophetic feeling, that if she should not live to see me again, she trusted that through the merits of that blessed Redeemer, in whom we believed, we should meet in heaven. See her, indeed, again I did ; but I regret to say, that it was only during the state of extreme weakness and insensibility into which she suddenly fell a few days after my last interview with her. I was prevented by a heavy fall of snow from repeating my visit till the following Sunday ; when on reaching the cottage I learned, to my disappointment and sorrow, that her powers both of mind and body were nearly exhausted, and that she was wholly unconscious of what passed around her. On entering her room, I found that it was indeed so ; and in contemplating the decay of the outward form, I could only rejoice that I had witnessed the renewal of “ the inward man ” day by day ; that although the “ earthly house of her tabernacle was nearly dissolved, there was such solid ground for believing that she would shortly inhabit “ a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

I could collect but little from those who attended her, of the frame of her mind during the short interval of sensibility which followed my preceding visit. The little, however, which I did gather was pleasing and satisfactory. I found that, being aware of her approaching end, she called for her husband and other relatives who were near, and took a solemn and affectionate farewell of them, declaring, in humble yet forcible terms, her reconciliation with God, and her hope of salvation through faith in our Lord JESUS CHRIST, and earnestly exhorting and beseeching them to flee for refuge to the same gracious and all-sufficient Saviour. She then desired to see her little boy, and commended him to the protection and blessing of ALMIGHTY God, charging her husband to bring him up in “ the nurture and admonition of the Lord ; ” and having again urged them to attend to the things which belonged to their peace, while the day of life lasted, she said that she had nothing further to do in this world but humbly to wait for the time of her departure ; adding, that she prayed to be entirely patient and

resigned, and hoped that I should see her once more to assist her in preparing for her last trying conflict. This, however, I was prevented by her unconscious state from doing, otherwise than by prayers in her behalf. After I left her, she revived only for a few minutes, during which she faintly but delightfully repeated her faith and hope of salvation, and soon afterward slept peacefully in the Lord: leaving on the minds of those who witnessed her departure a lively impression of her extraordinary piety and heavenly happiness.

The funeral took place on the following Sunday. The journey was too great to admit of her aged parent being present, but it was attended by a crowd of relatives, who testified, by their grief and regret, the affection with which they loved her, and the sincerity with which they mourned her loss. A village funeral is always solemn and affecting. The absence of that ostentatious and misplaced pomp which accompanies the interment of the great, tends at once to soften and impress the mind; and where, as in the present instance, a well-grounded hope can be entertained of the happiness of the departed, the contrast between the consignment of the poor remains to the lowly grave, and the recollection of the heavenly glory to which the emancipated spirit has been exalted, is productive of feelings and reflections of the most touching yet animating nature. I endeavored to improve this solemn and instructive occasion from the pulpit, and trust that our meditations on the frailty of man, and the inestimable value of that word of the Lord which endureth for ever, and which by the Gospel is preached unto us, were not altogether in vain.

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THE

C O L L I E R B O Y S ;

OR,

GOD HEARS PRAYER.

NEW-YORK:

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THE COLLIER BOYS.

ON Friday, a part of the colliers, having finished their work, left the mine, expecting in a few minutes to be followed by five boys who had not entirely completed theirs. In the meantime a large body of water, which it seems had been dammed up in another part of the mine for several years, and only left with sufficient guard for a short time, suddenly burst in, filling up the passage so as to render the escape of the boys impossible. The men's distress at their young companions' sudden and fearful peril was very great; for they saw, at a glance, the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of saving them alive. The water continued to rise, but to what height they did not at first know. The poor lads, two of whom narrowly escaped being drowned in their first rash effort to pass the stream, saw plainly their danger from that quarter. But though the men, as the water continued to rise, could with a fearful accuracy calculate the increasing hours and days which must pass before it could, by any means, be exhausted, and doubted whether the boys' strength would hold out so long, they saw also that this was not the greatest danger. As the water should be pumped out, they knew that the deadly air from that part of the mine which had so long been closed up must rush in, and if the poor lads lived until then, they would then be surely stifled. How they felt, 'alive in the tomb,' we can little tell; uncertainty as to the extent of their danger might have supported them awhile, but hope and the buoyant spirits of youth must presently have sunk before cold, darkness, and the faintness of hunger. Poor boys, it was a melancholy state. Yet we can understand better, and therefore can better sympathize with the feelings of those relatives and friends who heard the news at home.

It was not at all the kind of trouble to which the balm of resignation can be at once applied. Whilst the faintest hope remains, there will be anxiety and restless exertion; perhaps rather a yet more agonizing state of mind—a restless desire of exertion whilst the power of action is denied. Such an incident had of course excited much interest; and it was strange that *so long a time should have passed* without our hearing it. I was sorry because we should so gladly have joined the prayers of our congregation that day with those of the throng of worshippers whom the melancholy occasion brought to the very spot. It was not in our parish, indeed; but of the same large family how proper it is that, one member suffering, all the members should suffer with it. Why is not more constant use made of the kind permission that our Church gives us to name any who are troubled in mind,

body, or estate? I am sure, whenever I shall be ill or distressed, I shall ask, with the pious Herbert — "Give me the prayers of my mother, the Church; there are none like hers." Why will not all who are in trouble accept of her gentle comfort? Experience has told many a mourner how precious it is. There was a time when their hearts were almost broken, and the prayers of their own Church were offered up for them, and were abundantly answered.

"And, dearest mother! since too oft
 The world yet wins some Demas frail,
 Even from thine arms, so kind and soft,
 May thy tried comforts never fail!
 When faithless ones forsake thy wing,
 Be it vouchsafed thee still to see
 Thy true fond nurselings closer cling—
 Cling closer to their LORD and thee!"

Yet I would not, for one moment, be misunderstood. I thank God for the passionate prayers that were made for them there. I only say we would fain have joined them. I thank God for the awakened earnestness with which many heard the truth there, and for the fervent petitions that ascended thence day by day. And though we did not know it in time to add to these our Church's public prayers for the children's deliverance, yet we could not forget as we knelt down in comfort, each in our own closet, the poor starving boys crying from the depths of the earth whilst their hearts were in heaviness.

Day after day passed; the people gathered in crowds round the pit; but none could help. One man since told me that he knew the place so well, having for years been in the habit of working there himself, he could see, in his mind's eye, the very spot where his boy was, and it almost broke his heart to think he could not get to him. Another, who had watched there so long that his strength was completely exhausted, lay down on the bank; and when asked why he did not go home, replied, he was afraid it would kill his wife to see him without his boy: and she, who was ill at home, lay hour after hour, watching for the news with such anxiety, that all about her believed it would cost her her life! Oh! what would we have given merely to know that they were still alive. Day after day passed. The elder men, who knew the awful danger of the bad air, which they dreaded more than the water, seemed to have little hope—some even doubted whether it would be even possible to find the bodies; but the women, more ignorant of the risk of life, and more passionate in their feelings, still hoped against hope: and a few days we could hope too; but the gleam faded, and the answer of one to whom I expressed a belief that we should hear good news of them in a day or two, fell with a heavy weight on my heart; "I dare say," replied he, "we shall see their funerals:" then as the evening drew on, one after another, when I knelt to pray for

the preservation and deliverance of the poor collier boys, my faith wavered—how shall I pray for the dead? We ceased to inquire the news; every body looked so grave that it was needless, and every one's first greeting was, "How sad about these poor boys." On Tuesday night the last hope of the anxious friends was extinguished by a report that the water could not be entirely exhausted for a month to come. This, however, agonizing as it was, proved groundless, for the next morning I was told, that by to-morrow evening the boys must be found, dead or alive. By to-morrow night! Still how many long long hours of terror and anxiety. To-morrow night! and this moment their last strength may be failing. This hour might restore them to light and life. Can no more be done to help? Must hour after hour wear on, whilst they are fainting and famishing one after another?

About the middle of the day on Thursday I met with Isaac's eldest boy, a delicate gentle little fellow, very unfit, at least so it seems to us, for his appointed task. It is really pitiable to see a child, the civilest lad in the parish and the head boy in the school, a good reader and a neat writer, and with wits to learn any thing that he could be taught, trembling and crying from terror at the thought of his fearful work in the coal-pit. It is not cowardliness, but a feeling of his physical inability for his work that weighs down his spirits. I was not at all surprised at the sympathizing expression of feeling with which he answered my questions, nor at the settled air of sadness with which he said, "If they are not starved, the men think the damps" (i. e. the foul air) "have killed them; but they'll be found, any way, to-night." He had been on the spot all day, and was going again. "And you'll come and tell us directly?" But my heart sunk as I asked him. "What miserable news to bring," I thought; "five young creatures, most probably unthinking and unprepared, called thus, in so awful a way, to meet their God! starved to death—pining away miserable one after another—or all at once poisoned by the stifling damp—or altogether drowned, and brought up pale and disfigured, one after another, to their agonized friends. Oh! why should I ask him to bring me such news?" I stood that evening in my room window, looking toward the part where that mine is situated, and longing to know the worst. It is a mercy, I thought, that vehement anxiety cannot last long. But to be sure no one is so foolish as to hope now. At that moment there was a hasty run down the lane and a loud ring at the bell. "Mother! Mother!" said a boy's voice: and Nancy, who was white-washing the kitchen, ran to the door; "Mother, they are all alive!" said the boy, scarcely able to breathe, and Nancy burst into tears. I believe if she had heard they were all dead she would not have cried so much. We all found the use of our feet that moment: there was no more standing to muse and lament over the sad story. "Thank God, the boys are alive!—they are *all* alive!"

was our greeting to one another as we met on the stairs ; and in a moment I was in the midst of the people at the door. Some were laughing, and some were crying, and some did both at once. "It's no kin of mine," said Nancy, "but my husband works in the pit, and my children work in the pit, and the water may break in upon them any day." And you've seen them yourself?" we asked the boy over and over again, and over and over again he assured us that he had ; and we hoped and trusted that they would be prudently treated, and we were told that there were seven doctors on the spot, waiting to take charge of the poor patients ; so we should indeed have been unreasonable not to be satisfied. Then we had leisure to fancy the unspeakable delight of their friends ; and one little touching incident after another showed us how deep-seated is natural affection, and how it exists often under the roughest exterior. One poor fellow was so overcome on seeing his child, that as his wife pushed by him to be the first to clasp him in her arms he fainted away, and as he felt himself falling, exclaimed, "Don't kill me, now I've found my boy !" The poor woman who was confined to her bed a long way from the spot, told me she thought she heard the news in five, aye, in four minutes, for people were waiting all along the road to tell her ; and her brother, she said, flew like the wind, having caught the tidings from her husband, whose agitation was too great for his speed. I shall never forget the peculiar stamp of countenance which I observed in two or three of the parents, when I conversed with them a day or two afterward. It was the most perfect expression of peace and satisfaction that I ever saw on a waking countenance. An infant asleep does sometimes look as calmly happy. Such a look perhaps in an adult would only come after many days of distress and perturbation ; and such a look in this world of perplexities cannot last long. The heart seemed to know but one feeling, and that one was content — calm after a long and tremendous night's storm. "I should not be any happier if I had this hat full of gold," — said one of the fathers to me — "none happier, to look upon his poor dear face this minute. I did give him up on Wednesday, and I said there's no table long enough to lay him out upon when they *do* bring him home ; but there he is, alive, bless the LORD ! and this hat full of gold, would make me none happier than I be." And how had the poor boys felt in that long tremendous week ? "Blessed," says the word of truth, "are they that sow beside all waters." The instruction that some of them had received seemed, in some degree, to have been a real blessing to them ; they were ignorant, indeed, but something they knew. God, in his mercy, grant to them to know more and more ! "The waters are rising," said one of them in his despair, "what shall we do now ?" "We will go and pray," answered some of the rest ; and, as well as they could, so they did ; "and then," added the one who told me the story, "the waters abated." They prayed to be delivered from the bad air ; "and the LORD

was so well pleased," said the collier, who took some pains to explain what he called the manner of it to me, "that he caused one of the doorways at the end of one of the hatches" (I understand by this word, a long passage in the mine running upward) "to break down, and the falling mass of coal and clay stopped up the passage, so that, whilst it confined the boys there, it prevented the foul air from reaching them." The boys themselves appear fully convinced that this preservation was an answer to prayer. May the impression abide with them. "And what didst thou say in thy prayer, my son?" said the father. The boy's answer was a touching specimen of natural eloquence. "LORD," his prayer begun, "LORD! thou knowest how bad 'tis to go to work in the morning in health and strength, and to be carried home to poor father and mother dead." Poor boy, as he spoke, the remembrance of the agony from which he had so lately been delivered so agitated his weak frame, that he with difficulty restrained his tears. The father was much affected. "Then," said he, "that went to my heart more than any thing, that he should remember his poor father and mother in his trouble." Another, who had had a little brother born only the day before the accident, told me he thought of baby when he was down in the pit, and said to himself, "If the LORD takes me away, there's another to stand in my place." This poor fellow was beyond measure distressed at finding his mother so ill. She had suffered very much, and her strength was nearly exhausted, for she had mourned for him all the time she was awake, and dreamt of him during the few minutes that she slept. She fainted when she was told that he was alive, and was, I think, insensible at the time he was carried in. "Don't mind me," said the boy, though his life and that of his companions hung for many days on a thread, "I don't look after myself at all, but it hurts me to see mother so ill. I'm afraid mother'll die." But no! the LORD bringeth down and lifteth up, he killeth and maketh alive; and in a very few days, when I saw the mother, there was only on the pale brow that expression of peace of which I before spoke—a calm whose depth alone told through what a tempest she had passed. And now is my story done; or could I fully enter into the beauty of the text which I taught the children of my class the Sunday morning after, by way of preparing them to join heartily in our Church's thanksgiving that day — "It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found;" could I so deeply feel the natural application of the text, and not say to every reader of my story, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God" (greater than these poor parents felt at the resurrection of their buried sons) "over one sinner that repenteth." Shall I lay down my pen without marking once more the providence of God, ruling every where, in the sea, and in all deep places, without charging, on my own heart, and on my reader's, to acknowledge him in all our ways? Let

us both try to come to the same conclusion to which an old man to whom I talked on the subject brought me. He remarked many striking particulars which made it almost a miraculous preservation, and ended by saying, "To think that there was bad air enough in the place to kill all the horses in the world *seemingly*, and these boys were to be kept alive! 'Tis no use to say no more about it," added he, throwing out his hands with the action of one who casts from him a piece of work he has completed, "'Tis no use to say no more about it—the Lord *does* hear prayer."



SATURDAY NIGHT.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

WILLIAM READY AND ROBERT WISE

AT THE PAY TABLE.

WILLIAM READY. Well, Bob, suppose we have the other glass to drink success to trade; master seems in good spirits, and it is but just gone ten; and besides we can lie an hour longer for it in the morning.

ROBERT WISE. No; I cannot stay any longer: and as for the other glass, it is that which does all the mischief; for I have often seen that as fast as the liquor runs *in*, common sense runs *out*, until a man becomes as light and noisy, and full of vaporous fumes as the barrel he has just emptied. Besides, I have got a wife and family to provide for at home, and it will be eleven o'clock now before we have made our marketing. As to drinking success to trade, I think trade is likely to flourish most when the least drink is going forward. And now we are upon the subject, I wish our master would pay the men at home, and not bring them to the public-house; they can find the way there fast enough without that. This is the worst fault I have to find with our master—he pays his men so late on the Saturday night, that one finds it hard work to get one's little matters all settled without breaking in upon the Lord's day. I have often told him so, but he does not seem to take much concern about it.

Wm. Breaking in upon the Lord's day! Why, I always thought that Sunday was intended as a day of rest and recreation. We are not obliged to be up at six o'clock to work; and what is the odds of having a few matters to do on the Sunday morning? I think, Bob, you have been among the religious folks, and they are making you as stiff and precise as themselves. I hope you are not going to turn one of the godly; they are a set of unhappy people, and want to make every body as melancholy as they are. I was just going to ask you to join a pleasant party, to take a little

pleasure on the water to-morrow. There is Sam Flight and his wife, Tom Worthy and his sweetheart, me and my wife, you and yours; but I suppose, from what you have just now said about the Sunday, it is of no use asking you.

Rob. None at all. You must know there are many strong reasons why I cannot consent to violate and profane the Lord's day.

Wm. Violate and profane the Lord's day! What! To take a little innocent recreation after slaving hard all the week—do you call this violating and profaning the Lord's day?

Rob. Indeed I do; and I don't know how any one can call it otherwise who thinks rightly on the matter. I will give you some of my reasons for saying so, if you will hear them.

Wm. I should like to hear what mighty reason you can give, why a man should not take a little pleasure, only because it happens to be on a Sunday.

Rob. Well then, you must know, first of all, that the sabbath-day was intended by the Almighty to be a day of rest and cessation from labor, as we read, Genesis ii. 3,—“And God blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it; because that in it he had rested from all his work.” Now what you propose as recreation, is, in fact, harder work than any we do all the week; and for my part, I have no notion of rowing in a boat for hours together, for the sake of rest and recreation, and to volunteer myself to the toil of a galley slave, after slaving hard all the week, as you called it. Besides, I shudder when I hear of those awful events which very frequently occur on the Sunday. It was but yesterday that I read in the paper of two parties who were launched into eternity while they were taking their pleasure on the water last Sunday. A bad preparation, surely, for such a change! Besides, you know it is not more than three years ago when a party of fifteen young men and women were every one drowned, and the minister of our town preached a most affecting discourse on the evil and danger of sabbath-breaking. He handled his subject in such a manner as made the tears trickle down from every eye; and in some particular parts, the sighs and sobs of the congregation almost stopped the minister in his sermon. I shall not forget it the longest day I live. I have had enough of sabbath-breaking ever since. And then, to say no more about the labor and the danger of such sport, it cannot be done without money; and a man spends as much in this way on a Sunday, as would almost keep his family half the week; besides coming home at night with weary bones, a guilty conscience, and an empty pocket into the bargain.

Wm. Well, I see 'tis of no use arguing with you; I shall go and see if they have spoken for the boat, and got all things ready; for we mean to start soon in the morning.

Rob. Nay, man, but stay a minute or two longer, for I have got another reason stronger than all the rest put together; and that is, you have the commandments of God against you. He has said

“Remember the sabbath-day, to keep it holy; six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh is the sabbath of the LORD thy God.” You may read more of it in Exodus xx. 8, 9, 10. In Exodus xxxi. 14, JEHOVAH speaks thus: “Ye shall keep my sabbath, for it is holy unto you. Every one that defileth it shall be put to death.” And this law was actually put in force among the Israelites, as we read in Numbers xv. 32, 34, 35, 36. “And while the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they found a man that gathered sticks upon the sabbath-day; and they put him in ward, because it was not declared what should be done to him. And the LORD said unto Moses, The man shall surely be put to death, and all the congregation shall stone him with stones without the camp: and all the congregation brought him without the camp, and stoned him with stones, and he died; as the LORD commanded Moses.” Well might the Apostle say, “It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.” Now as to the manner of keeping the sabbath, I will just mention one text of Scripture more; and this, as well as all the rest, is point-blank against you. Isaiah lviii. 13, 14, “If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the LORD, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing *thine own ways*, nor finding *thine own pleasure*, nor speaking *thine own words*; then shalt thou delight thyself in the LORD, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the LORD hath spoken it.” Now, if these reasons are not enough to satisfy you, I will add another—

Wm. Another! no, no; I don't want any more reasons. But give over this sort of preaching, and say you will go. I'll warrant you it will be a fine day, and we shall all be very happy.

Rob. No, William, I cannot go with you, for sure I am, there is no happiness where the blessing of God is not; much less is happiness to be found in the way of transgression, for the Bible says, “The way of transgressors is hard.” But as I dare not spend the Sunday in your way, let me invite you to spend it in the way that Christian people do; and to encourage you, I will say, in the language of Moses to his brother-in-law, “We are journeying to the place of which the LORD said, I will give it you: come thou with us and we will do thee good: and it shall be, if thou go with us, yea, it shall be, that what goodness the LORD shall do unto us, the same will we do unto thee.” Num. x. 29, 32.

Wm. I begin to think—indeed I have thought so ever since my good old mother died, that it is not quite right to neglect church on the Sunday; and I must honestly tell you, I have more than once or twice had some dismal pangs of conscience, when in spite of all my endeavors to forget it, I have thought upon the foolish manner in which I have spent the past day; and then on the Monday morning, I feel as if every thing was wrong about me. I come to work with a heavy heart, while you appear as blithe as a lark,

and as happy as a prince—tell me, Bob, how it is you pass your Sundays.

Rob. I'll do that with pleasure; and if you can produce but half as many good reasons against my way of spending the Lord's day as I have against yours, then I'll say no more. Well, then, you must know that when Saturday evening comes—

Wm. Saturday evening! Why, shopmate, I asked you how you employed the Sunday, and not what you do on the Saturday? This is making a long Sunday of it indeed.

Rob. I always consider Saturday evening as the preparation for Sunday; and as to the length of it, it always flies too fast for me—

“The gladness of that happy day,
My soul would wish it long to stay.”

Wm. Well, then, on Saturday evening—what then?

Rob. Why then my wife and little ones are all as busy as if they were getting ready to go to court the next morning; indeed, I always count the Lord's day as the grand court day of the King of kings; for as the hymn says—

“The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.”

The children's playthings are all put away; shoes all cleaned; shirts and things all aired and laid ready for the morning; house made tidy; and my wife waiting till I come home, to bring her my wages:—and I must be going soon, else she will begin to think something has happened.

Wm. Yes; I always thought your wife one of a thousand—I wish I could get my old woman to be as notable as yours; however, I must not find fault with her, I might easily have found a much worse.

Rob. Well, then, as I said, all things being ready on Saturday night, we offer up our praises to ALMIGHTY GOD for the mercies of the past week, and pray that with the light of the coming day, the light of his countenance may shine upon our souls.

“Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching sabbath-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.”

Then we go to bed, rest our weary limbs, and always welcome the opening of another Lord's day.

Wm. Why this is making the most of a good thing; but don't

you lie an hour or two longer in the morning after the labor of the week?

Rob. As to that, I'll tell you. I rise at my usual hour, read the Bible alone, and pray to the LORD that we may "begin, continue, and end" the sacred day in the fear of God.

Wm. I am afraid you have got too much religion for me; I shall not much like your way. I always thought if I went to church once on a Sunday, I did my duty quite well enough.

Rob. Too much religion! That is impossible, if a man's heart is in the right place. If so be that he has tasted that the LORD is gracious, he will be coming to him; and "as a new-born babe, desire the sincere milk of the word, that he may grow thereby," as the Apostle Peter speaks. Too much religion! Why, *religion is happiness*; and you never yet knew any one have too much *happiness*!

Wm. Well, after the morning prayer and reading the Bible, what then?

Rob. Why, then I come down, and find the children all clean, and wife ready with the breakfast; and as soon as that is over we prepare for family worship, which we begin with a hymn; the little ones all join—I set the tune, and my Sarah has got a pretty voice. We often begin the Lord's day with—

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the LORD arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

Then we all kneel down and pray for a blessing on the day, never forgetting to commend our minister to the grace of God, that he would be pleased to give him the tongue of the learned, that he may know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.

Wm. I should think you have had praying and singing enough for one day. I should be prayed and sung to death with so much religion.

Rob. Enough! man? The best of it is not yet begun. There is the public worship; why, when the hour arrives, my heart is ready to cry out with David, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the LORD. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of Hosts, my King and my GOD! A day in thy courts is better than a thousand." It would do your heart good to see our good minister go into the reading-desk; he looks like a man that is going to plead with God on behalf of his people. After he has offered up a silent prayer, he looks round upon the congregation with so much affection, that you would think we were all his own children. And then, in the pulpit, whatever his subject may be, he always leads us to think upon one grand truth, the mercy of God in our redemption through CHRIST crucified. That was his first text when he first came to us. "I

am determined not to know any thing among you, save **JESUS CHRIST**, and him crucified." 1 Cor. ii. 2. And he has kept good his determination ever since.

Wm. I think I should not much like your minister. According to your account he is always harping upon one string.

Rob. Harping upon one string! Yes, truly; but it is a string on which he plays a thousand delightful tunes. **CHRIST**, and him crucified! Why, man, this is the music of heaven, and no wonder it should gladden the hearts of sinners upon earth. I could listen to it for ever. Let me tell you, Bill; you and I are sinners, and we stand in need of a Saviour; we are great sinners, and we need a great Saviour; now, just such a Saviour is **JESUS CHRIST**, as St. Paul says, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that **CHRIST JESUS** came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." 1 Tim. i. 15. It is the blood of **CHRIST** that takes away our sins; it is the righteousness of **CHRIST** that justifies us before God; it is the Spirit of **CHRIST** that makes us holy; it is the consolation of **CHRIST** that gives comfort in affliction; it is the grace of **CHRIST** that supports us when we come to die; it is the smile of **CHRIST** that gives boldness in the day of judgment; and it is the presence of **CHRIST** that makes heaven the blessed place it is. In short, "**CHRIST** is all and in all," as the Apostle has it in another place.

Wm. I confess I never heard so much about **CHRIST** before. I always thought that if a man did as well as he could, he need not concern himself so much about **CHRIST** and religion.

Rob. I thought so once, until I heard our good minister preach from this text, "For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse; for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." Gal. iii. 10. I then found myself to be a guilty, condemned sinner. I began to pray for mercy, and I trust I have not prayed in vain: for **CHRIST** says, "All that the Father giveth me, shall come unto me; and him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

Wm. I think I should like to hear your minister preach; but surely you don't think there can be any harm in taking a walk into the fields in the afternoon, after going to church in the morning.

Rob. Why, as to that—Now suppose you come to shop on Monday morning, and work till twelve o'clock, and then go and work for another master the rest of the day—would this be doing your duty to your own master? Would he be pleased with it? Would he not justly scotch you in your reckoning when Saturday night came? So our blessed **LORD** says, "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Matt. vi. 24. Now I love my divine Master, and never think I can do enough for him. I love his service also; it is "perfect freedom."

Wm. Well, I think I should like to spend a Sunday with you, but I can't to-morrow; the party is all made up, except *you*; and as you won't go, we must either get somebody else, or go as we are.

Rob. My dear fellow, let me persuade you not; you seem to be somewhat convinced of the evil of sabbath-breaking, and I am sure you will not be happy. Your conscience has often warned and checked you; and you will be sinning against light, and against this friendly caution. What, if God should take you away with a stroke? You have no security against it, and especially in the way of disobedience; for "he that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Prov. xxix. 1.

Wm. Why, you seem to have all the argument on your side! Well, if I thought they would not laugh at me, and call me one of the godly, I would give it up, and go along with you.

Rob. Laugh at you, and call you one of the godly. Why let them laugh, and let them call! So the gay pleasure-takers might have laughed at Noah while he was preparing the ark; but the flood came, and drowned them all, and their laughter was turned into bitter crying when they found themselves shut out. This might have been the case also with the scoffers who dwelt in guilty Sodom; but the same day that Lot left the place, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all.

Wm. Well, I'll consider of it.

Rob. I hope you will, and may God enable you to determine on the side of CHRIST and your immortal soul! This is true wisdom; and you will find "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace." But I must be going; I have told you but half the delightful work of the Lord's day; come and prove the rest. I will only just say, the other half of the day becomes sweeter and sweeter as one enters into the spirit of it; and I sometimes think if there is so much comfort in the worship of God on earth, then what must heaven be!

" Oh! the delights, the heavenly joys,
The transports of the place;
Where JESUS sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!"

Now, compare your way of spending Sunday with mine, and let any man of common sense be the judge, and I will venture to say he will give it in my favor. You come home half worn-out with recreation, as you call it—money all spent—wife perhaps out of humor—the children cross and sleepy—and when you lie down at night, you cannot ask God's blessing on the past day, but are obliged to skulk to bed like a thief that is afraid to be taken before his judge. But in my way of spending the Sunday our bodies are rested from the toils of the past week, our spirits are refreshed by the blessing of God; it "maketh rich, and addeth

SATURDAY NIGHT.

no sorrow therewith ; ” and we can lie down at night with a cheerful heart, expressing our gratitude to our heavenly Father in devout adoration and songs of praise.

“ Come, bless the LORD, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

O ! that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of GOD remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne’er shall end ! ”

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18
THE

HISTORY OF JOE BENNETT,

AND

HIS FRIEND THOMAS.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE PARTY ON THE WATER, THE
ACCIDENT THEY MET WITH, AND ITS IMPORTANT
CONSEQUENCES.

NEW-YORK:

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HISTORY

OF

JOE BENNETT AND HIS FRIEND THOMAS.

"I THINK we must have a row down the river this beautiful evening," said Joe Bennett. "Ay," replied Harry Adams, "so we will; for we've been to church once to-day, and that's enough in any reason for folks that have worked hard all the week." "True," rejoined Joe; "'tis very well for the gentlefolks and parsons to keep at home on Sundays, when they can take their pleasure all the other six days; but it is quite a different thing for us, and one works all the better for a little fun now and then." "I am sure I do," said Harry; so the plan was made, and they went directly to the water-side and took a boat. In their way, however, they met a neighbor, who they were aware thought very differently about the manner in which Sunday evenings ought to be spent. At first, therefore, they were surprised to see him out, and Joe began to say, that after all, Thomas was no better than themselves; "for," added he, "in spite of what he has preached to me about staying at home, and keeping the sabbath holy, you see he can take a walk as well as we." "And he has less excuse for it, too," said Harry, "for we are but lads, and he is old enough to know better. I don't know that I should go out if I had a wife and children like him."

Thomas came up to them just as they were getting into the boat; and as usual, said something, especially to Joe, whom he had known many years, about the impropriety of what they were doing. He, however, was not disposed to listen, and Thomas left them, saying, "You will repent of this, but, perhaps, when it is too late: and depend upon it, nothing but harm ever came of Sunday parties."

Thomas was a middle-aged man, and though he had lived all his life in his native village, and knew not much of the world, yet he had seen quite enough to convince him that it is the true interest and happiness of every body to obey the commands and do the will of God. He had been a servant of God for many years, and had found him a kind and merciful Master. Of course one of his chief studies had been, how to preserve a consistent conduct and a devotional spirit; and as he was an intelligent man, perhaps few persons were more likely to decide justly what were the best means. Thomas's favorite maxim was, that if Sunday was well

spent things would go well in the week ; and so very great importance did he attach to observing the sabbath, that when his eldest son was going out to a farmer's service, the principal advice he gave him was on that subject. " My boy," said he, " when I was a young man, and could not get a holyday any other time, I was sometimes persuaded to go out on Sunday ; but I can say that I never did so without finding cause to repent of it heartily, even independent of its being a sin against God. I was sure to get into worse company on Sundays than any time else ; and coming home, especially on the river, there were generally some who were half drunk, so that very often accidents happened. Besides, it so unsettled my mind that I could not go comfortably to work the next day. If I had been to church in the morning, these jaunts used to drive out all the good I might have learnt there ; they made me quite forget every thing that had been said, and indeed, to tell the truth, my mind would be so full of the pleasure party, that I hardly listened either to the prayers or sermon. I bless God who did not permit me to persevere in such a course of sin, but convinced me that I could not be happy in disobeying his commandments. Since I have given up pleasure-taking on Sundays, and have endeavored to keep holy the sabbath-day, by worshipping God in his house and in my family, I have found that I have saved my money better, and have been preserved from doing many things that are wrong. God has answered my prayers in blessing both me and my family." This advice, with more of the same nature, Thomas had also before endeavored to impress on his own son, and indeed on all his family ; and he enjoined it by the quiet regular manner in which he always spent the sabbath. His wife was generally obliged to stay at home in the morning with the youngest children ; but not because she had any clothes to wash or iron, or rooms to clean, before she could go to church. All this was done on the Saturday ; and even if Thomas was late in bringing his wages home, her credit at the shop was good enough for her to be trusted with what she might want until Monday morning ; so that she never had occasion to go for any thing on Sunday. In the afternoon Thomas would stay with the children, while his wife went to church ; or if they could contrive it, they would both go, and one would sit near the door to be able to slip out the more easily, if a child should cry or be troublesome. The evening they spent in talking over what they had heard in the day, in teaching their children, or in reading the Bible or some good book. When first Thomas became a religious man he used to think that he could never go too often to a place of worship ; but after a time he began to consider that it was a little selfish for him to leave his wife the whole day with the children ; and accordingly he resolved to have his turn for taking care of them. As his children were growing up, he perceived very clearly that God had blessed his endeavors to do them good by talking to them, and making them learn their hymns or catechisms ; and that

this attention to them on the Sunday evening was better than taking them to a service, where he could hardly ever make them attentive, and where they often went to sleep.

From this plan of spending the Lord's day Thomas never deviated except in a case of necessity; and such we may call that which took him from church in the afternoon of which we have been speaking. He had heard that his sister was ill, and particularly desired to see him. It was said, indeed, that no immediate danger was apprehended; but yet, as she lived at some distance, it was uncertain how he should receive further accounts of her; and as he knew that she had no religious friends about her, he did not hesitate to comply with her wish without delay.

He found her, however, worse than he had expected; and this induced him to remain so long with her, that though it was a fine summer's evening, the sun had been set some time before he came to the ferry, where he had left Joe and Harry. He was astonished to see a great crowd of people there, and if it had been possible he would have avoided them, and gone home some other way. As he approached his astonishment increased. A great confusion prevailed; some were hallooing, some swearing, some pushing, some bringing ropes and poles, so that it was evident something was the matter. Thomas paused a few minutes, and then inquired of one who stood near what had happened.

"Oh, there's been an upset," replied the man; "a boat has been turned over, and two young men are gone down." "Indeed!" said Thomas, and his heart sunk, for he could not help guessing who they were. Very soon one body was brought out quite insensible, and apparently lifeless. They laid it on the grass and rubbed it, but no sign of life appeared; and they all agreed that the only chance of restoration would be from putting it into a warm bed, and using the methods prescribed by the Humane Society. Thomas hearing what passed, went up and looked at the body, and finding it was poor Joe, proposed carrying him to his own home. Some said they were sure Joe was quite dead, that it would not be worth while to take any further trouble, and they advised the sending of the body to the bone-house at once: but Thomas could not consent to give up all hopes of the poor young man, without at least doing whatever was in his power, and he said he would not mind the trouble. The people, however, appeared to be more willing to wait by the river than to help him; and it was not till after much persuasion that he prevailed on one of his neighbors to bear part of the burden.

In the mean time, a number of persons continued searching and dragging the river to find the other body; but their efforts were quite fruitless. More than an hour having passed since the accident happened, there could be no hope of restoring the poor lad, even if he were found: so they gave over their labor, and the crowd dispersed.

Thomas had now reached home. His wife had been a little

alarmed at his being out so much later than was usual with him but the melancholy occurrence accounted for his absence, and she had only to think what could be done for the unhappy sufferer. Thomas then had Joe laid upon his own bed with his head rather lower than his body; and as they had but one blanket, they folded it so as to wrap him round. A fire was soon lighted, and Thomas and his wife rubbed him with warm flannels, and applied flannels wrung out of hot water to the region of the heart, and bottles filled with hot water to the feet, while their neighbor went to the nearest public-house for some cordial. No less urgent occasion, indeed, would have induced Thomas to send on Sunday on such an errand; but as he was sure they were doing their duty, he said that for once they must not mind appearances. For a long time every exertion seemed fruitless, and even the doctor, who had come in, was beginning to think there was no chance of restoration; but at the end of almost four hours they perceived a slight motion of the heart, and soon after a faint attempt to breathe. "Thank God," said Thomas, "he has spared poor Joe a little longer." "And spared him to repent, I trust," replied his wife. The doctor continued to apply the proper means, the symptoms of animation increased, and in a few minutes Joe opened his eyes. It was still some time before he was sufficiently recovered to notice surrounding objects; and then it may be guessed how much he was astonished to find himself in the house of one whom he almost insulted a few hours before. But frequent meditation on the love of CHRIST in dying to save his soul, had taught Thomas to return good for evil; for he considered Him who endured the contradiction of sinners against himself, lest he should be weary in the discharge of this Christian duty, so contrary to the pride of corrupt human nature.

Though Joe had been wild, and in many respects vicious, yet he could not help feeling gratitude for Thomas's kindness and care; and when he had sufficiently come to himself to understand what had been done for him, he burst into tears, and said, "Alas, Thomas, I did not deserve all this." Thomas was very pleased to see so much feeling in him, and thought it was a suitable time to throw in something in the way of advice.

"Nay, Joe," he replied, "if you think you ought to thank me, who have done no more than my duty, how grateful should you be to that merciful God who preserved you, even when you were flying in the face of his commandments! By this most gracious deliverance he calls you to repentance, and to learn his willingness to save you from eternal death. 'It is a faithful saying; that CHRIST JESUS came into the world to save sinners;' and all who truly believe this, honor, adore, and love his holy name; and would not for the world live in sin against Him whom they so dearly love." This remark seemed to make some impression upon Joe; and after a pause he rejoined, "Yes, indeed, I should love him; but," he added after another pause, "where is Harry

Adams?" "There is no hope for him, he is quite gone. They were searching for him for more than an hour last night, but he was not found till this morning. God has cut him off in his sin, though you are spared." Joe was again silent and thoughtful; but at last, with fresh tears, he said, "God has been very good to me." Thomas finding he was disposed to listen, continued the subject still longer, and pointed out the threatenings and promises of the Gospel. He told him that if he would but pray for pardon, and the assistance of the HOLY SPIRIT, God would still hear him; and he would receive "repentance and remission of sins, according to the riches of his grace." He spoke to him of the kindness and love of CHRIST, and of his death on the cross for the sake of saving sinners, exhorting him to seek an interest in his atonement; and ended by proposing that they should now unite in offering up thanksgiving to ALMIGHTY GOD for his past mercies; and in praying that he would grant his guidance and protection in future. Joe's heart was a good deal softened and impressed, and he willingly agreed to this proposal.

It is not usual that wonderful and sudden events should be the means of converting those who have been before depraved or careless; and it may indeed generally be said, that if ordinary admonitions fail, there is little reason to hope that extraordinary ones should have more effect: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Yet we may occasionally, though rarely, see that Providence does interpose, and in some remarkable manner prevent the sinner from running headlong into destruction. This seemed to be the case with poor Joe. That he should have been spared and his companion taken, together with the kind care and advice of Thomas, under the blessing of God, made a deep impression on his mind. And when he rose from the bed on which he had been laid apparently lifeless, it was with a heart grateful to his divine Preserver, and firm resolutions to lead a new life.

Thomas, as we may suppose, was rejoiced to see these favorable signs of repentance and amendment; but he knew too well that a good beginning was not enough, and that there was still much danger of Joe's falling again into sin. He therefore did not consider his work ended, but determined to adopt some regular plan for the future. Joe worked hard all the week from morning to night, and when his work was done he was generally tired, and glad to go to bed; or if he was not, as he lived in a steady farmer's family, he seldom got into harm in the evenings except when he had a holyday. Sunday was, therefore, the day in which he was in the greatest danger; and it appeared to Thomas that the best thing he could do was to get Joe to spend his Sundays with him. There was indeed one obstacle—Thomas was a poor man, and had a young family, and giving a stout lad food once every week was what he could not well afford. But his wife and he consulted about it, and they agreed that they could perhaps manage, at

least during the summer time, and they would determine what to do in the winter, when winter came. The plan was accordingly proposed to Joe, and he accepted it with thankfulness.

After this time he came regularly every Sunday morning, and went to church with the family. The evening employment, to say the truth, was at first a little irksome; especially during the fine long days, when he thought a walk or a row would be very pleasant. But God enabled him to persevere; and before the summer was over, he said that he liked a great deal better to read and pray and teach the children with his friend Thomas, than to go with the pleasantest party he had ever joined.

I do not remember exactly how they managed when winter came; but I think I have heard that Joe's master allowed him to take his dinner in a basin. I cannot indeed be quite certain how this was; yet I can assure the reader that Joe is now very much respected, and is universally thought a pious and excellent young man; and I have heard him say, that, under God, he attributes his conversion and reformation to having learnt how to improve his *Sunday evenings*.

17
A

MAN OVERBOARD;

OR,

CONVERSATION IN THE MAINTOP.

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No. 91.



A MAN OVERBOARD.

THE boat had returned to the ship, the sails were filled, and the crew were left to one of those seasons of reflection which so frequently occur to those whose business is on the mighty deep; but which as frequently pass away like a morning cloud, or as the dew before the rising sun.

If "there is but a step between me and death," be applicable to mankind in general, it may with peculiar propriety be adopted as the language of the seaman, whose duty so often calls him to situations the most dangerous, and to enterprises the most daring. The case of poor Ben Collins was an apt illustration of this fact.—He was called upon to stow the jib, and was going with his usual agility to obey the command, when, as the ship was rising to the sea, and he was seizing a favorable moment to perform his task, he over-reached his aim, and was hurled headlong into the yawning gulf below.

The greatest anxiety prevailed to save his life. Every exertion was used that humanity could devise. The main-topsail was laid aback, and a boat was lowered with the most eager rapidity; but all was unavailing—after buffeting the waves for a few minutes, he sunk to rise no more.

Ben was a character of no common kind. Long experience had taught his officers, that the greatest confidence might be placed in him. So surely as an order was given, so certainly would it be executed by him with cheerfulness and despatch. He was to be found at his station by day and by night, whether the eye of his superior was upon him or not: no danger alarmed, no hardship discouraged him.

No wonder then that he was much respected—many there were who disliked his principles, (for Ben loved his Bible; and had long determined, that whatever others did, he would serve the LORD,) and some who had known him in former times, when he willingly ran with them to the same excess of riot, did not fail to reproach him with hypocrisy; but these joined in the general grief, and all the crew appeared to be of one opinion, that as surely as there is a heaven, so surely Ben Collins had now reached it.

William Hardy was on duty at the time, in the main-top—William was the bosom-friend of poor Ben. He had seen his struggles for life, with an anxiety that showed his affection. He deeply lamented the loss of his messmate, who had been to him, on all occasions, as a counsellor; but he grieved not as one without hope. for he knew that "Blessed are the dead that die in the LORD."

William sat with his eyes fixed in the direction whence his departed friend disappeared for ever from his sight, until his attention was arrested by a heavy sigh from James Johnson, who was the only

person with him, and who had likewise beheld the melancholy event from the maintop, with deep concern. Now, James, although a good a seaman as ever stepped between stem and stern of a ship, was a great reprobate. Having been from a boy brought up to a seafaring life, he had early imbibed all those prejudices against religion, and religious people, which are so naturally felt by persons who are careless about it. He was one of those who loved to crack a joke at Ben's expense; and it was no uncommon thing to see him at his berth, for the sole purpose of driving him away, by his obscenity and blasphemy, which never failed to raise a shout of laughter from those around; and although William had often, in vain, endeavored to dissuade him from such conduct, he, nevertheless, felt encouraged, from this favorable opportunity, to enter into conversation with him; when a dialogue, something to the following effect, took place:

William. You sigh, James, may I ask the cause? It is an unusual thing to hear you sigh.

James. I was thinking, William, that could I have foreseen this sudden event, I would have assured poor Ben, before I left the deck this morning, that I inwardly respected him, though my outward conduct has always belied my heart; and would have frankly acknowledged how unkind I had ever been to one who had always been kind to me.

William. Such an acknowledgment would have been truly gratifying to him; and I doubt not, that many others, were they equally candid, would confess the same; but your greatest offence has been committed against a higher power; and it would afford me no small consolation, if, for once, you would seriously reflect on the dangers to which we are so constantly exposed, and learn, from what has just happened, the awful importance of the admonition, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

James. I wish I could give these matters a more serious consideration, and, bad as I am, I mean one day to change my life; but what can a man do on board ship? stop till I get on shore, and then I will go to church every Sunday.

William. But the Bible tells us that we know not what a day may bring forth. You cannot say that you will ever reach the shore! Suppose Ben had formed a similar resolution, and had determined, like yourself, to put away all serious thoughts of eternity to a more convenient season—where would he have now been, think you?

James. I cannot tell. Do we not hear that God is merciful, and forgives sins?

William. True, but God is also just—and his justice must be satisfied, before his mercy can be granted—and, blessed be his name, there is a way in which "Mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace embrace each other."

James. You know that I am entirely ignorant of these things—I somehow wish to know, and yet I feel—

William. Quite astray, you would add, if you were to be candid

Strange as it may appear, it is no more strange than true, that although naturally we are in darkness, we feel the greatest dislike to come to the light, lest our deeds should be reproved ; but give me your attention for a few minutes, and I will endeavor to explain myself on this important subject.

“I suppose you have heard that Adam and Eve, our first parents, being tempted by Satan, committed sin against God, by doing that which he had forbidden. By this transgression, sin entered into the world, and death by sin ; and they who were created holy, thus became sinners, and their children were after their likeness, sinners like their parents. It could not be otherwise ! Thus, by nature we are all sinners ; and I need not use any arguments to convince *you*, that by practice we are so likewise.”

James. I cannot deny it, shipmate.

William. The vices of drunkenness, sabbath-breaking, swearing, blaspheming, &c., are too common among sailors to require any proof ; but although this were not the case, the fact would still be the same, that “there is none righteous, no not one ;” all by nature are under the curse of the holy law of God, which says, “The soul that sinneth, it shall die ;” that is, die eternally ; so that none could have escaped eternal condemnation, had not God, in infinite mercy, devised a plan by which “He can be just, and yet the justifier of those who believe in JESUS CHRIST his Son, who came into the world to save sinners.”

James. These are strange things ; where did you learn them ?

William. From this Bible which I always carry with me. This is God’s revelation to man. From this I learn the state of my soul ; by this I am directed to my heavenly physician. But as the “Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots,” no more can a man do good who is accustomed to do evil, without being wholly changed, or born again, as the Scriptures express it, through the power of the HOLY SPIRIT, whose office it is to convince men of sin, and to lead them to CHRIST for salvation. Our blessed Redeemer fulfilled the law of God, which we have broken ; and made perfect satisfaction to the justice of God for the sins of all who come unto God by Him ; so that “there is now no condemnation to them that are in CHRIST JESUS, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.”

James. What is meant by walking after the flesh and after the Spirit ?

William. My Bible tells me that “the works of the flesh are hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like ; and the works of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance.”

James. And can you say that you commit none of these things which are forbidden ?

William. Certainly not ; but this I can say, that I earnestly pray that the Spirit of God may enable me to keep from the commission

of them. The best of men have too much cause daily to lament their transgressions, and to come afresh to the throne of grace for pardon, through the blood of CHRIST;—a believer in him is made by the HOLY SPIRIT to hate and detest all sin. Naturally, man loves it; but when his heart is changed by being born again, he becomes “a new creature in CHRIST JESUS;” and this will cause him to strive to serve GOD faithfully, and his superiors with respect and fidelity. The Bible is clear on this point; and if all men on board could act up to its precepts, we should no more have occasion for those strong measures of discipline, which we must all allow are absolutely necessary while men remain disobedient and disorderly in their conduct.

James. I readily confess that I see the necessity for a reformation of life; but how could I endure the ridicule which would be cast at one, who has been so long a persecutor of those who dared to be singular, in the midst of so much wickedness and profanity?

William. You could not stand against it for a moment, if you trusted in your own strength! but if you, under a sense of your own weakness, pray for assistance from GOD, through JESUS CHRIST, you will find him a present help in time of need. He will, by his Holy Spirit, give you strength equal to your day, so that all those mountains of difficulties which appear to stop your progress, will vanish away; and you will be led, with the Apostle, to say, “I can do all things through CHRIST JESUS which strengtheneth me.”

James. This is great encouragement, and I feel thankful for what you have told me; I see that I have been all along in error, and that I am a great rebel against the Almighty; but if what you tell me be correct, I may yet find mercy and forgiveness.

William. Yes, if you really feel that you are guilty, and that you stand in need of a Saviour; if you see that you have broken GOD’s holy law, in thought, word, and deed, not in one or two instances, but in every particular; (and who is the man that will dare to deny this, when it is remembered, that so spiritual is that law, that to be angry with our brother without a just cause is murder, according to the declaration of the Son of GOD himself;) if you are convinced that you must suffer the punishment due to sin, unless a better righteousness than your own can be presented to your offended GOD—if, I say, you can feel all this, and are willing to accept of salvation as the free gift of GOD through JESUS CHRIST, then, believe me, James, you are not far from the kingdom of heaven. You could not have been thus made sensible of your real state, (the condition of every man by nature,) but by the teaching of the HOLY SPIRIT, and you have only to go to the mercy-seat of that Redeemer, who is ever more ready to hear than we are to pray, and whose invitation is, “Come unto me all ye that are weary, and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.”

The conversation was here interrupted by the relieving of the watch; but not before William had received a promise from James, that he would from that hour diligently read the word of GOD, and

endeavor to lead a new life ; which, by the help of the LORD, he was enabled to do ; and at length became an ornament to his Christian profession, and an example to his shipmates, in respect and obedience to his superiors, not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake.

HYMN.

ONCE on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
 The wind, that toss'd my found'ring bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 —It was the Star of Bethlehem !

It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It bade my dark foreboding cease ;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star! the Star of Bethlehem.

BALAAH prophesied of our Saviour, "I shall see him, but not now, I shall behold him, but not nigh ; there shall come a STAR out of Jacob."—*Numbers* xxiv. 17.

JESUS CHRIST says of himself, "I am the root and the offspring of David and the bright and morning STAR."—*Revelations* xxii. 16.

THE SEAMAN'S HYMN.

Save, LORD ! or we perish.—MATT. viii. 35.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker : " Save, LORD ! or we perish."

O JESUS, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused, by the shriek of despair, from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish. " Save, LORD ! or we perish."

And O ! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
'Then send down thy Spirit thy ransom'd to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer ; " Save, LORD ! or we perish."

7-20
THE

F I S H E R M A N

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS

NEW-YORK:

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No. 99.



THE FISHERMAN.

THE day had been sultry and oppressive, in the month of August; body and mind were weary and exhausted; but evening came, cool, refreshing, and bracing. The moon rose in soft majesty, and her mild beams were reflected in the ocean. I walked out to enjoy the breeze from the sea, and coming to a turn in the road, the full expanse of water burst on my view—my heart was filled with delight—a feeling that I might call pleasing melancholy pervaded my soul—I repeated, “These are thy glorious works, Almighty! Thyself how wondrous fair.” Surely, thought I, he who who formed such scenery, and gave us the capability of enjoying it, wills our happiness: but how has sin darkened our mind, and estranged us from all that is excellent—how many forget the God who gives them all things richly to enjoy!

While engaged in these thoughts, a large fishing-boat, with its sails set, hove in sight, from behind a bluff head-land—i passed on to its mooring through the dancing moonbeams—another followed, and another, until eight were drawn up beside each other. The beach on which these vessels rested, formed one side of a square, and neat, slated, white cottages formed the other three sides. The picture interested me. How happy, thought I, must these poor fishermen be, to return to their families after a week of trial and hardship. Such men as these were chosen by our LORD as the first preachers of the glorious Gospel, and his constant companions; may I hope to find some among these who rejoice in that Gospel. I walked down to the beach where some men and boys were standing, waiting, I supposed, to welcome their friends to shore.

One rather respectable-looking man stood beside me, I addressed myself to him. “Are you interested in these fishing vessels?” “Yes,” was his reply; “I go out with them every second week.” “Yours is a very honorable employment, friend, the apostles of our LORD were mostly fishermen.” The man looked at me for a few moments, but made no reply. “I suppose,” I said, “you have heard of the Lord JESUS CHRIST?” He bowed his head, but said nothing. “Of course you can read,” said I. “Oh yes, I am fond of reading stories.” “Do you read the Testament?” “No, I never saw it.” Would you like to have one? There are a great many stories in it.” “I don’t know; I think that is the book Father K—— bade us not read.” “Did he tell you why he wished you not to read it?” “He said we could not understand it, and that there were some bad things in it.” “Do you know who gave us that book?” “Some old men long ago.” “Some good men, by the immediate direction

of ALMIGHTY GOD, wrote it, to teach us how we are to serve and please God, and how we are to be saved eternally." "Why, sure, our priests can tell us that; we need not read a book to learn how we are to be saved."

Wishing to have some private conversation with this man,—when I might be able, I hoped, to draw him out to speak more freely,—I asked him to sell me one of his fish, and to carry it home for me; both of these he did willingly, and when we got out from the bustle, I resumed the subject on which we had been speaking. "So you think," said I, "you need not read any book to teach you the will of God concerning you, and are persuaded it is only necessary to learn from your priest what is right. If that be the case, why does the LORD in that book say to all the people who surrounded him, most of whom were poor and ignorant, 'SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES?' This is his command, and is given to you and me, as well as to those who were then present."

The man stared at me, and then said, "I never heard any thing about it, Sir. I do my duty as well as I can. Father K—— finds no great fault with me; if I do something he does not like, he bids me say a few more prayers, and all is well." "What does he bid you pray for, friend?" "Sure, I don't know; sure, I have no Latin." "And you say your prayers in Latin?" "Why, I can't say I say them in Latin, but I hear the clergy say them." "Did you ever hear the Lord's Prayer?" "Is it 'Our Father?'" "Yes, it begins so." "Oh yes." He then repeated it so fast, that had I not known the prayer before, I could not possibly have understood him. "You can repeat that perfectly," I said, "I believe, without missing a word, but do you understand it? Suppose we try. It begins, you know, with these words, 'Our Father which art in heaven,'—Who is our Father who is in heaven?" "Well, I declare I never thought about it before,—it must be God, he is in heaven." "Now, answer me a few questions, if you please." He looked satisfied, and I went on.

"Do you remember," said I, "when the king was here, a few years since?" "Yes, that I do, I saw him before he got to Dublin; I longed to touch him, if I dare; I thought it a fine thing to have our own king among us." "Suppose the king had said to you, 'Ask me any favor you choose, if it will be for your good you shall have it.'" "Dear me, I wish he had said so; I should have asked him for one of those beautiful vessels he had with him." "And would you have spoken to him as fast as you did this moment when repeating the Lord's Prayer, and would you have thought as little of what you were saying?" "Oh, certainly, I should not; I should have been very anxious to get the ship, and, if I were sure he would not have been angry, I should have asked him very earnestly for it. I now see, Sir, what you want to ask me, that I should be, at least, as respectful to my God as to my king." "Yes, and something more I want you to think of, that you do not really desire to have an answer to your

prayer, or you would make it more earnestly." "An answer!" said he, "who ever heard God speak to answer any prayer?" "May not an answer," said I, "be given without one word being spoken? For instance, suppose I ask you to give me that fish you have in your hand, you can give me the fish without speaking to me. In the Lord's Prayer you ask for your 'daily bread;' every morsel you put into your mouth should make you, with thankfulness, acknowledge the gracious answer to this prayer." "But, you know, I get my food by own hard labor." "Yes, I know you do, and as soon as sin entered into the world, the declaration of God was to Adam, and to all who have ever lived since, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;' but who provides this food for you? Are not the fish made by the God whom you ask to give you 'daily bread?'" "Oh yes, indeed, and I never thought about all this before." "If you would think over the petitions in that one prayer, and desire them earnestly in your heart, you would soon find that God can answer prayers, and can make his people very happy." "Ah, Sir, I have not time to think of all this you tell me; I must work hard while out with the boat, and when I'm on shore I have other things to do." "Why you have, at least, the whole of Sunday to read the word of God, and pray to him." "Sunday! oh, the least one can expect is to have the Sunday for amusement, when one has been laboring hard all the week." "Do you not know that one of the commandments of God is 'Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy?'" "Indeed, I have heard so, but you know one cannot be always working, always thinking." "My dear friend, I entreat you to consider what you are saying, and what you are doing; you and I are now alive, and appear in good health; are you certain we shall both be alive and well to-morrow?" "No, indeed, Sir, I am not, for I have known many die in a shorter time; but I hope I shall live longer. I am only twenty-eight, and in good health and spirits, so I have reason to expect I shall be alive and well for many a day."

"You remind me of a circumstance," said I, "with which I was acquainted some years since. There was a man whose name was Browne, the strongest man in the country where he lived. He could bear great fatigue and hardship, and never appeared to suffer from them. He was a very wicked blasphemer, and feared by all his poor neighbors. This man burst a blood-vessel—every one thought his death would be immediate, but he recovered surprisingly, and seemed hardly less strong than he had been before. During the time of his illness, a lady who lived near him, used frequently to call in to inquire for him, and to try, if possible, to lead him to consider himself an accountable being. It was all to no purpose—he appeared as hardened as ever. This same lady was walking through a field one Sunday evening; she met a respectable and orderly woman with whom she was well acquainted; she said to her, 'We are going to

prayers this evening, Mrs. Wilson, a very excellent man is to preach; will you come and hear him?' 'Indeed, ma'am, I have not time,' she replied, 'I am just going to look after my cow, and then I must see in what state my flax is, which is laid out on the grass. I have a fine store of flax for winter's spinning, and I and my daughters intend to make some good sheeting.' The lady tried to convince her this was not the manner in which the sabbath should be spent, and reminded her that the command was very positive, to keep the sabbath-day, that is the *whole day, holy*,—that the day was not ours, that it was peculiarly called the *Lord's day*, and that great blessings were promised to those who kept it holy. All was to no purpose; Mrs. Wilson would go to her cow and her flax, and they parted, and, as the event turned out, never again to meet in this world. The first news the lady heard in the morning was that Mrs. Wilson was dead. She had gone to bed, apparently, as well as usual, in about two hours awoke, complained of being ill, a blood-vessel burst, and in twenty minutes she was a corpse. This was a great shock to the lady who had been speaking to her the evening before; she wished she had been more earnest with her to come where she would have heard of Jesus the Saviour of sinners; but it was then too late to regret, and she was fully persuaded, the last evening, that no arguments she could use would have induced the poor woman to give up her worldly plans. She thought, however, this poor woman's sudden death might, possibly, make some impression on Browne; and she thought she ought not to lose this opportunity of speaking to him on his awful state. She, therefore, went to his house, and finding him at home, she said, 'Well, Browne, I am really glad to find you are getting so strong, the Lord has mercifully spared you. Your poor neighbor, Mrs. Wilson, has been carried away suddenly, without a moment's time to think of the state of her soul, and you have now been spared for two or three years, though attacked with the same complaint. Surely you owe much to the forbearing mercy of God, who has granted you a longer time for repentance, and I entreat you, consider if you had been carried off last night, what hope could you have that your sins were pardoned?' His brow contracted, his face flushed, he could hardly suppress his passion; he replied in a very angry tone, 'I am not at all obliged to you, Ma'am, for comparing me with that weak woman; I owe no thanks to any one for my recovery, it was the strength of my own good constitution saved me.' The lady tried to convince him that he had made a very sinful speech, and that God could in a moment deprive him of life, as well as the weakest woman in the world. He would not listen to what she said, told her he must go to his work, and left the house. But so did it turn out, most singular to relate, that a very few months after this, he was carried off as suddenly, and as unprepared as poor Mrs. Wilson. These circumstances are, I can assure you, perfectly true, they passed under my own immediate observation,

and certainly convey a solemn warning to us not to trifle with eternity."

We had now just reached the house to which I was going, though we had walked slowly, and I had lengthened the way as much as I could. The fisherman stopped: "Sir," said he, "I thank you for having spoken to me as you have done; no one ever took the same trouble with me before. I have lived a very wicked life, I know; I have frequented midnight dances and parties, where the name of God was blasphemed, and where almost all the company were shamefully drunk. I have joined in those excesses, and have been as wicked as the worst. My priest has known of it, and all he has done was to make me repeat over, as fast as I chose, a number of prayers; this was a penance—to pray to God who gives me all good things, was made a punishment to me; this seems surely a strange kind of religion. I know I am very ignorant, but you proved to me that I should not think of asking a favor from an earthly king in this manner, and, by the blessing of God, I will learn how to ask favors from my heavenly King; and I beg of you, dear Sir, as the greatest kindness you ever did, to procure me a Testament, and, I assure you, no priest shall ever take it from me."

I promised to get a Testament for him next day. In the mean time I gave him a few tracts I had in my pocket: he thanked me. "Let me say a few words to you, my friend," I said, "before we part. Recollect that JESUS CHRIST came into the world to save sinners. The New Testament gives us his history. He was God manifest in the flesh, that he might destroy the works of the devil. Pray to him, and he will hear you, and answer your prayers; for he says, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, that will I do.' (John xiv. 13.) And he has promised his Holy Spirit to those who ask him. (Luke xi. 13.) May he help you abundantly, as I truly believe he will, and may you and I rejoice through eternity, that the LORD, in his providence, caused us to meet this evening."

When the fisherman left me I retired to my room, and, opening the window, enjoyed the refreshing coolness of the evening. The tide was flowing in, and almost at its greatest height; at one place a rocky headland rose as if to obstruct its passage, and defy its farther encroachment; there a sweep of sandy beach, gently sloping down to the sea, appeared to present no obstacle to the menacing water. But the LORD, who governs all things, had fixed his law. "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." This was the declaration of the Almighty Creator, and the sandy beach was as effectual a barrier to the tide as the firm rock. What a lesson to man to trust in the LORD, and look to him continually as his guide and protector. All things are under his providential care, and he directs the affairs of life as he sees best.

May I not hope that the LORD, in his providence, led me to the place where the fisherman was standing watching the boats

coming to their moorings! Next week this poor man is to go out in his turn to fish: who can say he will certainly return in safety? before the boats come back with their loads he may have found a watery grave; it is only a few months since, and not far from this, that some poor men were lost without a moment's warning; they thought themselves as safe as any of these men, but, almost in an instant, they were hurried into eternity.

May my poor friend be led to cast himself, with all his hopes and fears, and all his sins, too, on JESUS, the Saviour of sinners, who is "able to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him," (Heb. vii. 25;) and then, whether living or dying, he will be happy for ever, and have his treasure laid up in heaven, "Where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through, nor steal." Matt. vi. 20.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:
From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O! thy servant, LORD, prepare,
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

THE END.

21
THE

DANISH SAILOR

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

NEW-YORK:

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY;

No. 96.



THE DANISH SAILOR.

IN the month of February, 1826, returning from church, after divine service, on Sunday, I was addressed by a boy in a sailor's dress, with a request that I would intercede with his master, (the captain of a vessel then in port,) to allow him to return to his situation as cabin-boy. He confessed that he had been persuaded to desert by some ill-advising companions, who, having induced him to forfeit his protection and his place, had left him without a friend, at a distance from home. The boy, who told me that his name was Robert Tudor, seemed to be simple and very destitute. I promised him that I would inquire into the particulars of his case, and if I found his statement correct, and his behavior while on shore such as I could approve, that I would endeavor to influence his master in his behalf.

As soon as I had leisure, I proceeded to the quay where the vessel was lying, and found Captain Glanville, the master, walking on deck. He appeared a steady seafaring man, who had passed his life in the service, and as his manner was at once free and respectful, I had little difficulty in entering into conversation with him, and frankly telling him my business. I requested to know if little Bob, his late cabin-boy, had stated matters correctly in his story to me; upon which he gave me at once a detail of the whole, as follows: "That his last voyage had been from New-York, in America, in the course of which his late crew had behaved in so disorderly a manner, and shown such mutinous dispositions, that he counted himself fortunate in having brought his vessel safe to port; that he had determined to dismiss his men at the first convenient opportunity, but they had anticipated his purpose, by departing in a body the moment they arrived at this port, where they knew it was impossible for him to procure a crew, and with a view to inconvenience him the more, they persuaded his cabin-boy, who had been articled to him as an apprentice, to leave the vessel; and thus, Sir," continued he, "I have been, since my arrival, without a cabin-boy, until yesterday, with only one sailor, who never joined the others, left to do the whole business of my ship;" and at the same time, he pointed to the stern of the vessel, where John Talguist was busily engaged for him.

"Among the faithless, faithful only he."

I found upon further inquiring, that when Robert Tudor had been thus seduced to leave his duty, he accompanied his shipmates to a public-house in the village, where they remained some weeks, promising each and all that they would procure him an opportunity of returning to Liverpool, his native place; however, as occasion

offered, they dropped off one by one, each took his different course, and at length the little victim of their persuasions was left alone, and saw his place on board the vessel filled by another.

How forcibly does this transaction confirm the observation that the *tempted* can expect but little sympathy from the *tempters* who induce them to sin. In every condition of life, those who act the part of Satan's agents in deluding others, are found "standing afar off" when the punishment of offences comes. "What is that to us? see thou to that," said the chief priests to Judas, when he, too late, repented that he had sinned in betraying the innocent blood: "You must shift for yourself, my lad," was the parting salutation of his comrades to little Robert Tudor. This is all true to nature, to sinful nature; thus it has been, and thus it will ever be, while sin keeps its hold of the human heart.

Again we see in the case of this boy the danger of following the ways or advices of strangers; and the young, especially, should learn from it, that it is not always the advice most pleasing which is most safe. Robert thought it would be a fine thing to be his own master for awhile, and a pleasing thing to walk idly about on shore; but he had been committed to the care of Captain Glanville by his parents, and he was bound to submit himself to him, by the sense of that commandment of God which says, "Honor thy father and thy mother." As far as I could learn, he had no just complaint to make of severity, or even unkindness, and yet he was persuaded, by selfish and interested advisers, to forfeit his master's protection: for aught I know, little Robert Tudor may now be wandering an outcast through the world; he left my village with the intention of making his way to Cork, in the hope of procuring employment there, and he has doubtless before this experienced many of the hardships which follow disobedience; and it will be a singular mark of God's mercy, if his early rashness does not continue to affect his history through life.

But to return to John Talguist. The esteem and affection with which his master spoke of him, induced me to inquire further into his circumstances. I found that he was a Dane by birth, and spoke English but imperfectly—that in the performance of all his duties as a seaman, he was most regular and active—that, though his shipmates had often solicited him to join in their debaucheries and other irregular proceedings, he had always been firm in his refusal—and that latterly he had suffered much reproach, and even personal ill treatment, as a consequence of his strictness. Conduct so exemplary struck me as remarkable in a person in his station of life, and exposed to such trials; but it was not until further acquaintance, that I found in him a strength "which the world knows not of."

The weather at this season had been peculiarly inclement; the oldest persons could not remember such severe and continued storms, and the accommodation for vessels at our port being very insufficient, it required all the exertions of their crews to secure them from running foul of each other. This severe duty fell heavily upon the poor faithful fellow of whom I write; the labor and watching proved

too much for his strength, and when I visited the vessel a few days afterward, I heard that he had been sent ashore dangerously ill.

I found poor John Talguist lying at a public-house in the village, and, at the very moment I arrived, the landlord was debating with his wife how they might best get rid of their lodger. They were acting wisely in their generation, as children of this world; they saw little prospect of profit in attending him, and every probability of his dying in their house; and the moment they discovered the nature of his disorder, expressed the utmost terror at the idea of catching the infection. Under these circumstances there was nothing to be done but to prepare for his removal, and in the course of the evening I was enabled, by the kindness of one of the attendant physicians, to see him comfortably settled in one of the wards of the fever hospital, in the neighboring town of T——.

It was on my visiting him the next day, that our acquaintance may properly be said to have commenced. By the report of the physician, I found that his case was considered very dangerous. I therefore felt it my duty to speak to him plainly, and at once to urge him to examine the foundation of his hope, if he had a hope, and of his preparation, if he had made any, to meet his God in judgment. I must here remark, that though he understood English very well, he was but ill able to express himself in that language. To use his own words, "His heart had a good deal which his *flesh* could not get out;" for this reason I am sure that I lost the sense of much of his conversation, at the same time that the foreign turn of his thoughts and expressions, gave a force and originality to his observations which no repetition can at all convey.

When I entered his room, and sat by his bedside, he began to express his gratitude for the care and good accommodation he received, and I made use of this to direct his thoughts and his thankfulness to that God who had raised him up friends in his necessity, in a strange land. He had a peculiarly forcible manner of saying, "Yes, Sir," whenever a remark struck him, as though he assented to it with his whole heart and soul—a manner strikingly different from the listless indifference with which divine truths are but too often received, as if not worth the trouble of controverting. Encouraged by his reception of what I said upon this subject, I put to him the Scripture question, "What think ye of CHRIST?" and truly, I may say, that the answer of this poor foreigner, and the animation with which he talked of his knowledge of CHRIST, would shame the ignorance of too many in this land of Gospel light and privileges. "Yes, Sir," said he, "we know him; him poor and abused, him poorer than me lying on this bed; him suffer shame and death to save the world, to save me; me much sin, but he have house for me better than the best ship." He added much more than I can remember, and all in the same strain. At the time his expressions struck me as a homely paraphrase of the 53d chapter of Isaiah. Upon this cheering declaration of his hope, I ventured to tell him that he was ill, very ill, that the doctors had a bad opinion of his case, and that I trusted death had no terrors for him, for that He of whom he spoke could save

every soul which trusted in him, from the only death which was terrible—the second death, which lasts for ever. Of this he expressed his conviction, in his usually strong manner, and I ended my visit, rejoicing in him, as one of the cloud of witnesses, to whom faith is “the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.”

When I returned to him the next day, I found his disorder taking a worse turn, and it was evident that he could not live long. Up to this day he had suffered great pain, but he was now free from it, a fatal symptom that mortification had begun: however, he was deceived by it, into a belief that he was getting better, and his first words to me were, “Mr. R——, me think God have something more for me to do in this world, but me am in his hands to do his good.” I told him I could not know what the Lord’s will might be, that his best comfort was, that living or dying he was the Lord’s, and that all things would work together for his good, because he loved his Saviour. His thoughts seemed to run this day much upon past experience. He spoke several times of the evil of a sea-life, of transgressions into which it had led him, and repeated more than once that it was a *hell* upon earth, because of bad men. Alluding to his late shipmates, he said, “They beat me, they call me, ‘You no man,’ because me no drink, me no go to hell.” He then repeated something indistinctly about ship and compass, adding, “Me stick by them.” Fearing that his head was affected, I asked him what he meant, he turned and looked full upon me, and said, “My compass is the word of God, it guide me to the Saviour—me anchor in him—he save me from sin and hell.” The tears then stood in his eyes as he said, “Me have a mother thirteen years ago in my own country, she poor, she not able to keep me, but she bring my heart to God before she sent me away.”

Upon my next visit I found a visible alteration for the worse; he was still able to speak, but his utterance was frequently interrupted by the hiccup, that sure forerunner of near approaching death; still he spoke as freely as he could of his hopes, and dependence on the only name under heaven whereby sinners may be saved. He sometimes appeared to wander, but even in his wandering there was no tendency of his thoughts to earth. He asked me what day tomorrow would be, and when I told him, Sunday, he said, “God could make Sunday for him though he lay there.” He told me for the first time that he had a wife, to whom he had been married about three weeks before his last voyage, who was living with her parents in Liverpool, and to whom he requested me to write. I promised to do so; he then said, “I should like to take leave of her, but she could do little for me now; when I die, some good person will put my body any where, my soul will not be with it:” when I added, “Your Saviour will know where to find it,” he replied, “Yes, Sir,” in that tone which was peculiar to him. When I got up to go away, he took my hand in his, and said, “Me much glad to have you to talk to, Mr. R——, only me afraid me tire you.” “No, John,” I replied, “it is a great pleasure to me. I must often visit sick-beds, and I am never vexed or tired, but when I find that those who are going to die,

have neglected to acquaint themselves with **GOD** through **CHRIST**, and to be at peace; and I am glad to find you have not put off preparations for your long journey, to the moment of your setting out. He was evidently able to comprehend me, for he added a remark of singular force, and beautifully applicable to what I had been saying: "Yes, Sir, I must make my bed in the morning, while I have time, or I can have no rest at night."

This was my last interview with this poor sufferer, and I regret it on my own account, though I could have been but of little benefit to him,—his soul was past human help, and he was walking in the strength of his covenant **GOD**, through the dark valley; but it would have been good for me to be where I might see the triumph of faith over the strength of death, and the victory of the soldier of **CHRIST** over his last enemy. However, the next day I was confined to my own house, by a severe illness, and before I could again go out, all was over,—the spirit had passed to join the company of angels and just men made perfect—he had put off his frail earthly tenement, and clothed in the beautiful garment of the Redeemer's perfect righteousness, he was standing in that presence where there is no more pain, nor crying, death, nor sorrow; for **GOD** has wiped away the tears from his people's eyes for evermore.

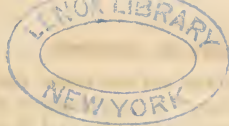
From his lowly ward in the hospital of **T**——, this poor man speaks a word in season to those parents who are endeavoring to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the **LORD**: while the wanderings of a fevered recollection went back to the scenes of childhood, his mind rested on one bright image—he remembered his mother bringing him to the Saviour, and he wept tears of joy at the recollection. He was probably the child of many prayers, which were answered in the peacefulness and hope of his dying hour. He died in a strange land, but he was a member of that family which is gathered out of every name and nation; that family which is bonded together by better ties than those of nature; that family to which the **LORD ALMIGHTY** has said, "I will be a father to you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters." How truly wise, how truly provident is that parent, who endeavors to lead little children to **CHRIST**; that through him they may be made meet for an inheritance among the sons and daughters of **GOD**. The world in its wisdom insists upon the necessity of making provision for a family, and in this the world speaks a truth of which it knows not the power. Let parents (humbly asking **GOD** to give increase upon their labor) endeavor to plant in their children's hearts the knowledge of this blessed fact, that "**GOD** was in **CHRIST** reconciling the world to himself," and that he was thus manifested because he so loved the world; and then indeed, they may be said to have made a good provision for the objects of their care, a provision not subject to the changes of this uncertain world, a provision which will supply the soul with strength, comfort, and peace, when the cheating world has withdrawn its favor and countenance, and when the soul most needs the assurance of a steadfast faith in the promises of **GOD**.

When friends stand round the bed from which an immortal spirit

is about to depart, it too often happens that their care and anxiety are directed chiefly to the frail and failing body, which is so soon to return to the dust from whence it was taken. Are you in much pain? shall I raise your head? these and such like are the questions most commonly addressed to the dying person by mistaken friends, who forget, or are ignorant that such inquiries have reference to a "light affliction, which is but for a moment," and that it would be an act of more love to the sufferer to endeavor to rouse him to an inquiry into his spiritual state; whether he be in the faith, whether the LORD JESUS be dwelling in him, or whether he be passing into the presence of GOD as a reprobate whose end is to be burned.

All the questions which the most tender anxiety for the bodily ease of the sufferer could suggest to his attendants, would not prove so much true friendship as the simple question, "What think ye of CHRIST?" If the dying person has been brought near to GOD, through the Saviour, he will rejoice with poor John Talguist to testify, "*that he knows him,*" and that he finds the glorious end for which he came into the world fulfilled in his own soul; or if, as too often happens, the sufferer has lived through his days of health without GOD, it is better that he should be brought to think of CHRIST while CHRIST *may* be found as a Saviour, than that he should come before him when the day of salvation is past, and when the LORD JESUS can be known only as the righteous Judge of the whole earth—just to condemn, and able to punish both soul and body for ever

THE END.



LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

A LADY who had gone with her family to reside in the pleasant town of ———, in ———, was taking her walk one summer's evening, when her eye was caught by the neat appearance of a cottage situated in a green lane, with a little garden before it. She could not resist the desire she felt to go in: upon entering, she perceived a middle-aged woman very busily employed sewing the sleeve of a coat that seemed to belong to a laboring man. She did not rise up from her seat, but appeared to listen; and, after a little, she said, "Who comes there? What do you want, friend?" "A friend I am, indeed," said the lady, "although a curious one. The outside of your house was so neat that I became desirous to see the more he and so I have come in unasked." "From your voice, dear friend, I know you to be a gentlewoman—you are welcome." The woman got up and handed a chair, saying, "Pray sit down; I am blind, dear lady; since the age of twenty-one I have been as you now see me. I lost my sight by attending on a dear husband, who died of a painful and tedious complaint. A cold I caught shortly after the birth of a son, whom the Lord has still spared me, fell upon my eyes, and has entirely darkened my sight, without leaving any mark or spot behind it: I live here with my father, who is a mason by trade. He is at work from sunrise to sunset. I have an aged mother up stairs, who is confined to a sickbed, whom I try to take care of as well as I can, and, I hope, with some success. It is a great comfort to me to know that I have another person under the same roof that has life and reason. That bird, too," said she, pointing toward a blackbird, in a cage, "is some company to me."

How truly did this poor woman illustrate the saying of the philosopher, but in a sense far superior to that in which he used it, "I am never less alone than when alone." She felt happy in solitude; but she was not alone, for God was with her, and his presence cheered her heart in the midst of affliction and solitude. How happy to be able to say of this great, and good, and merciful, and ever-present Being, "This God is our God for ever and ever."

"You were at work when I came in," said the lady; "how is this? can you work, and you blind?" "Necessity, dear lady, is a mistress we must learn from; she has taught me to do many things I thought not of. I can thread my needle with my tongue;

I can patch, mend, make, and cut out, knead the bread, wash, and do many other little things. A little nephew calls every day to fetch water, and carry bread to the baker; I do all the rest myself, and the only care I take against fire is to wear a woollen apron, which, if it catches fire, does not blaze up, and is easily put out by the hand." "All you tell me," replied the lady, "astonishes me: blindness renders most people helpless, but it is not so with you." "When the eyes of the body are dim, those of the mind get clear," said the poor woman; "this is a strange thing, but both are the LORD's doings. Will you, good Madam, take the trouble to come up stairs? I wish to let you see how comfortable and clean I keep my poor mother, notwithstanding my want of sight." She led the way up a narrow but well-swept staircase, to a comfortable little room, but so small that it could only hold one bed. This bed and its curtains were perfectly clean, and the sheets as white as snow. A very old-looking face appeared above them, with a very clean night-cap on. "Mother," said the woman, "I have brought a young lady to visit you. She hears me," added she, "although she cannot tell me she does so, but by a movement of the head, which you see. Every day," continued she, "I take her up, and make her neat and comfortable: while busy about her I feel contented and happy! But she cannot live long, I think from her daily growing lighter and lighter. When she is a body from me, I shall have no one, all day long, to employ me; but the LORD's will be done." Thus was she enabled to say, as Eli, "It is the LORD, let him do what seemeth him good." This is true resignation; and this lesson the HOLY SPIRIT teaches all the people of God. "The LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away, blessed be the name of the LORD."

They then went down stairs, and the lady took her leave, thanking the poor woman for her attention, saying that, with her leave, she would often visit her, and would, if she liked it, sometimes read to her. "That, indeed," said the woman, "would be the greatest favor. The word of God, read by you, would be sweet indeed." They then separated, each pleased with the other; the poor woman much gratified by the lady's approbation, and the lady no less delighted in the prospect of being useful to so deserving an object. Some little time passed away before the lady repeated her visit, and when she did she found the poor woman in tears. "How now, my good woman! What has happened? Is your mother taken from you?" "No," said the poor woman; "the LORD be praised she still lives, but my son, dear lady, he is the cause of these poor eyes shedding tears, that are now fit for nothing else. He was bound to my father, to learn the trade of a mason, but he has quarrelled with his grandfather, who is somewhat passionate; he has run away, and taken, as I am told, to a very idle course of life. These are sorrows, my dear Madam, that weigh down the spirit of an affectionate mother; but, after a time, no doubt, prayer to God, and trust in him, will raise that spirit up again. Even now I call to my mind what the Psalmist

says, 'For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favor is life weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'"

"The first day, my good woman," said the lady, "you surprised me by your industry, but you now delight me more by the good sense you show, and the piety of your discourse." "When I was a girl, Madam," she said, "I had the instruction of a good and religious schoolmistress. I was always fond of reading; and often, by moonlight, did I read my Bible, and learn passages out of it by heart. They then pleased my ear, but since my afflictions they have comforted my heart; and what I did not understand then, affliction and the teaching of the LORD have since made known unto me. I sometimes repeat this verse, 'For thou wilt light my candle; the LORD my God will enlighten my darkness.' Suffering, when it is sanctified, leads us to draw nigh to God, who waits for us." "It is a pity, my good woman," said the lady, "that, in addition to your loss of sight, you should have an unpromising son." She answered, "The LORD, the Scripture says, chasteneth whom he loveth. He may see that in me which requires this correction. I submit, though my tears drop; and I pray to him to bring me out of this great trouble by turning the heart of my son into the right way when he sees fit. One blessing which I have to thank him for is, that on the last Sunday I got my father to go with me to church, where he had not been for a very long time. His heart appeared touched, he has promised me to go constantly, and leave off swearing, a sin that he has been sadly given to." The lady, after this conversation, opened the Bible and read to her for an hour. The remarks that the poor woman made instructed the lady so much that she often visited her while she remained at ———; and since she has left that place she has had the satisfaction to hear that this poor woman's son is reformed; that her father is constant in his attendance at church on Sundays, and that the good providence of God still continues to bless this poor woman and her pious abors.

Reader, Search the Scriptures. They testify of CHRIST. He is the Saviour. He gives the HOLY SPIRIT the Comforter. When pardoned, renewed, and saved by him, all things will be made to work together for your good. The presence of God will gild the gloom of affliction, and make you cheerful and happy in the time of trouble; for you will be made to reckon that the sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in you:

LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His gracious will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

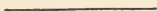
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And He WILL MAKE IT PLAIN.



THE

SAILOR'S VOYAGE.



THOSE who have any thought for you, or take any interest in you, cannot but know that you are placed in very great and special temptations, temptations so strong as to ruin thousands for ever. When you first went on ship-board you came at once into a world of iniquity ; your ears were poisoned with swearing and filthy language ; drunkenness and other fearful sins of the flesh were talked of lightly and practised commonly all round you. You found you had no private place for prayer, but would have been laughed at if you had dared to kneel down. Holy days, Sundays, Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, and all other blessed seasons, come to you often in your ships, far away from all sound of the Church bell, from all sacred rest, from all holy and solemn observance, and far away from the pastoral care of God's clergy. Confirmation and the Holy Communion are only names to the mass of sailors : and that blessed Church, a man's home and family, all the pure softening saving influences of a Christian home, are out of your reach. These are sad and fearful drawbacks to your calling : but as they are not altogether of your seeking, God will have mercy on you in the midst of them, if He only sees you really, manfully striving and labouring to serve Him according to your light and means.

Those then who love you, know all these difficulties which beset your life at sea. But in the midst of these special temptations you have also especial privileges, helps, and blessings; for the neglect of which God will judge you, as for your difficulties He will pity you.

You are then free from several grievous temptations: from poverty, and so from temptation to steal: from being alone and deserted, and so from gloominess and repining. You have also time and opportunity to learn to read; and, when you have learned, you have time to use this happy power in meditating on God's Holy Word.

Then again you have the sight of God's glorious creation ever before your eyes. You are not shut up in cities by black smoke and dreary walls. You see the sun go forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a giant to run his course. You see God's light in all its beauty, shining on the water and the clouds, and in the bow of heaven. The free winds rush by you. You shoot across the seas. The storms with all their blackness and thunder roar around and tell you of Him "who maketh the clouds His chariot, and rideth upon the wings of the wind." The sea beating against the shore as you sail past, tells you of Him "who hath given it bounds that it cannot pass." The moon and the stars all sing to you of God's power and love for this present state, and of that day when they shall fall from heaven, and the sea shall be dried up, and the earth be burned.

From these things you may learn and will be expected to know your ever-present God and your Judge hereafter. You who see His glorious light burst upon the dark sea, and make one blaze of light, must feel how clearly He sees you wherever you are and whatever you are doing. The God of light, shall He not see? Shall he not see the drunken, shall He not see the fornicator in the midst of his blackness? The God of the thunder, shall He not hear? Shall He not hear that rash oath, that filthy jest, that taking of His holy name in vain? And shall He not punish? You see His storms, judge then of His wrath. Judge how He, who hurls the lightning through the sky, and who hereafter shall cast down even that sun and moon and the stars which seem so securely fixed, judge how He will throw down the sinner into hell, and cast him into the bottomless pit. 4

provoke not such a God, "For when He is angry all our days are gone," for "He is a consuming fire." O provoke not such a God, for when we see Him, He is to us as the sun and the lights of heaven; He delivers us out of all our troubles, and in danger and sorrow and pain, "He maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still."

This is that which may be called the Gospel of nature. But when we come to look on God's creation, and the light which Christ has shed upon it, we find in it new wisdom and blessedness, and it becomes to us all full of the Gospel of grace.

To you very especially, God's creation which is around you from morn to eve, and from night to day, is full of the Gospel. To you, I say, very especially, because you have so much time to consider, and minds so fresh and quick to think upon the beautiful things which concern your peace.

I. The sea and your ship bring before you all the holy histories of the ark, of Jonah, and the Apostles upon the sea of Galilee, and the voyage and shipwreck of St. Paul; that of the ark to remind you of the judgment upon sin, and of the Church of which the ark was the figure, and of your baptism in which you were saved as Noah and his family from destruction, (1 Peter iii. 20, 21;) that of Jonah to warn you against sin, as well as to tell you of your Saviour's three days and three nights in the grave; and those of the Apostles and St. Paul, to support you in fatigue and peril. Especially meditate on the history of Jonah. He being one sinner only, would have brought destruction upon the ship, unless he had been cast out, to show you that one sin draws down God's wrath upon transgressors, and that nothing can save you, nothing can bring peace and safety, except to take up the sin and cast it out, and have no more connection with it. This only is true repentance. This only saves souls through the mercy of Christ our Saviour.

II. All things around you are full of holy meaning. The sun is the figure of Christ the Sun of Righteousness, who brought life and light into the world, who alone can give light to you. The moon and the stars show forth God's church and His saints, which now give light and shine, but not of themselves. They tell you also how glorious those blessed ones shall be, who, for converting sinners and shin-

ing here before men, shall hereafter shine like the stars in heaven before God. The wind is the sign of God's Holy Spirit, which we cannot see, who bloweth where He listeth, and giveth us motion on our course. The night which you see set upon the dark sea speaks to you of death, and the morning of the resurrection. The ship is to you a figure of Christ's holy church ; and the sea, of the waters of baptism. The wrecks and the dead which lie in the depths along the deep sands over which you pass, preach to you of the day when the sea shall give up her dead, and we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

Your whole voyage from first to last is a spiritual history. When you sail, you are like the child launched upon the world, at whose baptism we pray that it may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally it may come to the land of everlasting life. Upon this voyage of the soul you all are sailing. Rocks of temptation beset you ; currents of sinful pleasure would draw you out of your course ; tempests of sorrow, or pain, or fear, would make you lose heart and faith in God ; the voyage is long, and is made by day and by night, in joy or in sorrow, and a port waits for you. Alas ! how often have you nearly made shipwreck of your souls ! how many rocks have you fallen upon ! how often have you turned aside out of your course ! Yet despair not. The voyage is not over. God gives you time. Cast out the cargo, the sinful burden of your soul, cut away all to save the ship ; any sacrifice but that of the soul, any loss but that of heaven.

You know, none know so well, what need there is of watchfulness : how many pilots are lost because they turn away their eye but for a moment, how many sink even at the mouth of the harbour ; even to old age, even to death, watch, and keep to your course until you are in your haven safe for ever.

III. What can be more blessed than for you to remember how much of your Saviour's life was passed upon the sea, to remember the doctrine which was taught by Him, and the miracles which He wrought along the shores or on the waves of the sea of Galilee. He walked on the water and bid St. Peter come unto Him, to show you that by faith in Him you shall never be overwhelmed, not even in the great water-

flood. He rebuked the winds and the waves, and said to them, "Be still," to strengthen your hearts in danger, to make you lean only on Him, and to show Himself to you as the Ruler of all tempests within and without us. He slept in the ship when the waves were breaking over it and it was beginning to sink, to show you the peace and trust of a good conscience, and to fix in your hearts the blessed truths, that Christ's Church can never fail, tost and driven as she may be, because He is in her, and that you can never perish whilst He abideth in you. If we wake Him in our danger, that is, if in prayer we call on Him until He hear us, He will arise and deliver us. He also made the ship of the Apostles to be immediately at the land whither they went, instead of toiling any longer on the waves, (John vi. 21,) to show us that He can at once and shortly bring us into peace and safety, and that when we seem farthest from our joy we may be very near; when the memory of our sins distresses us the most, when we are most alarmed at our temptations and the perils of our souls, then are we most near to our deliverance, then soonest shall we be carried into the port of safety.

These are some of the many glorious and gracious thoughts which all things around you place before your eyes like a book for you to read. Every thing to you is full of Christ, of the life of the soul, and of heaven and hell. Think on these things then, often. Think of them with a holy desire to be better by them. Read of them in your Bibles daily. If but a few words, yet read some, and meditate on what you read. "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Never fail to pray when you lie down, and if you are called up suddenly, yet pray a few short words, like these:

"Jesus, I awake to Thee. Jesus, I rise up to Thee. O keep my body and my soul."

These holy exclamations of prayer will be of great use to you; for you can make them when you have no leisure for long prayer, and what you see will remind you to make them, and they will sanctify to you what you see.

Thus when you behold the sun rise, say,

"O Jesus, Sun of Righteousness, shine in upon my soul."

And when it sets,

"O Jesus, light of my life, go not Thou far from me, nor hide Thy face because of my sins."

And in a storm,

“Blessed Saviour, at whose word the winds and waves were still, save us now, and be Thou peace to my soul.”

Or at the beginning of a voyage,

“O Saviour, bring me to the haven where I would be, even to Thy eternal presence.”

Or looking at the sea,

“O Jesus, who didst walk upon the sea, grant me to walk upon the waves of this troublesome world to Thy eternal kingdom.”

Or when you go to keep watch,

“O Lord, grant that when Thou dost come I may be found watching.”

Such short earnest prayers will be of the greatest use to you. You can say them privately, and without leaving off the work of your calling. The work itself will remind you to pray for diligence in the work of your salvation.

Only be in earnest to save your souls, and to show some love to the Saviour, who has shown so much to you, and these and other holy exercises will come naturally to you, and be full of grace and comfort.

Only be in earnest and then there will be no fear of your not gladly seizing every means of grace which God holds out to you. When at anchor go to some village church, or floating church, if possible ; but, if not, remain in your own ship, and read your Bible and your Prayer-book.

And O do not think that Confirmation and the Holy Communion are not for you, or that you can do without them. Your life is not unfit for them ; if it were so, it would be unfit for you. For you, as much as for any men, Christ died. To you He offers Himself as well as to the rich and those who have leisure and quiet. He would help you in your temptations, and comfort you in your perils and labours. Prepare yourselves then and go to Him. Receive Him in His Holy Sacrament, and He will receive you, and He will be very near to you and you to Him in all your life.

Then in your ship be obedient to those over you, and kind to those on a level with you. Glorify God by a dutiful and cheerful obedience, and by a loving companionship. If you are always patient and gentle, and ready to help others, and yet strict and firm in having nothing to do with what is wrong,

you will win your mates to serve God too. They will respect you for your firm denial of sin, and love you for your kindness and cheerful readiness to help. And so you will go on day by day, pleasing God more and more, and becoming more and more safe from falling away. Every day your voyage will be shorter. You will have passed another rock, escaped another shoal, have become more experienced and skilful in your course ; every day will bring you nearer and nearer God, and at the last, whether you die in old age or suddenly, by land or by sea, in storm or calm, what matters ? Your voyage will be over : your haven will be reached ; suddenly you will be where you would wish to be, even with Christ ; no more to be tossed or troubled, nor in danger, nor weariness through hopes delayed, but for ever and for ever safe, peaceful, blessed, with Him and in Him who is Peace and Blessedness itself.

THE

LIFE OF CYPRIAN,

BISHOP OF CARTHAGE.



NEW-YORK:

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY;



THE
LIFE OF CYPRIAN.

LET the pen of the historian celebrate the hero, the statesman, and the philosopher; but let the Christian writer do justice to the virtues of men, who, while they lived, set their affections on things above, who died in faith, and whose memory is blessed for ever. Such was the man whose life and writings now claim the reader's notice, and who, like the first martyr, Stephen, fell asleep in Jesus. Cyprian was a professor of oratory in the city of Carthage, in Africa, and a man of wealth, quality, and dignity; his conversion was about two years before his election to the See of Carthage. About thirteen years comprehend the whole period of his Christian life; but God can do great things in a little time; or, to speak in the language of the sacred writer, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years." Faith and love, in a high degree, appear to have been possessed by him when an early convert. He saw with pity the poor of the flock, and as he knew no method so proper of employing his great wealth, as in relieving their distresses, he sold whole estates for their benefit. There appeared in Cyprian a spirit at once so simple, so zealous, and so intelligent, that, in about two years after his conversion, he was chosen presbyter, and, afterward, bishop of Carthage. It was no feigned virtue that thus advanced him in the eyes of the people; with Cyprian the love of CHRIST rose above all secular considerations; the widow, the orphan, and the poor always found in him a sympathizing benefactor. In speaking of his own conversion, in a letter to a friend, he says, "When we speak of the Lord God, plainness and sincerity, not the powers of eloquence, should be used. Hear, then, things not eloquent, but important; not courtly, but simple; so should the divine goodness be celebrated, always with artless truth. Hear, then, an account of something which is *felt* before it is learned, and is not collected by a long course of speculation, but is imbibed by the soul through grace refining her, as it were all at once. While I lay in darkness, and in the shadow of death; when I floated on the sea of a tempestuous age, ignorant of myself, and alienated from light and truth, it appeared to me a harsh and difficult thing to obtain what divine Grace had promised—namely, that a man should be born again, and that, being animated to a new life by the washing of regeneration, he should strip himself of what he was before, and, though the body remained the same, he should, in his mind, become altogether a new creature. How can so great a change be possible, said I, that a man should suddenly put off what nature and habit

have confirmed in him? Those evils are deeply and closely fixed in us; how shall he who has been accustomed to purple, gold, and costly attire, condescend to simplicity in habit and dress? can he who has been delighted with the honors of ambition live private and obscure? These reflections engaged my mind—I was entangled in error. But when the divine light from above had made its way into my heart—when, by the HOLY SPIRIT I was indeed made a new creature—immediately, and in an amazing manner, doubtful things began to be cleared up; things once shut were opened; dark things shone forth; and what before seemed difficult and impossible, now appeared easy and practicable. I saw that that which was born after the flesh, and had lived enslaved to wickedness, was of the ‘earth earthy;’ but that the new life, implanted by the HOLY GHOST, is, indeed, of God. You know the depths from whence I was brought—you know the change of my life, I need not proclaim it—I mean not to boast, though that cannot be called boasting, which ascribes nothing to the virtue of man, but professes all to be the gift of God; thus, deliverance from sin is the consequence of sound faith: of God it is—of God, I say, even all that we can do—thence we live, thence we have strength, thence we receive vigor, and even here below obtain some foretaste of our future happiness. But let a godly fear be the guardian of our innocence; that the LORD, who kindly shone into our minds with heavenly grace, may be detained as our guest by the steady obedience of the soul which delights in him, lest pardon received should beget a careless presumption, and the old enemy break forth afresh. If you keep in the path of righteousness, with footsteps that do not slide; if you depend upon God with all your heart, you will find that according to the proportion of faith, so will your attainments and enjoyments be. For no bound or measure can be assigned in the reception of divine grace, as is the case with respect to earthly benefits. The HOLY SPIRIT is poured forth copiously; is confined by no limits, is restrained by no barriers; he flows perpetually; he bestows in rich abundance; let our hearts still thirst for more, and be open to receive him; as much of capacious faith as we bring, so much of abounding grace do we draw from him. Thus our spiritual nature, which is entirely the gift of God, triumphs in its freedom from the bondage of sin and Satan; though, till our corruptible body be changed, the prospect, as yet carnal, is obscured by the clouds of worldly objects. What a faculty, what an energy is this! That the soul should not only be delivered from slavery, and be made free and pure, but also stronger and more efficient, so as to become victorious and triumphant over the powers of the enemy! That the marks of the divine goodness may appear more evident by a discovery of the truth, I would lay open to your view the state of the world; I would remove the thick darkness which covers it, and detect the hidden mischiefs and evils which it contains:—For a little time fancy

yourself withdrawn to the top of a high mountain; thence inspect the appearance of things below you; look around; preserve yourself unfettered by worldly connections; observe the fluctuating tempests of the world; you will then pity mankind, you will understand and be sensible of your own happiness; you will be more thankful to God; and with more joy you will congratulate yourself on your escape."

Cyprian then gives an affecting view of the evils which the state of mankind exhibits, and delineates the miseries of public and private life, after which he returns to the description of the blessings of true Christianity; "The only placid and sound tranquillity," says he; "the only solid, firm, and perpetual security is, to be delivered from the tempests of this restless scene, to be stationed in the port of salvation, to lift up the eyes from earth to heaven, and to be admitted into the favor of the Lord. Such a man approaches, in his thoughts, near to his God; and justly glories, that whatever others deem sublime or great in human affairs, is absolutely beneath his notice. He who is greater than the world can desire nothing, can want nothing from the world. What an unshaken protection; what a divine shelter, fraught with eternal good, it must be to be loosed from the snares of an entangling world. The gift of God is gratuitous and easy, only do you, whom the heavenly warfare has marked for divine service, preserve untainted your Christian course. Let prayer or reading be your constant employment; sometimes speak with God, at other times let him speak to you: let him instruct you by his precepts; let him regulate you: whom he hath made rich none shall make poor; there can be no poverty with him whose heart has once been enriched with heavenly bounty. Roofs arched with gold, and houses inlaid with marble, will be vile in your eyes, when you know that your own minds are rather to be cultivated and adorned, that this house is more valuable which the Lord has chosen to be his temple. Let us adorn this house with the graces of his Spirit. Let us illuminate it with the light of righteousness. This will never fall into ruin through the decays of age, its ornaments shall never fade; whatever is not genuine is precarious, and affords to the possessor no sure foundation. This remains in honor and splendor, spotless and eternal; it can neither be abolished nor extinguished. Is it then capable of no alteration? Yes, it will receive a rich improvement at the resurrection of the just. Let us be careful how we spend our time; let us rejoice, but let not one hour be spent in unhallowed mirth; let our joy be in the Lord, and our walk consistent with the doctrines of his Gospel." In this epistle we see the picture of an active Christian, richly endowed with the Holy Spirit, and fitted by experience to communicate to others the Gospel he had received, and to be a happy instrument of guiding souls to that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

The eventful period of Cyprian's bishopric extends from

the year 248 to 260, during which time the Church of CHRIST suffered a grievous persecution, under the Roman Emperor Decius. Amidst all the calamities of such a scene, Cyprian exhibited the true and genuine principles of Christianity. "If the cause," says he, "of our miseries be inquired into, the cure may be found. The LORD would have his family tried: and because long peace hath corrupted us, he hath laid upon us his chastisement, to rouse our faith which hath been lulled to sleep; and when, by our sins, we had deserved to suffer still more, the merciful LORD so moderated all things, that the whole scene seems rather to deserve the name of a trial than of a persecution." Cyprian was soon obliged to fly from Carthage, to hide from the malice of his enemies. Behold him then, in a place of retreat, under the protection of GOD, safe for two years from a dreadful persecution! In his retreat we find him still active, and directing by his counsels, and comforting by his letters, his absent people. In one letter, we find him congratulating them on the steadfastness of their faith; he reminds them that the LORD regards him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and that trembles at his word. "And dare any one of you," he says, "who now lives by him and in him, to lift up himself with pride? Let us pray with our whole hearts for mercy, and if the answer of our prayers be slow, because we have deeply offended, let us knock, for to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Our LORD prayed for us, because, though himself no sinner, yet he bore our sins, and if he labored and watched on account of us and of our sins, how much more should we be urgent in prayer. The Father corrects and takes care of us, in the midst of all pressures, provided we keep firm in the faith, and keep close to CHRIST. Who shall separate us from the love of CHRIST? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? None of these can separate believers; persecution is the examination and trial of our heart. God would have us sifted and tried, nor was ever his help wanting in time of trial to those who believe. Let our eyes be lifted up to heaven, lest earth with its enticements deceive us. If the LORD see us humble and quiet, lovingly united and corrected by the present tribulation, he will deliver us—correction will come first, pardon will follow—let us be found steadfast in faith." The Christian faith, patience, and courage of Cyprian, and of a few others, were in full exercise. The persecutors endeavored to lessen the number of Christians by banishing from Carthage all those who confessed CHRIST, but this not answering their purpose, they proceeded to cruel torments. Cyprian hearing that some had expired under their sufferings, and that others were in prison, wrote to them letters of encouragement and consolation. One of the martyrs, named Mappalicius, amidst his torments, said to the proconsul, "To-morrow you shall see a contest for a prize." And what he uttered in faith the LORD fulfilled—he lost his life in the conflict on the next day. So keenly was the mind

of Cyprian fixed on heavenly things, and so completely lifted up above the world, that his soul triumphed amidst these scenes of horror. He describes the martyrs and confessors as wiping away the tears of the Church, while she was bewailing the ruin of her sons; he represents CHRIST himself as fighting and conquering in his servants, and giving them strength in proportion to their faith; "JESUS is present in the contest, he encourages, he animates his warriors, and he who once conquered death *for us*, always conquers *in us*."

Cyprian was again restored to his people at Carthage, but the interval of rest was short which the Church enjoyed on the death of Decius; a bloody persecution ensued, many martyrs sealed their testimony with their blood, and we could recount a goodly company "of whom the world was not worthy," and of whom we may say, "These all died in faith." We find Cyprian still active in duty, reproving, rebuking, exhorting, encouraging, and strengthening the brethren. In his letter, he says, "As much as possible, we exhort our people not to cease to be prepared for the contest, by watching, fasting, and prayer,—these are our arms, these are our weapons; let us remember one another in our supplications; let us be united, and let us relieve our distresses by mutual charity." Thus ardent was the spirit of Cyprian in the expectation of martyrdom! and so little account did he make of temporal things. He was, however, preserved for the use of the Church for some time longer.

About this time a dreadful plague broke out in Africa, which daily carried off numberless persons, and frequently swept away whole houses. The Pagans were alarmed beyond measure, they neglected the burial of the dead, and forgot the duties of humanity; the bodies of many lay in the streets of Carthage, and in vain seemed to ask the pity of passengers. It was on this occasion that the LORD stirred up the spirit of Christians, to show the practical influence and superiority of their religion, and that Cyprian, in particular, exhibited one of the most brilliant proofs of his real character. He gathered together his people, and spoke to them on the subject of mercy; he pointed out to them that if they did no more than others, no more than the heathen and the publican did in showing mercy to their own, they would dishonor their divine Master; that Christians ought to overcome evil with good, and, like their heavenly Father, to love their enemies, since he makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain on the just and on the unjust. Why then should not he who professes himself a son of God, imitate the example of his Father? We ought to answer to our birth, and those who appear born of God should not degenerate, but should be solicitous to evidence the genuineness of their relation to God, by the imitation of his goodness. The eloquent voice of Cyprian roused his people; the Christians ranked themselves in classes for the purpose of relieving the public distress; the rich contributed largely; the poor gave what they could, namely,

their labor, with extreme hazard of their lives; the Pagans beheld with astonishment the *effects* of the love of God in CHRIST. The dreadful calamity of the plague gave to Cyprian an opportunity of impressing on the minds of the people what had, indeed, been the ruling object of his own mind, since his conversion, namely, a holy indifference to things below, and a supreme desire after the blessings of immortality. He published a little treatise on mortality; he who wrote it must have felt what all have need to feel—how little a thing life is, how valuable the prospect of eternal peace! “The kingdom of God,” says he, “is at hand, the joy of eternal salvation, perpetual gladness, comes into our possession now that the world passes away; heavenly and eternal glories succeed earthly, fading trifles. What room is there for anxiety or sadness, unless faith or hope is wanting? If, indeed, a man be unwilling to go to CHRIST, or does not believe that he is going to reign with him, such a one has good reason to fear death, for the just live by faith. Are ye then justified? do ye live by faith? do ye really believe the promises of God? if so, why do ye not rely upon the faithfulness of God, and rejoice that ye shall soon be with him, and be no more exposed to the assaults of Satan. Our stable peace, our sound tranquillity, our perpetual security, is in the world to come. In this world we wage a daily war with our spiritual enemies, we have no rest; if one sin be subdued another is in arms; surely, amidst such a conflict from within and without, we ought to rejoice in the prospect of hastening to CHRIST. How does our LORD himself instruct us on this head: ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. Who does not wish to be free from sorrow? Who would not run to take possession of joy? Since, then, to see CHRIST is joy, and since our joy cannot be full till we do see him, what blindness, what folly is it, to love the sorrows and tears of this world, and not to be desirous of quickly partaking of that joy which shall never pass away! The cause of this, dear brethren, is unbelief. We none of us believe, really and solidly, those things to be true which the LORD of truth promises; whose word is eternally firm to those that put their trust in him. ‘To me to live is CHRIST, and to die is gain,’ said the blessed Apostle, who computed it to be gain indeed, no longer to be detained in the snares of the world but to be admitted to the presence, to the enjoyment of his LORD and Master.”

Some of Cyprian’s people were staggered in their minds, because they found that Christians were liable to be afflicted with the plague as well as others. Upon which, Cyprian explains to them, that in *spirit* the children of God are indeed separated from the rest of mankind, but that in *all other* respects, they are exposed to the common evils of human life. He supports his precepts by Scripture examples, and speaks eloquently and solidly of the benefits of affliction, as giving opportunities of showing

what spirit they are of. "Let that man fear death," says he, "who has the second death to undergo; who is not born of water and of the SPIRIT; who is not a partaker of the cross of CHRIST; to such a one life is, indeed, a desirable object, because it delays his condemnation; but what have the righteous to dread from death—they are called by it to an eternal rest. We should consider and think again and again, that we have renounced the world, and live here as strangers. What stranger loves not to return to his own country? Let us rejoice in the day that summons us to our home; there a great number of our dear friends await us—what raptures of mutual joy to see and embrace each other."

Numidia, the country adjoining to Carthage, had been blessed with the light of the Gospel, and a number of churches had been planted there. By an attack of the barbarians, a number of Christians had been carried away captive. What Cyprian felt and did on this occasion, his letter will best explain; the love of CHRIST and the influence of his Holy Spirit will appear not to have been small in the African Church, nor will the distresses of the times, and the scourge of persecution seem to have been sent to them in vain. "With much heartfelt sorrow and tears we learned the account of the captivity of our brethren and sisters. Who would not grieve in such cases? Or who would not reckon the grief of his brother his own? If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; and, if one member rejoices, all the other members rejoice with it; therefore, now the captivity of our brethren is to be reckoned *our* captivity, and their grief is *our* grief, since we are all one body. HE, who by his cross and blood redeemed us from death, and snatched us from the jaws of Satan, suffers those things to happen in order that our faith may be tried, and whether we be willing to do to his members as he hath done to us. Our brethren of Carthage give freely to the relief of those distressed captives; for whereas the LORD says, 'I was sick and ye visited me,' with how much stronger approbation would he say, I was a captive, and ye redeemed me: and again, I was in prison, and ye came unto me; how much more is it in the same spirit to say, I was in the prison of captivity, and ye freed me from the dungeon of slavery. Ye shall receive your reward." This letter breathes the spirit of the Gospel, and evinces that believers might then be recognised by the love they bore each other.

Cyprian, who had escaped two persecutions, was at length made the victim of a third, though in circumstances of comparative lenity. Every thing relating to him is so interesting that it may not be amiss to relate the particulars of his death. He was seized by the officers of Paternas, the Proconsul of Carthage, and brought into the council-chamber. "The sacred Emperors Valerian and Gallianus," says Paternas, "have done me the honor to direct letters to me, in which they have declared that all men ought to adore the gods whom the Romans adore, on pain of

being slain with the sword, if they refuse. I have heard that you despise the worship of the gods; I advise you to consult with yourself and to honor them." "I am a Christian," replied Cyprian, "and know no God but the one true God, who created heaven and earth, the sea, and all things in them; this God we Christians serve; to him we pray night and day for all men, and even for the emperors." "You will die the death of a malefactor, if you persevere in this disposition of mind." "That is a good disposition which fears God," answered Cyprian, "and, therefore, it must not be changed." "It is the will, then, of the Emperors, that, for the present, you should be banished." "He is no exile," replied the Bishop, "who has God in his heart, for the earth is the LORD's, and the fullness thereof." Paternas was not disposed to hurt Cyprian; most probably he respected his character, for he was highly esteemed in Africa, on account of his many good works. After some ineffectual attempts to work on his fears, he sent him into banishment, to a place about fifty miles from Carthage, situated by the sea. The place was healthy, the air good, and, by his own desire, he had private lodgings. The citizens of Curubis, during the eleven months which he lived among them, treated him with great kindness, and he was visited by the Christians; in this interval Paternas died.

While the exiled prelate remained by the seaside, serving his divine Master in holy meditations and useful actions, to the best of his powers and opportunity, he heard with deep concern of the persecution which raged at Carthage; his sympathizing spirit could not but be with his brethren and his flock. In a letter addressed to the Church at Carthage, he thus expresses himself: "I am forbidden to be with you in body, but I am present with you in spirit and affection. I reckon myself a partner with you in suffering, and in the fellowship of love. How lath the divine dispensation honored you! Part of you have already finished the course of martyrdom, and are now receiving crowns of righteousness from the LORD, and the rest, as yet in prisons, or in mines and bonds, exhibit, in the tediousness of affliction, still greater examples of patience and perseverance. O happy feet!" he adds, "shackled, indeed, at present with fetters, ye will quickly finish a glorious journey to CHRIST! Let malice and cruelty bind you as they please, ye will soon pass from earth and its sorrows, to the kingdom of heaven; ye have not a bed on which your weary body may be refreshed, nevertheless, CHRIST is your rest and consolation; your allowance of bread is scanty, be it so, man doth not live by bread alone, but by the word of God; ye have no clothes to defend you from the cold, but he who hath put on CHRIST is clothed abundantly." He then comforts them under the loss of the means of grace, and speaks of the LORD as accepting the patience and fortitude of the saints, which graces are, indeed, his own work in their hearts, "For it is of him that we conquer; for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which

speaketh in you." He shows from this the great sin of unbelief in not trusting him who promises his aid to those who confess him, and in not fearing him who threatens eternal punishment to those who deny him. In conclusion, he begs their earnest prayers, that he and they may be kept from the snares and darkness of the world, and that those who, in the bonds of peace and love, had stood together amidst the rage of persecution, might rejoice together in the eternal mansions.

Cyprian was, after some time, permitted to return from exile, and he again resided at Carthage, where he regulated the affairs of the Church, and distributed to the poor whatever he had left. New orders were issued for the punishment of Christians, and we find Cyprian again exhorting and strengthening the brethren: "See that ye stand firm in the faith, in patient expectation of suffering, and in humble hope of obtaining from the Lord grace and strength, and let us all hereby be led to the habitual contemplation of death, or rather, of immortality, that in the fulness of faith, we may, rather with joy than with fear, expect the approaching event."

In opposition to the rash zeal of many who were for giving themselves up to martyrdom, Cyprian had always on this head conscientious fears, lest he should displease God by throwing away his life. He continued still at Carthage, exhorting the faithful, and desirous that, when he should be called to suffer, death might find him thus employed in the service of his God.

The time was now come when Cyprian was to seal his testimony with his blood: he was seized at his house at Carthage by two officers, who had been sent with soldiers for the purpose; they obliged him to sit with them in a chariot, and conveyed him to a place named Sextus, six miles from Carthage. The news spread through Carthage; the fame of the Bishop, on account of his good works, drew crowds to the scene, not only of Christians but of the Heathen, who revered eminent virtue in distress. The chief officer guarded him, but in a courteous manner; so that he was permitted to have his friends about him as usual. The Christians passed the night in the street before his lodgings. The next day the proconsul sent for Cyprian, who on his way was attended by a vast concourse of people. This venerable servant of CHRIST was brought into the judgment-hall, the proconsul addressed him; "Are you he whom the Christians call their bishop?" "I am," replied Cyprian. "Our princes have ordered you to worship the gods." "That I will not do." "You would judge better to consult your safety, and not to despise the gods." "My safety and strength is CHRIST the LORD, whom I desire to serve for ever." "I pity your case," said the proconsul, "and would wish to consult for you." "I have no desire," says the prelate, "that things should be otherwise with me than that I may adore my God, and hasten to him with all the ardor of my soul; for the afflictions of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be

revealed in us." The proconsul, enraged by his bold confession, pronounced the sentence — "Let Cyprian, who refuses to sacrifice to the gods, be put to death by the sword." "God be praised," said the martyr. While they were leading him away, a multitude of people followed, and cried, "Let us die with our holy bishop!"

A troop of soldiers attended the martyr; and the officers marched on each side of him. They led him into a plain surrounded with trees, and many climbed up to the top of them to see him at a distance. Cyprian took off his mantle, and fell on his knees and worshipped his God. The executioner being come, Cyprian ordered a purse of gold to be given him; he himself bound the napkin over his eyes, a presbyter and a deacon tied his hands; his head was then severed from his body by the sword.

Thus, after an eventful and instructive period of about thirteen years, since his conversion; after a variety of trials and exercises among friends and open foes, and nominal Christians, by a death more gentle than generally fell to the lot of martyrs, rested, at length, in JESUS the noble and benevolent spirit of Cyprian of Carthage! A man who lived a Christian life, no part of which was exempt from much labor and affliction. He *felt* the doctrines of the Gospel, forgiveness of sins by JESUS CHRIST, and the influence of the HOLY SPIRIT, powerful and victorious. His soul was brought into the love of God, and that of the purest kind, tempered ever with humility and godly fear. His humble spirit bowed to the Divine word, and hence patience, charity, and heavenly-mindedness had full dominion in his soul; and hence, also, his sentiments had a purity and perspicuity peculiarly the property of those whose religious knowledge is altogether scriptural. He always saw the work to be of God; he beheld nothing in himself as wise, holy, and gracious; a spirit of thankfulness for redeeming love, of simple dependence on the divine promises, and of steady love to God and man, was the result. In addressing his persecutors, he says, "We return good will for your hatred, and for the punishments you would inflict upon us, we would show you the path of salvation. Believe in the Lord JESUS CHRIST, and ye shall obtain eternal life, and then shall ye rejoice with us for ever; let no man be hindered by his sins, or by his years, from coming to this Saviour; the way is open, the access is easy, by faith in the Lord JESUS CHRIST, who, by subduing death through his cross, by redeeming man with the price of his own blood, by reconciling man to God the Father, and by quickening the dead in sin by regeneration, imparts to us this great salvation. Him let us follow; he opens to us the way of life; he brings us back to paradise; he leads us to the heavenly kingdom, and we shall live for ever with him; by him made sons of God, we shall rejoice with him for ever; redeemed by his blood, we shall be with CHRIST in glory, we shall be blessed of God the Father, and give him thanks to all eternity."

25
No. 56.

THE PENITENT.

A REAL CHARACTER.

STEREOTYPED BY JAMES CONNER, NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK :

NEW-YORK PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY ,

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NEW YORK

1887

THE PENITENT

A REAL CHARACTER.

MR. R—— was a tradesman, who, by persevering industry and economy, amassed very considerable property : but till very late in life he remained destitute of the true riches. So neglected and uncultivated was his mind, that he had passed the common boundary of human existence, threescore years and ten, before he gained possession of that key of knowledge, the art of reading. Moved by some measure of solicitude for his eternal welfare, he at that advanced age taught himself to read by the aid of a Common Prayer Book, printed in a very large type. That solicitude, however, was not sufficiently strong to bring him regularly to the house of God. I have observed him constantly attend public worship for a few weeks, and then I saw no more of him for as many months. Yet, though himself not governed by religious principle, he always entertained a sincere respect for those whom he knew to live under its power. He once told me, that he never could join in the scoffs he sometimes heard vented against pious persons, and that he was accustomed to rebuke, rather than encourage, such impiety. But the influence of his general example upon his family may be readily conceived. They habitually stood aloof from all that bore the form and semblance of religion. I often sighed as I passed by his dwelling, viewing it as inaccessible to my pastoral labors.

One Sunday I was greatly surprised by a pressing request to visit Mr. R——, who was seized with his last sickness. I hastened to his chamber ; and when I entered, he was sitting on the side of his bed undressed, and in evident perturbation of mind. I begged him to be composed, and he lay down. " You come," said he, " to see a wretched man who has spent a long life in scraping together a heap of muck—a heap of money. That has had all my thoughts. I have cared about nothing else. Now I am a dying man ; and I would give ten times all that I possess,

if it was in my power, to get any good for my soul. Oh! I am a poor miserable wretch. What must I do?" Again I entreated him to be calm. I commented on what he had told me, the truth of which I too well knew, endeavoring to probe the wound to the bottom, to see whether it had reached the heart. His tears flowed abundantly as I spoke, and he listened with all the intentness of a man who felt himself perishing, and was eager for deliverance. I then directed his attention to the cross, and to him who hung upon it, as "able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him;"—even at the uttermost verge of a life spent in the uttermost iniquity, if repentance overtakes and arrests the sinner before he passes the fixed gulf, which separates life from death, heaven from hell, and hope from despair. Having, at his request, knelt by his side, and presented at the throne of grace petitions for mercy and grace to help in his time of urgent need, which he fervently repeated after me, with an affecting earnestness of manner, I commended him to the compassion of that Saviour who heard and saved the penitent malefactor, and withdrew. He lingered for some weeks, and expired a few days after I quitted the town. I have, therefore, no knowledge of the circumstances which attended his final hours.

In the frequent visits I paid him, I was gratified at finding that he daily advanced in Scriptural wisdom. His convictions of his own depravity, and of the evils of his worse than wasted life, were expressed in language that exceeded in strength and abasement, any I ever heard from the lips of a repenting sinner. His abhorrence of the sin of covetousness, which had ensnared his soul, his dread of going into the presence of God unpardoned, and his desire to make the best use of his few remaining days, were such as I have seldom or never before witnessed. It gave me great delight to discover how strong a hold various parts of our admirable Liturgy had taken of his mind. He frequently introduced, either in conversation with me or in occasional ejaculations, passages strikingly appropriate to his own character and situation. He often repeated with fervor those animated and pathetic sentences, "O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me! O CHRIST, hear me! LORD have mercy upon me! CHRIST have mercy upon me! LORD have mercy upon me!" If he joined me with more ardor in any prayers than others that I offered in his chamber, they were those which I purposely brought in from various parts of our liturgical services. These appeared the true echo of his feelings. By

degrees he acquired confidence in God's numerous promises to the returning transgressor. He cast himself upon the mercy of God in CHRIST, renouncing every other plea, and never urging any extenuating apologies for his sins. One morning he said to me—"I have been much awake during the night, and much in prayer. I besought the LORD to show me some token of his mercy, that I may not die without a comfortable hope of heaven. It pleased him to pour down into my soul a sense of peace and consolation, to which before I was altogether a stranger. I feel an humble confidence that the LORD has accepted me, and pardoned all my iniquities. I can now depend upon his gracious promises, and if I do desire to live, it is that I may serve him, and teach my family to do the same."

From this time his mind became more tranquil and cheered by the hope of pardon and salvation. If at any time he wept, his tears flowed from another cause. They were tears of mingled penitence and gratitude. Whenever I entered his chamber, the old man received me with an affectionate warmth, which was as affectingly pleasing as his previous spiritual alarm was distressing. With many tears he would hold out his hand and grasp mine, saying, in a manner truly touching and overcoming, "Come near, come near, thou blessed man. You have been the means of saving my soul. I can never love you and thank you enough." In this frame of mind he continued till the last interview I had with him, which was not many days before he died.

He had formerly lived on very unfriendly terms with many members of his family. The influence of religious principle quickly manifested itself in the alteration of his deportment toward them. He once invited the whole of them to dine together in his chamber, and there exhorted them to live in harmony with each other, to attend to the concerns of their souls, and to frequent the house of God.

I must confess that I approach the greater number of sick beds with a heavy heart. Languor and disease often so overpower the soul, as to leave it little even of natural power to give heed to instruction. Here those barren religious notions, which in the days of health brought no glory to God, bring as little comfort and support to their possessor. They betray their inefficiency, their unsoundness, and their comfortlessness. Sometimes, indeed, the more awful truths of revelation come with such power into an awakened conscience, that confessions of aggravated

guilt, deprecations of merited wrath, entreaties for pardoning mercy, and promises of amendment, if life is prolonged, are drawn from the lips. A minister, trembling with anxiety for the condition of a soul apparently just about to enter eternity, gladly seizes hold of every promising appearance. He indulges that charity which "hopeth all things," though he dares not yield to that spurious charity, which, from false tenderness, would allow the dying to perish in self-deception, rather than create a salutary alarm. But when life is lengthened out, how seldom, how very seldom, are his hopes confirmed! With health, the love and power of sin return; the world regains its ascendancy; and Satan re-establishes his lately tottering dominion over the heart. The face of death, and the throne of judgment are forgotten; and, in many instances, respited life is the more abused. "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest; and finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house, whence I came out. And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first." In my own ministry I never yet have met with a decisive instance of the durability of a repentance extorted at the gates of death and hell, when the sinner has been restored. I make these remarks, not by way of limiting the Holy One of Israel, for with him all things are possible; but to obviate objections which may be made by some against narratives of this description, and to prevent others from deducing, from these recollections of Mr. R——, any conclusion favorable to the presumption and procrastination of the carnal mind. It is not for me to determine whether or not his religious impressions would have proved of an abiding character had his days been prolonged. To me, indeed, those impressions appeared so deep, and he brought forth so many fruits meet for repentance, that I can entertain no doubt but that He, who "willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live," accepted in him the work of his own Spirit, pardoned the aged and dying man's remaining defects, and admitted him to his kingdom on the same grounds of gratuitous mercy as he saved the crucified malefactor. The presumption of which many are guilty in persevering in acknowledged error against light and knowledge, and the hypocrisy of some when under spiritual alarm, is not to bar the door of mercy against the true penitent,

wherever and whenever his repentance takes its rise on this side of that grave, beyond which there is no repentance. For

—— if the wanderer his mistake discern,
Judge his own ways and sigh for a return;
Bewilder'd once, must he bewail his loss
For ever and for ever? No—the cross!
There, and there only, (though the deist rave,
And atheist, if earth bear so base a slave;)
There, and there only, is the power to save.
There no delusive hope invites despair;
No mockery meets you, no deception there.
The spells and charms that blinded you before,
All vanish there, and fascinate no more.

This memorial of one of their own class, speaks loudly to men of business. You are necessarily much occupied in the duties of your calling. But those duties, like all other things of an earthly nature, as objects viewed through a mist, may be enlarged in your sight far beyond their true magnitude. You may, you often do, toil on for three parts of a century, and yet acquire no adequate recompense for your labor. Yet, amidst the fluctuations and uncertainties of mercantile pursuits, success may attend your plans and toils. You may amass property. You may become rich. But you may not in this world have your eyes opened to discern the intrinsic value *to yourselves*, which attaches to accumulated wealth. When abused to the entire occupation of the heart and life, it is stigmatized by the divine penman as “filthy lucre.” In my dying parishioner’s eyes, purged as his sight was from the films which had hitherto beclouded it, wealth, unimproved to the glory of God and the good of man, seemed but “a heap of muck.” The man who is greedy of filthy lucre for its own sake, or for the temporal pleasures and honors it can purchase, drowns himself in a fountain which ought to water all around him. That is no mean passage in Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress*, which represents the Interpreter taking Christiana and her companions “into a room, where was a man that could look no way but downward, with a muck-rake in his hand; there stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor.” Then said Christiana, “I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this: for this is the figure of a man in this world; is it not, good sir?”

"Thou hast said right," said he, "and his muck-rake doth show his carnal mind. And whereas thou seest him rather give heed to rake up straws and sticks, and the dust of the floor, than to do what he says, who calls to him from above, with the celestial crown in his hand; it is to show, that heaven is but as a fable with some, and that things here are counted the only things substantial. Now, whereas it was also showed thee, that the man could look no way but downward; it is to let thee know that earthly things, when they are with power upon men's minds, quite carry their hearts away from God." Then said Christiana, "O! deliver me from this muck-rake!" "That prayer," said the Interpreter, "has lain by till it is almost rusty, *Give me not riches, Prov. xxx. 8.* It is scarce the prayer of one in ten thousand. Straws, and sticks, and dust, with most, are the great things now looked after."

FERVENT VOWS AND PETITIONS.

THEE will I love, my strength and tower;
 Thee will I love, my joy and crown;
 Thee will I love, with all my power,
 In all my works, and thee alone!
 Thee will I love, till that pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

In darkness willingly I stray'd;
 sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
 For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than Thee, I loved:
 And now, if more at length I see,
 'T is through thy light, and comes from Thee.

I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
 That Thy bright beams on me have shined:
 I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
 I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice,
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
 Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;
 Give to my soul, with filial fears,
 The love that all heaven's host inspires;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown!
 Thee will I love, my LORD, my GOD
 Thee will I love, though all may frown,
 And thorns and briers perplex my road;
 Yea! when my flesh and heart decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day.



THE

THATCHER'S WIDOW;

A REAL CHARACTER.

ELIZABETH R—— was the widow of a thatcher, who left behind him a pleasing testimony, that he loved the ways of God; that the Bible was the guide and companion of his earthly pilgrimage; and that, as the best heritage he could give his children, he labored to enrich them with such a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, that they might be made “wise unto salvation through faith which is in CHRIST JESUS.” A wound, which he inflicted on his leg while pursuing his humble employment, in a very few days laid him in the grave. His widow, with her seven children, thus cast upon the world, immediately became the conspicuous objects of that care, which exercises a peculiar superintendence over the widow and the fatherless. She often spoke to me, with tears, of the amazing goodness of God, in enabling her to provide for her offspring, toward whom she evidenced a tenderness of maternal affection not often found in mothers of her lowly station. With equal tenderness she cherished the memory of her husband, and seldom mentioned him without weeping. She became mistress of the village school, and gave to many the elements of that knowledge, which, if duly improved, will do for them what it did for her. But in her way to the kingdom of heaven, she was called to pass through “*much tribulation.*” Exemption from trials is no condition of the Redeemer’s service. The world remark and wonder, and sometimes draw very erroneous conclusions from the fact, that religious persons are generally distinguished as much by their frequent and severe afflictions, as they are by their piety. They overlook the accordance of this fact with all the recorded dispensations of God toward even his most eminent servants in every age. They discern not the wisdom which ordains, the love which prompts, and the power which over-rules this mysterious part of the divine government. They have no eye to perceive, that God is more glorified in and through the sorrows which he sends upon his people, than by all the prosperity which he showers upon those, who sometimes boast, that they make no profession of religion, and yet are more successful in life, and less troubled than the godly. More glory accrued to God from the beggary and extreme misery of Lazarus, than from the wealth and splendor of Dives. Even the pious friends of the great eastern patriarch, were misled in their judgment upon his case. “If thou wert pure and upright; surely now he would awake for thee, and make *the habitation of thy*

righteousness prosperous." But, behold "the end of the LORD!" The humility, faith, patience, and every grace of his suffering servant, were strengthened and displayed; the malice and machinations of Satan sustained a signal defeat; and God advanced his own glory by the afflictions of Job, and by their issue.

Elizabeth R—— was the child of providence, nor was she less the child of sorrow. She was keenly distressed by losing successively three very promising children; but she was cheered by knowing that there was hope in their end. Toward the close of her life, she became a very grievous sufferer from a wen, or cancer, of an enormous size, which grew upon her breast, and rendered her an object of pity and commiseration. Under the gradual advance of this disease toward its crisis, which proved her death, she suffered long and greatly. But it doubtless was the means of drawing her nearer to the God of all consolation, and afforded an opportunity for the exhibition of the best principles. Long before this, indeed, she was a woman of prayer. Her children on their evening return from labor, often found her in some retired corner of their cottage in the attitude and employment of a suppliant at the throne of grace; and she was wont to spend many a sacred moment at eventide in the same manner as did the contemplative Isaac before her.

Shortly after the providence of God fixed my habitation at S——, I discovered Elizabeth R—— to be a woman who feared and loved God, and who, in the diligent hearing and keeping of his word, was "looking for the mercy of our Lord JESUS CHRIST unto eternal life." Humility was a prominent feature in her character. Every person spoke well of her except herself. While from many I often heard pleasing testimonies of her worth, from her own lips I never was pained to hear those frequent self-applauses, which are common in the mouths of many. They who are ignorant of the corruption of human nature in themselves and others, would have been astonished at her spontaneous confessions of her own guilt and unworthiness. When I called upon her in an alms-house, which was the asylum of her latter years, she would often mourn and weep over the wickedness of her heart. Not that she had any foul offence to charge herself with before men; but, in the sight of God, she felt and freely acknowledged herself to be a miserable sinner. "It grieves me to think," she would say, "of the wretched manner in which I serve the LORD. I cannot love and pray to him as I ought. This distresses me far more than the pains that I suffer in my body. But I do hate sin—I do hate those vain thoughts that disturb my mind." I once asked her—"Seeing you have nothing of your own good enough to depend on for acceptance before a holy God, what is the ground of your hope?" She with much earnestness replied—"To whom can I go but to my blessed Saviour? He only has the words of eternal life." On her removal to the house of her children, a few weeks before her decease, that she might have the comfort of their affectionate atten-

tions, I enjoyed many opportunities of witnessing the progress of her soul toward heaven. Her excruciating disease was then rapidly gaining ground. Till that period her mind was often distressed by spiritual darkness, disturbed by fears and doubts, and molested by temptation. She may be truly said to have sown the precious seed of life in many tears; but now she is reaping the full harvest in an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. "Who is among you that feareth the LORD; that obeyeth the voice of his servant; that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the LORD, and stay upon his God." Her ultimate triumph over doubt and fear, holds out encouragement to mourners in Zion.

When I expressed my grief at seeing her suffer so keenly, she observed—"Yes; but ten times my sufferings would do nothing toward blotting out my sins. That can be done only by the sufferings of CHRIST." She repeatedly disavowed all hope of pardon from any thing she ever did or suffered; and never was deluded by the too prevailing error of supposing, that severe temporal afflictions, either mental or bodily, are partly an atonement for transgression. "I hope that all my sufferings will be in this life," is the ambiguous sentiment uttered by many, who betray a lamentable ignorance of the end and exclusive virtue of the Saviour's "meritorious cross and passion, whereby alone we obtain remission of our sins, and are made partakers of the kingdom of heaven." Elizabeth R——longed ardently for "the rest which remaineth for the people of God." "Is it," said I, "your excessive bodily pain, that makes you so long for heaven?" "No," she replied, "for though it would be a great mercy to be delivered from that pain, I chiefly wish to reach that blessed place, because I then shall be freed from the evils of my wicked heart." "What seems to you most desirable in heaven?" "The sight of my blessed Saviour."

Deeply sensible as she was of her unworthiness, and long as she had previously walked under a cloud, sighing for the light of peace, she now had no dread of death. "How great is God's mercy to you," I said, "that you do not fear to die. You know that death has a sting, and that sting is sin; and the strength of sin is the law, which shows us our guilt." "Yes," was her answer, "but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord JESUS CHRIST." It was her great grief, that her severe pains hindered her in prayer and meditation. She would say, "I long to see my Saviour, that I may serve him without sin, and without interruption." Her patient resignation was striking. "My pains are very great," she said; "but not my will, O LORD, but thine be done."

I offered to administer to her the holy Sacrament—an offer which I never make to sick and dying persons, unless they evince an enlightened understanding of the nature of the ordinance, and are anxious to partake of it simply in affectionate and grateful remembrance of the Saviour's death, and as a means of grace and

comfort; and not merely to pacify conscience, or as a passport to heaven. She manifested great thankfulness for my offer, adding, "I always loved to receive it. It lifted my heart to heaven, and I deeply grieved if ever my infirmities would not let me go to the Lord's table. It seemed like turning my back upon the command of my Saviour." At her desire, and a most interesting scene it was, to see her four children kneeling around their dying mother, her two sons and two daughters participated with us in the sacred feast: she sweetly remarking in the words of our LORD—"I shall take it no more with them till we together drink it new in the kingdom of my Father."

Her anguish of body was inconceivably great. "But," she was wont to say, "I trust the LORD will never leave me—never forsake me. He has brought me through many troubles, he will bring me through this." Though she did not fear death itself, yet her nature sometimes shrunk back from *the pains* of it. I remarked—"Even for these you will soon praise God; for the pains of temporal death will render the change from earth to heaven the more glorious." This comforted her, and she rejoiced that JESUS had died to deliver her from the bitter pains of eternal death. The eye of her faith becoming still clearer as death drew nigh, was frequently fixed upon the River of Life, which is mentioned in the apocalyptic description of heaven. "O! that I could drink of that living water," she cried, "then I should be well. I long to drink of that river of the water of life. It seems as if I saw it flowing before me."

Whatever she might be called to endure, she felt confident that the promises of the Gospel were enough to support her. "I had rather," she said, "suffer ten times more than all this, than be separated from my Saviour. In the midst of my most violent agonies, the words of Job are ever in my mind; 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'" On one occasion, when I inquired how she was, she answered—"Sir, I cannot find one part of my body free from pain." "But the time is short—you soon will be where there shall be no more pain." "I hope so. Indeed I can say, I have no fears, no doubts left." "Do you now enjoy more than usual comfort and peace?" "Yes, sir, I do. I have always felt myself a most wretched sinner. I never could pray as I wished, nor serve the LORD as I ought. This was my constant grief. This daily filled me with mourning. But for many years it has been my prayer, that, before I died, I might be enabled to rejoice in God my Saviour; and now, blessed be his name, I do rejoice. My fears are gone. No doubts are left." During another visit I paid to her chamber, she said to me, "I desire to be within the gate of heaven. But I hope the LORD will give me patience for all I have first to go through." "When you do get within that bright gate, what of all you there shall see will most delight you?" "There will be every thing to delight me; but, especially, I shall rejoice to see"—and her tears flowed fast as she spoke,—"I shall rejoice to see my Saviour—

his wounded side—his pierced hands—his head which was torn by the thorns—and all for me!"

On one other occasion she again complained of her sinfulness and unworthiness. I quoted the words of Isaiah, "'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.' You feel that you have nothing to give in purchase of the pardon of that guilt, which occasions your complaints." "No, I have nothing—nothing to buy it with." "Then you see it is a free gift, and you will attribute to the LORD all the glory of your salvation." "I never can give him glory enough." She desired that her name might be put up with the public prayers of the congregation; but proceeded to say, she would not consent to this unless her family went to the house of God. She scrupulously would not let them comply with the singular custom of all the other members of a family absenting themselves from public worship, when any one of them was publicly prayed for. There may be in the custom an appearance of tenderness and respect to the afflicted person; but, certainly, all whose services are not needed in the sick chamber, should go and unite their prayers with those of the great congregation, on behalf of their relative, and carry home, for the benefit of the afflicted, a portion of the instruction which they have been favored to hear.

A few days before her departure, she derived much comfort from my repetition of the 23d Psalm. "I have no fear of the dark valley," she said, "for the LORD is with me. I bless God that I have not neglected his service till now. A death-bed repentance must be dangerous. In youth and health is the time to mind the business of the soul. But still I am ashamed that I have served the LORD in so imperfect a manner. I place no dependence on myself; my righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Like every soul who is taught of God, and has imbibed the spirit of CHRIST, she felt for the dark state in which thousands live. They had her dying prayers—"O that the LORD may open their eyes before it is too late."

On the Thursday preceding her dissolution, she told me, that she had no trouble of mind. All was confined to the body. Her soul enjoyed unclouded peace and joy in believing the promises of the Word of God. She often remembered and repeated the words which fell from the dying lips of her own mother, and which were partly uttered by the Saviour on the cross, quoted from the 31st Psalm—"Into thine hand I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O LORD God of truth." On that same day she looked at me very earnestly, and said, "Oh sir, there is a great difference between life and death." The last time I saw this truly good old woman, I endeavored to comfort her under her most dreadful sufferings, by directing her attention to the love and power of the Lord JESUS CHRIST; remarking, "He is a great, a glorious, an all-sufficient Saviour." "Yes," she replied

with an energy extraordinary for her reduced state of body, "he is the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace!" The agonies which she underwent, seemed, toward the last, to shut up the doors of her mind. Doubtless, in every moment of sensibility, the LORD manifested his presence with her soul; for the last words she was heard to utter, were—"The marriage supper of the Lamb! The marriage supper of the Lamb!"

Thus lived, and thus died, the Thatcher's Widow. Her life was a life of humble faith, and her end was peace. It may be asked, in what did Elizabeth R—— so differ from others, that she should be held up as an example? I answer, her *principles* were widely different from those of most persons, and she derived them from a different source. The principles, which in the majority of mankind give a form to the character, and a decided tenor to the life, are of a worldly nature and tendency, and originate in those false, though specious maxims, which pass current among men. Hers were of heavenly origin, for she drew them from the Bible: they were of a holy tendency, for they produced a sober, righteous, and godly life. Taught by the SPIRIT OF GOD the evil of sin, "she sorrowed after a godly sort," when she discovered the bias of her nature toward transgression. An enlightened and enlarged understanding of the moral law, led her to form a lowly estimate of all her conduct. Seeing that she could not bring a single stone toward laying the foundation of her eternal hopes, with simple faith and lively gratitude she built on CHRIST, as the sure and only foundation-stone. Fair as her character stood with men, in sobriety, integrity, and in all the externals of religion, so that, if any dared, she might also have had "confidence in the flesh," she was fully prepared to harmonize with the apostle—"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for CHRIST: yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of CHRIST JESUS my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win CHRIST, and be found in him, not having my own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of CHRIST, the righteousness which is of God by faith." Her moral deportment afforded a conclusive testimony of the practical influence of these truths, whenever they are received, not merely by the understanding, as constituting a theory to be maintained, but by the heart, as furnishing motives for the willing and cheerful practice of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things contain any virtue, and procure any praise."

There was also this essential difference between her and many others; that religion with her, as with the primitive Christians, was a matter of *experience*. She *felt* its power as well as acknowledged its authority and importance. She welcomed its descending and pervading influence upon her soul, and made it her prayer and her effort, that every affection and every power

might be subjected to its control. Nor was she of the number of those, who are contented to know and to converse about some scattered and unconnected fragments of Christianity: she rather contemplated it as a perfect temple, reared by the great Architect, wherein to manifest his presence and unveil his glory; and wherein to meet his true worshippers, and hold with them a sweet and blissful communion. To enjoy this was the very summit of her desires. She could with propriety say, "One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD, and to inquire in his temple." Whereas, numbers are satisfied with speculative notions, which but indistinctly enlighten their minds, and leave their hearts cold, dead, and at enmity with God. They study to discover what is the smallest measure of duty which they may yield, and what is the lowest state of feeling in which they may rest, consistently with safety. They give to God only what they cannot withhold; but to the world every thing which they can possibly bestow. These few remarks are enough to draw a strong line of separation and difference between the few who resemble Elizabeth R—— and the many who present to the eye no such resemblance.

It is sometimes confidently asserted, that such principles as this poor woman adopted, and such doctrines as she espoused, are not orthodox, nor accordant with the sentiments of our own Church. It might, indeed, be sufficient to compare these religious views with the language of inspiration. If they run parallel with each other, no more need be said to establish the truth, to enforce the authority, and to illustrate the importance of such principles and doctrines. But it requires only a single eye, cleared from the film of natural corruption, and unobstructed by the mists of theological disputes, to discern, that the volume which contains the formularies and the accredited sentiments of our Zion, may be correctly denominated a compendium of evangelical religion. From this, and from the Holy Scriptures, and from no other source, did my humble friend derive her opinions. From *principle*, as well as from education and habit, she was firmly, and I may say affectionately, attached to the Church of her forefathers. The sacred and venerable structure with which that Church had provided her, was her beloved and constant resort: its services were her delight; and its ministers she revered and loved. No consideration ever induced her to leave that house of prayer, where she had ever sought and found the presence of Him, whom she was accustomed to call her "beloved Saviour:" and though toward the close of life her perceptions of divine truth became more clear and vivid, they were substantially the same when I first knew her. Her wisdom was His gift who has said, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

"IT IS AN AWFUL THING TO DIE."

It was the still and sultry close of a breathless summer day,
When faint and gasping on her bed a dying Christian lay;
Wan was her faded cheek, and fix'd her glared eye,
As she press'd my hand, and breathed, "It is an awful thing
to die!"

Yet it was not from a fear,—a fear that shakes the soul,
When the headlong feverish race of guilt hath reach'd the
appointed goal;
Nor was it from a love of life, or from any earthly tie,
That she confess'd it was, in truth, "an awful thing to die."

For sure if e'er a ransom'd soul, bought with a precious price,
Could testify the cleansing power of CHRIST's vast sacrifice;
Her bosom was as pure as yonder cloudless sky,
And yet her humble spirit felt, "it was an awful thing to die."

Yes, awful was the approach of the terror-striking king,
To *Him* who broke his sceptre, and spoil'd him of his sting;
When in agony of spirit he breathed his soul's distress,
"My God, my God, let this cup pass, this cup of bitterness!"

A moment, and the thought's suppress'd; the high resolve
returns,
With resignation bows that head, with love that bosom burns;
Love to God, and love to man, which nought can quench or dim
Love which the angelic choir repeat in one eternal hymn!

Meek follower of him who left the heavens to save,
And abhorr'd not the virgin's womb, nor the sharpness of the
grave;
Thy fight is fought—thy prayer is heard—bright is thy setting
sun,
Thy last best prayer, "LORD, not *my* will, but thine alone be
done!"

To die the death the righteous die, should ever be our prayer,
But then to live the righteous' life, should ever be our care;
Then cling we to the cross of CHRIST, and with our latest sigh,
Confess it is a joyful, though "an awful thing to die!"

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THE NOVICE.

STEREOTYPED BY JAMES CONNER.

NEW-YORK :

NEW-YORK PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY :



THE NOVICE.

PART

JOHN ROGERS lived in a populous manufacturing country: he was not a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, nor is it of importance to inform you to what denomination of Christians he belonged. His wife Mary was of the same religious opinions with himself: but she was the daughter of a very pious and enlightened man, whose circumstances in life had allowed him to devote more leisure to the instruction of his children than is common with working people. Mary possessed, therefore, much more experience and knowledge than her husband, though her humble sense of herself did not allow her to bring them forward in any unsuitable way. John Rogers was in very good business; and he had a neat and comfortable house about a stone's throw from the meeting-house at which he worshipped. He lived in credit, was an honest man, and kind husband; but there was a good deal of uncertainty and irregularity in some of his habits.

John and Mary had two sons; the one was called Philip, and the other Thomas. Philip was the eldest by two years: he was a lively boy, with an engaging countenance, and had a great deal to say for himself, on which account he was his father's favorite. He was made of too much consequence, indulged in his whims, and what he said was often repeated as being very clever and sensible. Mary did all she could to prevent this; but she was little attended to. John was too vain of his boy to allow him in any way to be kept back, and he had too much false fondness for him to refuse him any thing he desired: he, however, allowed Mary to do as she pleased respecting her youngest son. Thomas was a simple boy, of plain good sense, with a good-humored, round, ruddy countenance, very quiet and industrious, and extremely obedient to his mother. He was contented to be nobody and never showed any jealousy of his brother; and was always happy, when a little boy, if he might be allowed to sit quietly beside his mother, reading his hymn book, or turning over the pictures as he laid the book on her lap.

Many religious persons came to visit John and Mary Rogers; and as it may be supposed that some of these people knew but little of children, they would often do a great deal of mischief to Philip by the notice they took of him. Among these persons, we must particularly mention a woman of the name of Sarah Prichard, a near neighbor of John and Mary. Sometimes he was encouraged to pray aloud, when he was going to bed, in the presence of several people, while he was conscious of being

listened to ; and, as he was very fluent in speech, he was commended for his great gift in prayer ; so that the child's heart was often turned from the Creator to the creatures who were listening to him. He was called upon to give explanations of verses in the Bible before his father's acquaintance ; to repeat and sing hymns ; and was called the little preacher : while his brother Thomas was scarcely noticed by any one, or, if he was spoken of at all, he was mentioned as rather dull, by no means possessing the parts of his brother Philip. Some people, indeed, would go still further, and compare the religious character of the two boys, especially as related to their gifts in prayer ; for they did not know that little Thomas offered up many a simple prayer to God, which came from his heart, and which no human being ever heard, unless, sometimes, it was his mother.

As soon as they were old enough, the two boys were sent to the Sunday School belonging to the meeting ; but here their habits were as different as they were at home. Thomas was very industrious ; and, though not particularly quick at learning, he lost no time, and soon became a very excellent reader, and was extremely attentive to all the religious instruction that was given him. And when school was over, though it was too often the custom with the Superintendent to turn out the children to go where they pleased at service-time, Thomas always waited for his mother, and sat by her side in the meeting. On the other hand, Philip was frequently tired of the confinement of the school, and was glad to be at liberty, often under the pretence of collecting some children about him and praying and singing with them.

Mary particularly remonstrated with her husband on this point ; but it was of no use. Sometimes, indeed, Philip went to the meeting ; and was always ready to go with his father to hear a new preacher, whether it might be at the parish church or any where else.

John was never very steady to his own place of worship : it was his saying, that 'It was no matter where one went, so that one heard what was good ;' while Mary used to say, that a rolling stone gathered no moss, and that wandering sheep are more in the way of the wolves than those are who stay quietly in their own pastures.

According to their beginning, so did these two boys proceed as they advanced in years. It was a daily grief to Mary, that Philip, who, under careful training, might have made, by the divine blessing, a very useful, active, and agreeable boy, was gaining habits of self-will and self-conceit. He had no perseverance, and no patient industry ; and could not brook restraint, though he could talk of religion and pray in a manner quite astonishing for so young a boy. Every body flattered him except his mother, and she never feared to tell him the truth when they were together alone. "Dear Philip !" she would often say to him, "do not deceive yourself ! do not think that you know any

thing as you ought about religion! You are like a man who pretends to read without having learned his letters. The A, B, C, of religion is humility. Our Saviour begins his sermon on the mount with—*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!*”

Philip loved his mother, and sometimes he would listen to her; and her words were not, in the end, lost upon him, though, when he was among his other friends, he was apt to forget that gifts are not graces.

When Philip was fourteen he entirely left the Sunday School; and he was soon afterward invited to lead a prayer-meeting at the house of the widow Prichard. This woman we have already spoken of as residing in the neighborhood, and have said that she was very early one of Philip's flatterers, and that she was one of those who helped to spread abroad his fame in the country.

The first time he prayed at her house, she groaned aloud whenever he stopped for a moment; and when they all rose from their knees, she lifted up her hands, saying, “How remarkable! how wonderful! what a gift! and so young and ruddy withal, as David was when he slew Goliath.”

What Sarah said was repeated by many others; and Philip always returned from these prayer-meetings in a worse state than he went.

Both Philip and Thomas now went to work with their father; but Philip's habits often interfered with his working regularly, especially by making him impatient under every difficulty, and sometimes glad to run away from any work he did not like: nor did he make the improvement he ought to have done of his leisure at home. He was much fonder of going to Sarah Prichard's house, for the purpose of reading, or singing, or praying, than even his father liked; and his mother never approved of his going to the house, for she did not like Sarah Prichard, and feared that there was more of the talk than the reality of religion about her.

It was about two years after Philip had first gone to the prayer-meeting at Sarah Prichard's house, that she, with some of his friends who met together, persuaded him to try to exhort a few persons, who were to be invited on the Sunday, for the purpose of hearing him. He felt himself rather afraid of such an undertaking; and he did not dare to tell his father. He had exhorted for two Sundays in Sarah Prichard's house, when the report reached his father, and he heard so marvellous an account of the knowledge of the Scriptures and the fluency in speech which his son displayed, that he felt himself pleased, and could not find in his heart to blame the young man for entering upon such an important duty without once speaking to his parents.

It was not so with Mary; and though she said but little to Philip, yet he knew very well that his mother was not well pleased.

Philip now increased his engagements. He exhorted in other houses besides that of Sarah Prichard, and thus was prevented from going to hear the word of God preached by his own pastor, and thus advancing his spiritual growth: and he also made some little changes in the style of his dress, which distinguished him from other young men of his age and station.

All this time Thomas was going on in his own way; a great comfort to his mother, and a greater to his father than John was willing to own. He was still a constant attendant at the Sunday School; for he found that he could make himself extremely useful as a teacher in the school, the whole management of which he understood so thoroughly: and there were occasions when he could still stand up as a learner.

Things were in this state when Mary received a letter from her father, William Parnel, who resided in a town thirty miles distant, to say that business would bring him into her neighborhood very soon, and that he hoped to spend ten days or a fortnight with her and her husband; a pleasure he had not enjoyed for many years past.

Mary was very much rejoiced to hear of her father's intended visit; not only because she was very desirous to see him, but because she hoped that, by his experience and wisdom, he might assist her with respect to Philip, on whose account she was very uneasy: and as the good man proposed making so long a stay in the country, she determined to say nothing to him upon his first arrival, respecting the characters of her two sons; but to leave it to him for a few days to make his own observations.

John did not think at all upon this subject; but Philip, who had been for some time daily rising in his own good opinion, thought within himself, when he heard of his grandfather's expected visit, "How surprised will he be to find me a preacher! He is a man, I hear, of great experience, and much looked up to in our society. What will he think of me when he finds that my gifts are not far behind his? However, I will keep myself in the back-ground till the Sabbath-day, and I shall see how he will be astonished. *Surely the weak things of the world are chosen to confound the strong!*"

When all this passed in Philip's mind he did not consider its evil nature; for he had often heard things to the same purpose said, even in his father's presence, with respect to himself; and at Sarah Prichard's house he could not be praised too highly, as we have already seen; and, whatever else Philip might have been taught, he had never learned to *know himself*.

When William Parnel arrived he was made extremely welcome by all the family; and he was very much pleased with the first appearance of both his grandsons: and, as he only came on the Friday, he had no opportunity of seeing much of their characters before the week was ended.

On Sunday morning, when Philip was up and dressed, he looked at himself from head to foot: he surveyed the color of

his stockings, the cut of his coat, and his hair brushed smoothly on his forehead. "All together," he thought to himself, "I have a very ministerial appearance. I wonder what my grandfather will think of me!"

Full of these thoughts, he went down stairs. His father was not yet come down; his mother was getting breakfast, for all the family were early on a Sunday; Thomas was sorting some books on the window sill to take to school with him; and the old gentleman was sitting near the clean hearth, reading out of a large Bible, which was placed on a round table before him, and he was so occupied with what he was reading, that he only reached his hand to his grandson on his coming down, saying, with a smiling countenance, "Good morning to you, Philip;" and then returned to his book.

Meanwhile Philip, having failed hitherto to attract his grandfather's attention, placed himself on a chair opposite him; and, crossing his legs, and leaning rather back in his chair, he employed himself in humming part of a hymn tune till breakfast should begin, indulging, at the same time, a feeling of much self-satisfaction.

"Father," said Mary, at last, "breakfast is ready, and John is not yet come down, will you ask a blessing for us?"

"With all my heart!" said the old man, lifting up his eyes; "and, above all temporal things, let us praise God for giving us another Sabbath day!"

When they sat down again, Philip returned to his old posture.

After a few more remarks, in which the old man had continued to express his joy in the gift of the Sabbath day, he addressed himself to Philip, who sat opposite to him, saying, "And pray, my lad, when do they go in at your meeting?"

Philip turned to his mother and asked, "When do they, mother?"

"How comes it," said the old man, looking at his grandson with surprise, "that you cannot answer that question yourself?"

Philip smiled and paused; then, looking up with a countenance of self-complacency, "Grandfather," said he, "I preach the Gospel *myself* now."

"You preach the Gospel!" returned the old man: "you preach the Gospel! and pray where do you get a congregation of babes that will listen to you?"

"I have hearers as old as yourself, grandfather," returned Philip, coloring.

While this was passing between Philip and his grandfather, John had come down; and, as he had not been seen, he stood quietly listening at the foot of the stairs, and when Philip had finished the last words, he called out, "There is such a thing as being young in years and old in grace."

On hearing his voice, all the party looked up, and wished him a good morning; but John was impatient till every body was settled quietly again; when, turning to his father-in-law, "So,"

he said, "you have been finding fault with my son for preaching the Gospel according to the best of his power! I take it he is quite as fit for the purpose as some other persons who live no great distance from here, for all they have been at a University. What is the use of learning? Look at the apostles; they were poor fishermen."

"I am no Churchman, any more than you," replied the old man; "though I love my Master's image, wherever I see it. But I take it, that, as the apostles were gifted with tongues before they were sent to preach the Gospel, their example will not serve us much in recommending ignorance."

"Well, however that may be," returned John, "grace is better than learning."

"Very true," returned the old man. "But to refer to what you said just now.—It is not likely to make or keep a boy old in grace, if he is set to preach the Gospel before he knows it himself."

"I am not so ready," said Philip, "to yield the point respecting human learning: I certainly do look upon the apostles, grandfather, as poor, ignorant fishermen."

"Grandson," returned the old man, seriously, "let their languages alone, let the dispute about human learning alone; the apostles had a preparation which you have never had, a preparation far exceeding that which any minister in any Church ever had;—they were three years the followers and companions of the LORD of glory himself. His words of wisdom dropped like dew continually upon them; he watched over their follies, and reproved their sins. They saw his spotless life, they witnessed his dying sorrow and agonizing death. They were, indeed, dull and insensible during this teaching; but they were not permitted to execute their high commission, and preach the Gospel to all nations, till the SPIRIT was sent to them.—That SPIRIT which their Lord and Master had promised should bring to their minds every thing that he had said unto them. Leave off, then, young man, to compare yourself with these fishermen."

Neither John nor Philip were for some minutes able to make any reply to the old man, and Mary sat in deep silence, sometimes looking toward her father, then watching every turn in her son's countenance. "But, father," said John, after some little time, "it is impossible for any body in these days to have such a preparation as you have spoken of; and grace must supply it."

"Very true," replied the old man; "no man can preach the Gospel as he ought without the grace of God: but grace does not make preachers of us all, or else many a holy babe might be a preacher. There is a fitness to be gained for every employment, and the more holy the employment, the greater should be the fitness: and without entering into the question of human knowledge, I will venture to say this—that he who has little or no experience of his own heart, and knows as little of the devices

of Satan and the temptations of the world, though he may be useful in his own way, nay, very useful, is not fit to be a preacher to others. Philip might be exceedingly useful in teaching the children of the Sunday School, and be made the means of saving many a babe; but as to preaching to grown men and women, he is altogether unfit for it."

The old man did not know, when he spoke this, that Thomas was a teacher at the school: but this allusion displeased both John and Philip exceedingly; and John, coloring very highly, said, "I am extremely surprised, father, that a man of your piety should be so ready to throw hindrances in the way of your grandson's good beginning, and methinks you are rather more warm than becomes an old disciple."

"Am I?" replied William; "then I do sincerely beg pardon of you both:" and, as he spoke, he got up and reached a hand both to his son and grandson. "I have lately," he continued, "been much taken up with considering the signs of the latter time: I believe this to be the Laodicean age of the Church, a time to be particularly marked by disobedience to parents. There is a spirit of self-will and independence gone abroad among the young people of the rising generation; they do not think soberly of themselves, but much too highly. This spirit shows itself in various ways, according to men's circumstances; but in some parts of the religious world it shows itself in the desire to put themselves forward as preachers of the Gospel before they know it themselves; and thus the blind become leaders of the blind. And it is impossible to describe the ridicule which these blind teachers bring upon themselves and those they pretend to teach among the enemies of religion. I came here with my mind full of these things; and I will own (though it ought not to have made me hot) that I was deeply concerned to find my own grandson falling into the error and danger of the times."

"And pray," returned John, "is every desire to save the souls of men to be checked among the young people?"

"Certainly not," returned the old man. "If Philip really desires to be a minister of the Gospel, let him be duly prepared, and let him not run before he knows his errand. There is a wise and pious man now overlooking the flock to which you belong; consult him as to what you ought to do: and if your son really desires to save souls, and not exalt himself, he will be willing, in patience and humility, to abide whatever preparation may be deemed necessary to fit him for any sacred office in the Church of God."

To this speech no answer was made. Philip and Thomas had now finished their breakfast, and they took their hats and went away. John soon afterward told his wife that he was going to hear a charity-sermon at a neighboring meeting-house; and when Mary and her father were left alone, they also remained silent, and the old man continued employed with his Bible till Mary told him that it was time to go to meeting.

In the mean time, Philip had gone to Sarah Prichard's house, where there were some of his friends collected, who were to accompany him to a house where he was to exhort that morning. "What's the matter with you, Philip?" said Sarah, as soon as he came into the house. "You look as if something had disturbed you."

"Disturbed me, indeed!" said Philip; and then he proceeded immediately to relate all that had just passed between his grandfather and himself.

"Shameful! shameful!" repeated Sarah. "The good-for-nothing old fellow! And such a name for religion as he has; every body would have supposed that he would have gloried to see such gifts in his grandson—his own flesh and blood!"

"Why, mother," said Sarah's eldest daughter, "don't you see through all this? Mary Rogers has been darkening his mind: there is nothing good in her eyes but what her darling Thomas does; and she has been stirring up the old man against Philip, all through nothing but envy and jealousy."

"I look upon all this," remarked another woman, "as nothing but downright persecution; and I hope that it will not cause the young man's hands to hang down, but that he will go to his work with double activity; and if his own flesh and blood turn their back upon him, he will find those who will stand by him."

"Yes, that he will!" repeated many voices all at once; and from this time a strong party was formed among a certain set of persons, whose constant employment was to flatter Philip at the expense of his best friends. And while he was encouraged to exert himself more and more, and to increase his engagements, even at some distance, in the way of preaching and exhortation, he became more and more estranged from his own home; for though he had never been contradicted by his mother, his feelings toward her and Thomas were of that kind which made him uncomfortable when he was in their company. He was now continually going over to Sarah Prichard's house at every leisure hour; and here he was sure to meet with that flattering treatment which he thought his mother ought to have given him. He had not, however, any chidings or reproaches to complain of from his mother: for she thought that, under present circumstances, it was better to pray in secret for him than to talk to him; and, after the discourse I have related, his grandfather never entered into the subject with him again during his stay, whatever he might do with his father in private.

Some months after this time, it was rumored that Philip was going to marry Sarah Prichard's eldest daughter, and there was some truth in the report; but Philip feared to tell his parents, because he knew that neither of them much liked Sarah Prichard, and he thought that they would try to hinder the match. But John at last heard that the marriage had actually taken place, and he was very angry, and spoke his sentiments pretty plainly to his son. But Philip had been too long indulged by

his father to bear opposition from him, and a coolness followed between the father and son.

Philip now removed from his father's house, and established himself entirely in that of Sarah Prichard.

All this was very agreeable to Sarah Prichard. Philip was a good workman, whenever he chose to work, and his wages enabled the little family to live much better than they had formerly done. Philip also purchased some handsome furniture, which gave the house a very creditable appearance; and, instead of going out to work for their bread, as they had done in former days, the mother and daughter employed themselves in keeping the house nice, and in talking to all the persons who came to call upon Philip.

Sarah Prichard took care to be always provided with tea and loaf-sugar, white bread, and fresh butter, and even with a little elder or cowslip wine, in order to entertain Philip's acquaintance, who became every day more numerous; and nothing for the present seemed to be spared that could make his new home comfortable to him, or spread abroad his fame in the neighborhood.

Philip seemed now entirely lost to his parents; and though John heard, from many quarters, of his son's fame, and was congratulated upon having such a son, yet this affair of his marriage sunk so deeply into his heart, that even the praises of his beloved Philip gave him little satisfaction. As for Mary, she was so uneasy about him, dreading lest, being puffed up with pride, he should fall into the condemnation of Satan, that, had she not been supported by faith in the promises of God, she would quite have sunk under her troubles.

It was at this time, when the parents were in a state of great uneasiness about Philip, that John, while engaged in his ordinary employments, met with an accident of so alarming a nature, that it was feared he could not long survive. He was, however attended by a very skilful surgeon, and hopes began to be entertained of his life, though with the prospect of being confined many weeks to his bed, and retaining ever afterward some degree of bodily weakness.

John had never laid by any money, and therefore he had no present supply for his many wants but the allowance which he received from the friendly society to which he belonged. And now it was that his despired son, the unpretending Thomas, stepped forward, and out of his own earnings provided his father with every thing that he needed: and while Philip sometimes called to inquire after his father, (for he could do no less,) Thomas would watch for hours by his bedside, read to him, pray by him, and at one time he even fed him; while he would insist upon his mother taking such rest and refreshment as were necessary for her. And all this Thomas did quietly and cheerfully, without any talk or parade; and he did it for many weeks, and for a father who had never shown any great love for him, never seeming weary of well-doing.

All this could not be lost upon John; and many a silent sermon did it preach to him as he lay upon his sick-bed, though as yet he kept these things to himself, and never mentioned them even to Mary.

John was not risen from his bed, when Philip's wife had a little son. Upon this occasion, Mary wished that every kind of coolness and disagreement might be done away; and the first time that she went into Sarah Prichard's house after the baby's birth, her heart overflowed with gratitude toward God, and she desired to express it in good-will toward the family. With the little babe in her arms, she walked toward the fire-side, where Philip was sitting, and the old woman was engaged in some cooking employment. "This is a precious gift to us from heaven," said she. "May its choicest blessings be upon the dear child!" She then repeatedly kissed it, and pressed it in her arms with the tenderness of a mother.

Sarah stood for some minutes looking at her. At last, she replied, in a sharp voice, "'Tis strange that you have such tender feelings for the babe, and yet no love for its father!"

"No love for its father!" repeated Mary; "what do you mean?"

"Yes," repeated Sarah, "every body can see Philip's merits except his own mother, and she can see nothing but faults in him."

The color rose in Mary's face, and she refrained herself from speaking for a minute: then, turning to her son, while the tears ran down her cheeks, she said, "Philip knows whether I love him, and whether I have ever told him of his faults, except for his good."

Philip made no answer to this, and never raised his eyes from the book which lay before him.

Soon afterward, Mary gave the babe to Sarah, saying, "John will want me at home; but I will come over at any time when I can be of any use to the babe or its mother."

"I can do all for them that they want," returned Sarah, sulkily.

When Mary went home, she made no mention either to John or Thomas of the treatment she had received at Sarah's house; but, nevertheless, as she sat by John's bedside, the tears fell fast upon her work, for now her cup of sorrow respecting Philip seemed to be full.

PART II.

JOHN ROGERS was now returned to his usual employments, though he had some remains of lameness, and was not so strong as he had been before his accident ; and every thing went on for some time in great outward prosperity with Philip, and it was even said that he had many seals to his ministry, but with respect to this there was great doubt. These converts left off some bad practices it is true ; but they were full of themselves, fond of talk, and did not show any very deep sense of sin. But how was Philip to find out this ? He who knows not his own heart, how can he know the hearts of others ? And all this time Philip had held little or no communion with himself. He had preached long and prayed loud ; he had quoted text after text in Scripture ; he had discoursed fluently upon religious subjects, whether controversial or experimental ; he had sung hymns and talked of heavenly comforts ; and yet, he did not know what it was to get alone and think over his ways, and from the bottom of his heart to cry, *God be merciful to me, a sinner !* It is true that he abhorred some sins, and carefully kept out of their way ; but with respect to others he was just as heedless.

In this manner things went on till the second autumn after the birth of little Philip ; when, one morning, as they were eating their breakfast, Sarah said to him, "You are going to exhort this afternoon, you know, at the meeting beyond the cut-side, and several of our neighbors are to sing there ; suppose you ask them to drink a cup of tea with us on their road home, and I will get some cakes and pikelets made."

"Did not you say the other day," answered Philip, "that these tea-drinkings were very expensive ? and you know I have been very much off my work lately."

"Well, love, if we are not very forward with money," returned Sarah, "we do not want for credit yet, I hope."

"It was a saying with my mother," said Philip, half laughing, "that a religious man should never run into debt."

"Let's have none of your mother's sayings !" said Sarah : "she's no mother to you !"

"Well, do as you like," replied Philip.

Philip soon afterward went out of the house to his work ; and old Sarah and her daughter busied themselves all day in preparing for the evening.

The meeting was very crowded, and Philip exerted himself very much ; and when he went out of doors it was raining hard. His companions who were to return home with him were thoughtless and giddy ; and they had no mother or elderly friend with them, to watch over them ; and their silly ways and incessant talking occasioned some delay upon the road. And when they reached home Philip felt very cold, and crept into the

chimney-corner; yet neither his wife nor his mother thought of inquiring if his feet were dry, though they were busied in drying the young women's bonnets and taking off their wet shawls. They were now all seated, and old Sarah was handing round pikelets and tea-cakes. "How shamefully we sang that last hymn!" remarked one of the girls.

"And we are to sing it again this day week," said another.

"Then I am sure we must practise it. Can't you come to our house, John, some evening this week and try it over?" and as she spoke she tapped the young man on the arm.

"I don't know that I can," replied he: "but it was your fault and Nancy's that we were out: you are always sure to raise your voices when you ought to fall them."

"Nobody ever found fault with my singing as you do," returned she, half pouting. "I have a great mind I'll never sing again along with you, John!"

"That's as you please," returned the young man, beginning to whistle.

In a few moments the young woman began to speak again. "Nancy," said she, "can you come to our house and practise?"

"I'll see if I can," replied Nancy; "but it must be if my uncle is out. He does not know I am here to-night."

"Does not he?" said Sarah. "I take it, love, that your uncle is a very carnal man."

"Do you call him carnal," said the first young woman, "for not letting Nancy go out to sing? Then what do you say to Betty James? she never lets Maria go to a prayer-meeting, or to sing, or any thing of the sort, unless she goes with her."

"Betty James is no great favorite of mine," replied Sarah. "If you want to hear her good word, you must talk to Mary Rogers about her, for they are hand and glove."

"I am sure," returned the girl, "she is a very good woman, and Maria is a very nice girl; they never miss meeting, let the weather be what it will; and Maria is the best girl to a mother I ever saw, and very industrious and quiet she is. And as for her not going to sing, I think she is very wise for that; for I believe there is more noise and nonsense among us singers than any thing else, as things are managed. I have a great mind I'll never sing again, John."

As she spoke the last words, she looked hard at the young man; but he, fixing his eyes on the ceiling, only replied, "Well, do as you like, it is your look out, not mine."

"But now, Sarah," said Nancy, "why do you call my uncle carnal?"

"Why look you, love," replied the old woman, "I will give you a hundred reasons in a minute."

Sarah now began to repeat tale after tale respecting Nancy's uncle; and not only about him, but about almost every body in the neighborhood: and all this was mixed up with religious phrases and idle jests.

Meanwhile, Philip sat by in silence, for he was so used to the censorious and idle discourse of his companions, that he hardly seemed aware of what was passing.

The next morning, Philip was so extremely unwell with a severe cold, that he could not get up, and he kept his bed several days. During this time, his acquaintance were always coming to see him ; so much so, that it was difficult for him to get a few minutes' sleep : and one would ask him how he felt himself, and another would ask him if he found himself comfortable. And Sarah Prichard, who loved gossiping beyond every thing, could not find out that he was tired, except when his mother called ; and then, " Philip had just settled to sleep, and must not on any account be disturbed."

In spite, however, of very bad nursing, he was, in the course of ten days, sufficiently recovered to return to his work and usual employments : but he still suffered from the effects of his illness. A greater trial, nowever, than this was preparing for Philip : his wife was always an ailing woman, and she had for some time been very much out of health ; and, on the day that her second child was born, two years after the birth of little Philip, she died, after a short but very violent seizure.

Philip's wife had never been a very particular comfort to him, for she was an indolent woman, entirely governed by her mother : yet her sudden death was a great grief to him. With his present feelings of bodily weakness, and the charge of two young babes, he was indeed desolate. His proud thoughts of himself seemed for a time to sink ; and yet not so to sink that he could bring himself to go to his father's house for help.

Mary was not forgetful of him ; and, during the first two or three days which followed the young woman's death, she was continually in Sarah's house, trying to comfort her son, and rendering every assistance in her power to Sarah. She took little Philip to her own house, and made him a complete suit of mourning ; and gladly would she have kept him with her, for she was grieved to see that he was as much spoiled as the child of Heathen parents who had never heard of the doctrine of original sin. But when the funeral was over, and things were beginning to fall into their old train, Sarah seemed to be more averse than ever to Mary Rogers, and gave her to understand that her company and assistance were no longer wanted in *her* house ; and she fetched little Philip back.

Mary found that she could be of no further use at present ; but she patiently waited for the time when her son's heart should be drawn toward her again.

John had now fully forgiven his son, and was on very good terms with him ; but he did not know the particulars of his present situation, for he was not a man who made much observation, and Mary spoke but little to her husband respecting Philip's affairs. Thomas, however, knew as much, and perhaps more of the way in which Philip was going on than any one else. Though

Philip had always treated him as a person very much below himself in every thing, and though of late old Sarah had filled Philip's heart with such jealousy of him that he could hardly speak civilly to him when they met, yet Thomas still loved his brother, and longed for the time when they might be friends again, and, with feelings of brotherly love, he took notice of every thing that befel poor Philip.

Very soon after his wife's death, reports began to be spread abroad that Philip was very much in debt: these reports Thomas heard, but never communicated them to his mother.

One morning, soon after these unpleasant rumors had reached the ears of Thomas, he went to purchase something for the master for whom he worked relating to the business; and it was at a shop to which he had seldom, if ever, gone before. The shopkeeper was busily engaged in casting up a long account at a desk, and Thomas waited till he had finished. At last, he got up from his high stool, where he had been sitting, and, taking off his spectacles, he came toward Thomas, saying, "Well, sir, what do you please to want?" He looked hard at Thomas as he spoke: then wiped his spectacles and put them on again, and, looking up in his face, "Why surely," said he, "you are the man himself."

"What man?" asked Thomas.

"Why, Philip Rogers," returned the shopkeeper.

"No, I am not," replied Thomas.

"Then you feature him very much," said the man.

"And what of him?" asked Thomas.

"Why, only I have just been casting up a long account of his; and now his wife is dead I must send it after him, or he will be changing his quarters, perhaps."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Thomas.

"What, do you know the man? he is one of your professors, is he not? To tell you a bit of my mind, I do not like these sort of persons; I have many of them in my books. A grain of morality is worth, in my opinion, a pound of religion."

"In my opinion," returned Thomas, "that morality is not to be depended upon that does not spring from religion; and that religion is not worth having that does not produce morality."

"I believe you have hit it, and very cleverly, too," said the shopkeeper.

"And perhaps," returned Thomas, "you may find Philip a better paymaster than you take him to be."

"We have never come to a settling since he has been married," added the shopkeeper; "and, to tell you the truth, he is got into a bad set. He will never do any good as long as he lives with that old woman, take my word for it. She is one of those who will never bring any credit to religion. Many and many a pound does she owe me; but I'll take care that I lose no more by the family: and the young man may look to himself, though I am sorry for him."

Thomas made no reply; but having done his business, he wished the old man a good morning, and walked away.

When Thomas came home at night, he found his mother alone, and crying; and when he asked her what was the matter, she said to him, "Oh! Thomas, your brother is ill again, and Sarah Prichard will not let me see him! Your father is very willing to have him back here if I could persuade him to come, and what to do about it I cannot tell!"

"I shall not go to work to-morrow morning," replied Thomas, "and I will try to see him myself."

Thomas said nothing to his mother of what he had heard that day at the shop, but continued in thought all the evening. The next morning, as he sat at breakfast, he saw the old shopkeeper pass the door and take the turning which led to his brother's house, and he guessed his errand. About an hour afterward, he walked up to Sarah Prichard's house, revolving in his mind the steps he intended to take respecting his brother, and looking up for divine assistance.

The weather was cold, and he found Sarah Prichard's door shut; but, having knocked, he half opened the door. On one side of the fire was old Sarah, with the infant sleeping on her lap; on the other sat Philip, in an arm-chair. He had his great coat on, and a handkerchief tied round his head. He leaned his pale cheek on one arm, and in the other hand he held a long bill, at which he was looking with so much intentness that he did not hear Thomas knock. Sarah, however, did, and turning round, she looked at him from head to foot, saying sharply, "Pray what's your business here?"

"My business is with my brother," replied Thomas.

"I tell you he is ill," replied the old woman, "and must not be fatigued!"

"He cannot fatigue me more than I am already fatigued," returned Philip, looking up with a very languid countenance. "If you have any thing to say, Thomas, come in: but I shall go through this with you, mother, first of all."

Thomas waited for no further invitation, but sat himself down near his brother.

"And here comes this long charge in May last," said Philip, going on with his bill; "and goods again in June—no items. What are all these, mother?"

"You must call down that dear blessed angel out of heaven to answer you, as I told you before!" replied Sarah in a melancholy and whining voice.

"Now there, mother," returned Philip, "you are deceiving yourself and me too; for you know, except during the time that you were in Staffordshire, she never ordered any thing, or did any thing in the house without you."

The old woman held up her hands and made no answer. Philip went on reading. "Goods again in July, and again in August, and again in September. And pray where did all my wages go?"

"Wages!" returned the old woman, sharply, "why, you know you have often been ill; and you have often been engaged so that you could not work: besides, I have taken pounds and pounds of money to the shop, or, let me tell you, your account would be a pretty deal longer than it is!"

"I have often told you," said Philip, "that we have been living too fast."

"And what should you know of living?"

"I know how my mother used to manage."

"I do not pretend to carry on all her stingy ways," returned Sarah.

"I wish you did though," said Philip; "for here am I, more fit for my bed than any other place, and a great bill to pay without sixpence in the house to do it; and all through your extravagance and mismanagement!"

Here Philip, in a sort of passion, threw his arms on a table by his side; then, stooping forward, he covered his face with both his hands; while the old woman, bursting into tears of vexation and anger, cried out, "And is this the return for all the care and trouble I have taken about you? you know I have never spent a shilling but to keep up your credit in the world! Oh! if your blessed wife had been alive I should never have been served in this way! I am sure the neighbors will never believe how you have treated me! They all know that I never laid out a sixpence I could help upon myself; they know that I have lived upon a crust, and have slaved myself to death for you and your family!"

On saying this, she rose from her seat, and, folding her apron over the child, she was going out, as Thomas supposed, to tell her troubles to some of the neighbors: but, getting up in haste, he placed himself against the door. "You are not going," said he, "to publish abroad this quarrel between yourself and Philip, and to disgrace religion in this way! What a shame it is that there should be quarrels in houses where prayer-meetings are held! It is things like these that make religion held so cheap in these days. Come, come, make the matter up, or at least keep silence about it, and I will see what I can do for Philip: only let me talk to him for half an hour by himself."

It was a good while before Thomas could by any means prevail with Sarah to remain within the house: but at last she became more calm, and grumbled to herself that she would let it be for a bit; but as for making it up with Philip, that she never would; and he might go and preach in somebody else's house, for she would never give her countenance to such hypocritical doings as his.

To this Thomas made no answer, and continued silent till the old woman had laid the child in the cradle, and had gone into the brewhouse. As she slammed the door after her, she said to Thomas, "Now you may have your talk out; and when you have, I hope you will both of you take yourselves off, for harbor or lodging in my house you shall not have."

"Is she gone?" said Philip, a few minutes afterward, raising his head, and looking round him; for while the dispute had lasted between Thomas and Sarah, he had never spoken or looked up once.

"Yes, she is," replied Thomas. "And now, Philip, be open with me, and tell me all your troubles."

"And what good can you do me by hearing them?" asked Philip, giving him at the same time the bill.

It was indeed a very long bill. "Is it a correct statement?" asked Thomas.

"I believe so. I have had my mother-in-law to maintain, and I know we have lived too fast; but she knows no more what we have had than the babe unborn."

Thomas looked over the bill again, and cast it up. "Is this *all* you owe, Philip?"

"It is," answered Philip.

"Do not that clock and dresser belong to you?"

"They do."

Thomas was silent for some time, and in deep thought. "Philip," said he, at last, "I will make a bargain with you: are you willing to go home?"

"Home to my mother!" said Philip; "she will never look upon me again; I have behaved ill to her: besides, she never loved me."

"Your flatterers have told you so," said Thomas, "because she spoke the truth to you. But don't you now believe that she always loved you a thousand times better than they ever did?"

"May be," said Philip: "but I have behaved undutifully to her, I know I have."

"It is one of the greatest difficulties in religion," returned Thomas, "really to believe that the God we have offended is reconciled to us; and we have the same feelings sometimes toward our earthly friends: but this comes from pride."

"A pride I can never conquer," returned Philip. "I can never go home. I cannot acknowledge my faults to my mother. I can never go home a poor, sick, diseased creature, unable, as I feel, to do any thing for myself. I have exerted myself, Thomas, far beyond my strength. No; if I cannot stay and die here, I had better end my days in the workhouse."

"You a preacher and a Christian! and can you talk in this way?" said Thomas, "that you cannot humble yourself to your mother? Then you have not learned the A, B, C, of religion. If you cannot humble yourself to a fellow-creature, you cannot humble yourself before God: and where, then, will be your hope in death?"

Philip uttered a deep sigh, and there was a very long silence. Philip was the first to break it. "But what," said he, "if I could bring myself to go home, what is the bargain you have to make?"

Thomas took up the bill again. "These two pieces of furni-

ture, if they were sold, would pay above half the bill, and I have a few pounds by me. Perhaps you do not know, (indeed, I believe I have only told my mother,) that I have some thoughts of Maria James, when I have saved a little to furnish a house; and this money," he added, with some little agitation, "I will lend you, and it will pay your bill. I cannot bear that my own brother, and a Christian preacher, should be in debt; and when you are able to work you may repay me."

Here he stopped; and Philip, who was very warm-hearted, got up in haste from his seat, and, taking his brother's hand, while a faint color brightened his pale face, "O, Thomas!" he said, "you have conquered. I *will* arise, and go to my father and mother, and say that I have sinned. It is you that are the preacher, you that are the Christian. You have preached me a sermon indeed. I have never, indeed, learned the A, B, C, of religion. I never knew that I was poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked!"

Thomas was so deeply affected, that the tears rolled down his face; and he looked at his poor brother's pale cheeks, and hearkened to his hoarse voice, with feelings of pity he could not describe. "Come, then, my brother," said he, "let us finish the work we have begun: come now to your mother; she is longing to receive you."

Thomas dreaded lest his brother's mind should change, and, without a moment's delay, he urged him to take this step, one so important to all his future hopes, and perhaps his very first step in real religion.

Leaning on his brother's arm, and holding the little Philip by his hand, he returned to his father's house to ask his parents' forgiveness. It is impossible to describe the meeting between himself and his mother: he was scarcely allowed to utter one word of self-condemnation. But we pass over this meeting, which Thomas witnessed almost with tears of joy and gratitude.

By the time John returned to his dinner, Philip was comfortably laid on a couch, which was prepared near the fire for him; and the little boy, washed, neatly dressed, and his brown hair brushed, had taken possession of a little chair and table, which had once belonged to his father and uncle.

While all this was going on, Sarah began to suspect that Philip had taken her at her word, and was really gone: and, whatever she might have said in her passion, yet it was by no means her real intention that he should leave her; for while he had inhabited her house she had lived in plenty, and almost in idleness; therefore, being now able to consider a little more calmly, she made haste to Mary Rogers's house, soon after John had come in to his dinner. Without taking any notice of John and Mary, she walked up to Philip. "O my dear son!" said she, "I hope you are not really gone from my house because I used one unkind word to you. You know that I love you as much as I did that blessed angel in heaven, and I would die to serve

you. Dear creature ! to have you exposed to rough language and unkind treatment, it is what I cannot bear to think of !”

She was going on with a great deal more of the same language, when John interrupted her. “ Dame Sarah,” said he, “ we are all much obliged to you for any good wishes you may have for my son, and for any past kindness you may have shown him ; but it is not likely, I fear, that he will be able to work and maintain himself for some time to come. And as I am willing to take the charge of him till he recovers, I must have him in my own house, and under my own eye ; he is likely to meet with no hard language or unkind treatment from his own mother : and I will take charge of the little boy also. As for the baby, if you like to keep it for the present, I will see that you are properly paid for it ; and when Philip recovers, he will manage his own affairs as he chooses.”

Old Sarah stood still for a time, quite at a loss what to reply. She then broke out into a passionate flood of tears, crying out, that she expected to have received more love from Philip.

“ Remember,” said John, standing up, “ that you desired my son yourself to seek a lodging elsewhere.”

Sarah was now still more enraged, and, turning her back on Philip, she went muttering to the door.

“ Stop, my good woman,” said John. “ Mary, reach your bonnet : we shall return with you to your house, and you will please to give us what belongs to Philip and the boy ; and the two pieces of furniture must be removed to pay the shop-bill.”

Old Sarah was afraid of John, as he was a man of some consequence in the works ; and he remained in Sarah’s house while all necessary business was done. In the course of the same day, the bill with the shopkeeper was put in a way of being speedily settled.

It was a great comfort to Philip to find all his affairs so comfortably arranged, and himself settled in his father’s house again ; and his mother’s kind care of him seemed for a time to restore him. But when the doctor, who was sent for, had seen him several times, he gave it as his opinion, that his disease had been too long neglected to allow of much, if any, hope of recovery.

Philip was greatly affected when he heard this : but this death-blow to all his worldly hopes was as it were a new birth to his soul ; for from this time he began to display a deep and abiding humility, entirely contrary to his natural character. He employed himself much in reviewing his own life. He would often say, “ I have been like the hypocrites who pray in the corners of the streets : in the midst of all my religious duties I have been a stranger to God and myself.” He was thankful to see any religious person who would speak plainly to him, but he begged that his old companions who used to flatter him might never be brought to him. And he would say to his mother, “ You never flattered me ; and at one time it was the only interruption to my self-satisfaction that you did not approve of my conduct : and.

whatever people might say to me about you, I secretly felt that you loved me, and that you were right."

Some time after Philip returned home, William Parnel heard the report of his grandson's illness, with some confused accounts of his being much in debt; and he undertook a journey on purpose to see him. Philip had then taken altogether to his bed up stairs; and the old man had no sooner refreshed himself a little after his journey, than he desired to be taken up to his grandson, and left alone with him. On the first glance at his countenance, William perceived that he had exchanged the ruddy, lively look of perfect health, for an expression of humility and gentleness, the health of the soul, and he was confirmed in this idea by the affectionate welcome which Philip gave him; and though he could not say much, he held his grandfather's hand for some time, and looked up earnestly in his face. "I have often feared," said William, "that, when we met last, I spoke harshly to you, through my desire of impressing important truths on your mind."

"O that I had attended to those truths, grandfather!" replied Philip. (Here he sighed.) "But I am in peace now. I am at peace with all I love on earth; I am at peace, I trust, with God, through the merits of Him who laid down his life for me. But, grandfather," he added, after some pause, "it is my favorite wish that my little Philip should be brought up to that sacred employment which I so rashly took upon me. Grandfather, direct his education for him, and keep him from thinking himself to be something when he is nothing."

"If it appear to be according to the will of Providence," returned the old man, deliberately, "I will endeavor to comply with your wishes."

After some further discussion on this subject, and others connected with Philip's past and present circumstances, the old man produced a pocket-book, from which he took several notes, and, as he offered them to Philip, he said to him, "I have understood that you have some debts; and it is hard that your parents, who must have much anxiety with you now, should be troubled with these."

Philip looked at the notes with eagerness. "Yes, I have a debt! O! call him here! is he in the house?"

"Who? what do you mean?" said the old man.

"I was so overjoyed," said Philip, "to be able to repay this debt, that I quite forgot you did not know all about it. Surely this is an answer to my prayer!"

He then related to his grandfather all the particulars of Thomas's conduct in the affair of the debt to the shopkeeper.

The grandfather was now in as great a hurry as Philip to call for Thomas; and as Philip bid him come to his bed side, he said, "I have lived to see you repaid, Thomas:" and with that he placed the notes in his hand: "how good is God to such a worthless being as I am!"

Thomas looked round for an explanation; which being given him, he said, "Grandfather, but this is too much! it is more than I lent Philip."

"Keep it," said the old man: "you lent it to the Lord, and he repays you; and when he repays it is always with large interest!"

But I have not time to enter into further particulars.

William Parnel remained a fortnight with his children; but before that time had passed away, Philip had resigned his mortal life, in the full and lively hope, through our SAVIOUR's merits, of exchanging it for an everlasting inheritance; and the sorrow of those who survived him was mixed with abundant consolation.

Almost immediately after Philip's death, Sarah brought the baby to Mary; for, finding that she had no further interest in keeping it, she did not wish to have the trouble of it. And Mary took the little ewe lamb in her bosom, and it became a daughter to her. And when Thomas had removed to another house with his wife, Maria James, and little Philip was placed in a distant situation, little Fanny was the nurse and handmaid of her grandfather and grandmother. Thus did John and Mary spend the remnant of their days in peace, and conclude them in joyful hope; and while they remembered Philip with much comfort, yet they had still a higher satisfaction, in perceiving that their other children were preserved from his faults—for their religion was sown in humility. It sprung up in a holy, consistent life, which avoided even the appearance of evil; and it promised to bear the fruits of true honor in this world, and to be crowned with eternal glory in the next.

A SPIRITUAL MIND.

"To be spiritually-minded is life and peace."—*Rom. viii. 6.*

THE SPIRITUAL MAN is born, as it were, into a new world. He has *a new taste*. He 'savors the things that be of the Spirit.' He turns to God, as the needle to the pole.

This is a subject of which many can understand but little. They want *spiritual taste*. Nay, they account it enthusiasm.

There are various characteristics of "a spiritual mind."

SELF-LOATHING is a characteristic of such a mind. The axe is laid to the root of a vain-glorious spirit.

It maintains, too, a WALK AND CONVERSE WITH GOD. 'Enoch walked with God.' There is *a transaction* between God and the spiritual mind: if the man feels dead and heartless, that is matter of complaint to God; he *looks to* God for wisdom for the day—for the hour—for the business in hand.

A spiritual mind REFERS ITS AFFAIRS TO GOD.—"Let God's will be obeyed by me in this affair! His way may differ from that

which I should choose : but let it be so !"—‘ Surely I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother : my soul is even as a weaned child.’

A spiritual mind has something of the nature of the SENSITIVE-PLANT.—“ I shall smart if I touch this, or that.”—There is a *holy shrinking away from all evil*.

A spiritual mind enjoys, at times, the INFLUX OF A HOLY JOY AND SATISFACTION, which surprises even itself. When bereaved of earthly comforts, it can sometimes find such repose in CHRIST and his promises, that the man can say, “ Well ! it is enough ! Let God take from me what else he pleases !”

A spiritual mind is a MORTIFIED mind. The Church of Rome talks much of *mortification* ; but her mortification is not *radical* and *spiritual*. Simon Stylites will willingly mortify himself on his pillow, if he can bring people around him to pray to him to pray for them. But the spiritual mind must mortify itself in whatever would retard its ascent toward heaven : it must rise on the wings of faith, and hope, and love.

A spiritual mind is an INGENUOUS mind. There is a sort of hypocrisy in us all. We are not quite stripped of all disguise. One man wraps round him a covering (*Isa. xxx. 1.*) of one kind, and another of another. They who think they do not this, yet do it, though they know it not.

I would urge young persons, when they are staggered by the conversation of people of the world, to dwell on the characteristics of a spiritual mind.—If you cannot answer their arguments, yet *mark their spirit* ; and mark what a *contrary spirit* that is, which you are called to cultivate.

There are various means of cultivating A SPIRITUAL MIND.—Beware of saying concerning this or that evil, ‘ Is it not a little one ?’—Much depends on mortifying the body. There are silent marches which the flesh will steal on us : the temper is too apt to rise : the tongue will let itself loose : the imagination, if liberty is given to it, will hurry us away.—Vain company will injure the mind : worldly-minded professors of religion, especially, will lower its tone : we catch a contagion from such men.—Misemployment of time is injurious to the mind. Shun *pretence* business. Avoid all idleness. ‘ Exercise thyself unto godliness.’ *Plan for God*.—Beware of temptation : the mind which has dwelt on sinful objects, will be in darkness for days.—Associate with spiritually-minded men : the very sight of a good man, though he say nothing, will refresh the soul.—Contemplate CHRIST.—Be much in retirement and prayer.—Study the honor and glory of your MASTER.

CECIL.

THE
HISTORY OF MARY WOOD;

OR,

THE DANGER OF FALSE EXCUSES.



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THE
HISTORY OF MARY WOOD.

MR. HEARTWELL, the worthy clergyman of a country parish, was sitting in the porch of his little parsonage, when he saw a figure rather flying than running down a hill near his house, the swiftness of whose motion made it hard to distinguish *what* she was, much less could he guess *who* she was. She fled directly toward him, and flung herself at his feet almost breathless; with difficulty she pronounced the words, "O, Sir, save me! for pity's sake hide me in your house—they will be here in a moment—hide me this instant—indeed I am innocent!" Then, without waiting for his answer, she jumped up and rushed by him into the house; the good man ran after her, and catching her hand, led her up stairs into his bed-room, and putting her into a closet within it, told her no one should come there to hurt her. Then hearing a noise, he looked out of his window, and saw several men and women running almost as fast as the young woman had done before, and his maid Bridget, who had seen them sooner from her own window, running to meet them, and to ask what was the matter. He had forgotten to bid her to be silent about the young woman—indeed he did not know that she had seen her; but the truth is, she was amusing herself in a very idle manner with looking at the road out of her garret window, and had seen, with great surprise, the wild behavior of the poor girl, which raised her curiosity. This she now hoped to satisfy by stopping the posse that was running by. Instead of answering her questions, they asked if she had seen a girl, about seventeen, that was running from justice, pass that way? "What, in a linen gown and green petticoat," said she, "without a bonnet, and her hair and her cap flying?"—"The same, the same," they cried; "which way did she go?"—"Why, what do you want to do with her," says Bridget; "for I should be loath to betray the poor thing to any harm."—"Why, you would not conceal a thief, would you," said they: "she is a thief, and has robbed her master."—"Nay, if she be a thief she may rob my master too," says Bridget, "for she has gone up stairs with him." Upon this they all turned toward the house, and were coming in when Mr Hartwell met them. He heard the last words, and was not a little disturbed at the idea of having the girl found in his house, for as she knelt at his feet he thought he knew her face, and had, by degrees, recollected that, though much grown since he saw her. She must certainly be the daughter of Matthew Wood, an honest laborer, who had lived some years in his parish, and died there three or four years before. The long illness before his death had reduced his wife to such poverty, that she and her child

would have perished had not the good clergyman's charity helped out the scantiness of the parish relief. Mr. Heartwell, after having buried the poor man, tried to find a place for the girl, and some help for the mother, who, being in years, and her health much injured by fatigue and grief, in nursing and losing her husband, was quite unable to work. By applying to Mrs. Worthy whose seat was a few miles distant, he had the good fortune to get her into one of the alms-houses. Here she was comfortably supported, and her daughter permitted to be with her till she could find a service. As by these means Goody Wood and her daughter were placed at a distance from him, Mr. Heartwell had not since seen them; but was satisfied, that under Mrs. Worthy's protection they would be taken care of.

The people who were now rushing into Mr. Heartwell's house, stopped on seeing him; and on his asking what they wanted there, one of the most decent looking men stepped forward, and pushing the rest a little back, said, "I ax pardon, Sir, for our boldness in coming into your worship's house, but we have got a warrant here for a young person that we be tould ran in here." "A warrant," said Mr. Heartwell, "why, what is the matter? what has she done?"—"Please your worship, she is a thief, and has robbed her master's house. We have had sad doings at our village—Squire Bank's house has been robbed too by his gardener and dairy maid, and they are both gone off. This poor girl, I suppose, learnt their wicked ways, (for she would keep company with them,) and the same night that they made off, it is thought she had let them into farmer Boucher's house; and in the morning, as sure as can be, he found his bureau broke open, and his money gone."—"But what proof is there that this girl was concerned in the robbery, or that she let in the robbers?"—"Why, Sir, she has been telling a mort of lies about them, and that made them suspect her: so they searched her box, and, as sure as can be, there they found, sealed up in a paper, six silver tea-spoons of the farmer's, with an E and a B upon them, as his are marked with. She pertested they were none of his'n, but were given by a friend to keep for her; but, alack a day! there is no believing a word that comes out of her mouth; so nobody minded her; and when we ax'd her who this friend was that gave them to her to keep, she was all as red as fire, and would not speak: so the farmer left us to take care of her whilst he went to Justice Gallway's for a warrant. We had shut her up safe as we thought in a chamber, whilst we eat a bit of dinner, and drank a little of neighbor Boucher's ale; but when he came back, and we went thither to take her, lo and behold she was not to be found. The window was open, and as it was not very high from the ground, we guess she let herself down from it. We now set off in pursuit of her, all but the farmer, who being pretty fat and pury, was not for running a race: so he gave us the warrant, and a boy telling us as how she took this way, we ran till we saw a woman running, about half a mile

before us, but afterward we lost sight of her ; and, please your worship, your maid tells us as how she made into this very house.”—“It is true,” said Mr. Heartwell, “that she is in my nouse, and if you will consent to let her remain here a day or two, I will be answerable for her appearance when called upon. In the meantime I will endeavor to find out the truth ; for it would be a sad thing to ruin such a young creature, by hurrying her to prison before we were sure of her guilt. Farmer Boucher is an honest humane man ; he knows my character, and I dare say will oblige me by stopping all further proceedings against Mary Wood, and leave her in my care till I can talk to her, and bring her to declare the truth.”—“That’s what she is not much used to, I am afraid, Sir,” said the man, “howsomdever, I will tell neighbor Boucher what your worship says, and you’ll be pleased to take care that she does not get out of the window.”—“Boucher’s wife is living, is she not ?” said Mr. Heartwell. “What does she say of the girl ? she must know more of her character than her master can.”—“Yes, yes ! she be living and looking, and a good kind of body she is, but at present she is from home, and knows nothing of all this bustle ; for she went two days ago to visit her father at Stoke. She is expected home to-night, and then your worship may have the speech of her if you like.”—They then pulled off their hats and civilly turned back to their village. Mr. Heartwell immediately went up to the prisoner, whom he found sunk on the floor in his closet, and half dead with terror ; for she had heard a good deal of what had passed, and feared every moment that Mr. Heartwell would give her up to be dragged to prison. She knew she had been detected in some falsehoods, that would make against her ; and though she was not guilty of the robbery, she had enough to reproach herself with, to take from her all the comfort and confidence of innocence ; she had therefore nothing less than the terrors of hanging, or being sent to Botany Bay, before her eyes.

But we must go back and tell by what deceit poor Mary was first brought into trouble.

When first Mrs. Worthy took her up, she got her a place at Mrs. Trueby’s, a widow lady of great piety and worth, who lived in the neighboring town. She had a little boy, about six years old ; her two maids were growing old in her service, and she took this girl to help them. The next day after she came, she bid her own maid show her how to sweep and dust the best parlor. The maid, after showing her what she was to do, and giving her a great charge not to touch the pier-glass, which she herself would clean, gave her a long broom and left her to her sweeping. The little boy, who had not seen any thing so young and lively in the house, took a great fancy to Mary, who was no less fond of him ; he stayed in the room to see her sweep it, and she to amuse him at the same time, gave him an account of the wonders she had seen performed in the streets the day

before, by a balance master, who poised a long pole on the palm of his hand, and even upon his nose, with other performances, which, though not very wonderful in their kind, appeared so to her, who had never seen any thing like it. To make little Edward comprehend what she meant by this balancing, she attempted to poise the long broom, setting the small end on the palm of her hand, but not succeeding, it fell on one side, and unfortunately struck the pier glass and broke it. Poor Mary cried out she was undone, and begged Edward, if he had any pity, not to say she did it. "Who then?" said he; "you will not say it was I?" "No, indeed," said she, "I will not lay it upon any body; only don't you contradict what I shall say." By this time Mrs. Trueby, who heard the smash of the glass, had hastened down stairs and came into the room. "What glass did I hear crack?" said she—"O Mary! my precious pier glass, the best piece of furniture in my house, and a present from a dear friend who is now no more, quite spoiled! I valued it above ten times its price! Is this your awkwardness, Mary?" Poor Mary stood pale and trembling; but answered, "No, indeed, Madam." "Who did it then?" said she, raising her voice: "A great bird, Madam, (I don't know whether it was a pigeon,) flew in at the window. I tried to drive it out, and it dashed against the glass with its bill, and cracked it as you see." Little Edward, who was astonished at her invention and assurance, looked amazed, shrugged up his shoulders, and could scarce help laughing; his mother observed it, and so did Mary, who giving him a wink, said, "Master Edward knows it is true, for he saw it as well as I." "O fy, Mary," said the boy—"that's too much—I would not have told upon you, but when you say I know it to be true, you make me a liar as well as yourself, and my mamma says if I tell lies God ALMIGHTY will not love me."—"Wicked girl," said the lady, "would you teach my child to lie? pack up and begone out of my house; and you, Edward, I charge you, tell me the truth." Upon this the child related the fact, and added—"Pray, Mamma, forgive her, it was in trying to divert *me*, that she came by the accident."—"No, my dear," said his mother, "I cannot forgive her; foolish and careless as it was, and grieved as I am for my favorite glass, I could have forgiven her my loss; and though I spoke hastily at first, I should soon have considered her awkwardness and passed it over; but a girl that can so readily invent a lie, and try to draw *you* into it, I cannot possibly suffer to stop a day in my house: if you learn to tell lies, it would break my heart." The good lady, however, fearing the girl might get into mischief, after much kind exhortation determined herself to carry her back to Mrs. Worthy, assuring her that she would not have parted with the girl on account of the accident, had it not been for the daring falsehood with which she attempted to excuse it. Mrs. Worthy, equally shocked, sent for Goody Wood, and told her what had been her daughter's behavior; adding, that she had put it out of

her power to serve her, for she could never again venture to recommend her. The poor woman was quite overcome with grief, and did not dare attempt to excuse Mary's faults, but took her home in an agony of sorrow, where the girl had the mortification to see that she had not only ruined herself, but made her mother completely miserable. And, indeed, the poor woman became so ill, that she began to fear that she should be the cause of her death. This affected her very much, and for a time she was truly penitent, and resolved never again to speak falsely; but so strong is custom, and so weak was the principle on which she acted, in her mind, that when she saw her mother recover, she soon returned to her little tricks and false excuses. It was no wonder she did not reform, for she had no fear of offending God. Nobody took any notice of her; and the burden of maintaining her fell heavy on the mother, and kept them both in extreme poverty. At length, a gentlewoman who knew the story, and was concerned that so young a creature should be ruined, was prevailed upon, as she had no children, to send for her. She asked the girl why she was dismissed from Mrs. Trueby's, to which she replied, "it was for breaking a pier-glass." "And was that the only reason of her turning you away so suddenly?" the girl looked sullen, held down her head, and said, "I believe so." "Go," said the lady, "you will not do for me. I see you are not cured of your vile fault, and I will not take one whose word I can never depend on." So home went Mary with a heavy heart, and after trying to evade her mother's questions, was at last obliged to confess what had passed. This renewed all the grief of this poor parent, and Mary was again in disgrace, and again promised to speak truth for the future, but never begged of God for his grace, to enable her so to do. Mary grew tall and strong, and was a well-looking good-humored girl, and lively, though kept down by poverty and disgrace. At last a farmer's wife, who lived about two miles from her mother's, took her as her servant, and was for some time well pleased with her. In the same village lived a gentleman whose name was Banks; he was gone on a tour, and left his gardener and dairy-maid to take care of the house; these servants, who made very free with their master's property in every way, used to call in Mary when she went by on an errand. The gardener gave her fruit, and the dairy-maid treated her with cream, and sometimes a syllabub. These calls required excuses from her, for staying on her errands. One day that they saw her passing by, they told her they were going in the evening to the fair, and asked her to go with them. She replied, she was sure she could not get leave to go that evening, for they were going to finish their great wash—"Pooh! pooh!" said they, "you *must* go—'t is the last day of the fair, and there is a tall woman and a dwarf, and we know not what to be seen." Mary's curiosity was strongly tempted, and she said she would try what she could do. So she went to her mistress and told

her she had a message from her mother, to let her know she was very ill, and begged she would, if possible, get leave to come to her. Mrs. Boucher (her mistress) was very good natured and said she was loath to keep her from her mother on such an occasion, but did not know how to spare her, they were so very busy. Mary said, "if she would be kind enough to let her go at five o'clock, she would work very hard till then," and to this her mistress consented. Before that hour Mary ran up to her garret, drest herself in a minute, and flew to Mr. Banks' time enough to join her friends, setting out for the fair. When they had been gone about an hour, her mother, who, unluckily, had some business that way, called to ask her daughter how she did the mistress, who herself let her in, was amazed to see her, and the poor woman was thunderstruck, when she heard that the girl had pretended she was ill and had sent for her—and greatly alarmed to think where she could be gone. She went about the village inquiring for her, and at last met a countryman she knew, who told her she need not fear any harm, for he was just come from the fair, where he saw her daughter with a man and woman at a booth choosing ribands; this did not comfort the mother, who went back to implore the clemency of Mrs. Boucher toward her imprudent child. Moved by her tears, and considering the force of curiosity and vanity in a girl of seventeen, she at last promised not to turn her away if she made proper submissions, but to try her a little longer.

As Mary was coming home in the evening, she met one who told her what a search her mother had been making for her. This threw her into a terror that spoiled all the pleasure she had enjoyed at the fair. She came home half dead with fear and fatigue, and threw herself at the feet of her mistress, confessing her fault, and making solemn promises never to repeat it. After severe reprimands, her mistress at length forgave her, on condition that she should never again hold any acquaintance with that gardener and dairy-maid, of whom she told her she had a bad character. Mary wept and promised every thing; and though the cream and the fruit were strong allurements, added to the civil things the gardener used to say to her, yet for some time she forbore her visits at Mr. Banks', but by degrees, the acquaintance was secretly renewed, which cost Mary a falsehood every time she was with these people, whose company her mistress had so positively forbidden. One day Mrs. Boucher went to pay a visit of two or three days at her father's, a few miles off. The farmer could not go with her, for he was busy selling his grain, and getting his rent ready for his landlord, and had got the money in the house on the Saturday, which he meant to pay away on the Monday.

On Sunday after church he went out; charging Mary to stay at home and be careful of the house. Her two friends from Mr. Banks' took the opportunity of her being alone, to come and drink tea with her. They had got notice of the farmer's having

sold his grain, and as they intended to rob their master's house, and go off with the spoil the next night, the gardener thought he might as well take the farmer's money with him : he remembered he had once bought some manure for his garden of him, and that he saw him put the money into a bureau in a little parlor.

While Mary was getting tea, the gardener pushed open the parlor door and said, Oh here is a clever little cool room, let us remove the things in here. When they had got into that room, he saw the bureau, considered the lock, and then looking out at the window, he took occasion, unobserved by Mary, to examine the fastenings and how he could easily get in at night. Whilst he was thus employed one of the farmer's plough-boys passing by, observed this man looking out at his master's window ; he wondered at it, because he knew the farmer was not at home.

Mary took care to dismiss her guests before her master's return ; and on asking her if any one had been there, she replied, *Nobody*. The next morning, when Boucher came down into the little room, he saw his bureau broken open, and the cash that had been in it taken away.

The farmer inquired of all his people, and the plough-boy mentioned his having seen Mr. Banks' gardener looking out of the window, and said he had heard that the two servants were gone off that morning, and had robbed Mr. Banks' house of plate, and whatever they could carry off. This, compared with what the plough-boy had observed, and with Mary's having denied that any body had been there, fixed their suspicion on her as having been concerned in the robbery. She was forced to confess that Mr. Banks' servants were with her in the afternoon to tea, but strongly denied knowing any thing of the robbery ; however they opened her box, there they found six new silver tea-spoons marked with the first letters of Boucher's name, sealed up in a paper. The farmer knew his wife had six new ones from London not long before, and doubted not these were the same. The girl's guilt now appeared plain.

But to return to Mr. Heartwell, whom we left entering the closet in which Mary was, as soon as her pursuers were gone. Though he by no means knew all that we have related of this unhappy girl, he saw that appearances were strong against her. Yet he was very unwilling to believe the worst, and immediately raised her with kindness from the ground. "Mary," said he, "if you will now be perfectly sincere with me, I will befriend you as much as justice will permit. I find the chief cause of your being so strongly suspected is, that you have departed from the truth ; this is always attended with great danger as well as guilt ; you have been enough instructed in religion to know that deceit is hateful to God ; that he has denounced dreadful punishment for liars—even "the lake that burneth with brimstone and fire ;" that he has commanded "every one to put away lying, and to speak the truth to his neighbor from his heart ;" that "lying lips are an abomination to the LORD, but truth is his

delight." For my part I pity your youth, and wish to save and serve you, but unless I can hope to cure you of this fault, I must, with a grieved heart, give you up to your wretched fate, for it is impossible for me to do you any good." Whilst he spoke his eyes filled with tears, and poor Mary cried without ceasing. She now tried to speak, but her sobs prevented her; at last, she said, "I see that I have undone myself; that even you, who are so good, will never more believe me, but give me up to misery and despair; I would now most truly confess to you every thing, but you will not, you cannot believe me! and I shall justly suffer for what I have not done, because I have made myself unworthy of belief. O Sir, what can I do? Is there no place for repentance? no good Christian who will try me once again? Will you not at least hear me, if you cannot believe me, whilst I tell you of all my sins, and the sad disgraces they have brought upon me?" "I will hear you," said the good old man, "but if you now deceive me, or hide any thing from me, I will never more concern myself about you, but must leave you to reap the bitter fruits of your baseness of heart." Mary now threw herself at his feet—kissed his hands—and bathed them with her tears. "O, Sir," said she, "God knows I have no wish to deceive or to hide any thing from you; if I do, I consent that you shall give me up for ever." She then told what we have before related. When she came to the articles of the tea-spoons, he desired her to explain whose they were, and how she came by them. She told him that on the Sunday evening when Mr. Banks' maid and gardener drank tea with her, the former on going away took her aside, and giving her a little parcel sealed up, begged her to put that in her box and keep it for her till she sent for it; the reason of this she would tell her when they met again. She went away without giving Mary time to ask another question. She was confused when asked about the spoons, because she thought she should betray her friend, and because she was ashamed to confess the intimacy she had kept up with them against her mistress' orders and her own promises. How the spoons came to be marked with Boucher's letters, E. B., she could not imagine; for the woman's name who gave them to her was Sarah Fisher.

Mr. Heartwell kept Mary that night, and took pains to impress on her a deep sense of her sin. Next day they had a visit from farmer Boucher, who told them that his wife, on her return, examined her drawer, and found the spoons safe as she had left them. They were marked with the same letters as those found in Mary's box; and as the farmer had scarce looked at them since they came home, he did not observe that the others were not exactly like them. As this was the only positive proof alleged against Mary, the farmer now promised to give her no further trouble; though he still knew she had entertained the robbers the day before: on this account he would by no means take her again into his house, but paid her the little wages due to her, and

dismissed her from his service. Mr. Heartwell, who was pleased to find her account so far true, tried to persuade the Bouchers to let her stay with them a little while at least, as a justification of her character ; but they were so disgusted with her having kept up the acquaintance with these bad people in defiance of their orders and her own promises, that they could not think themselves safe with such a servant in the house. And Mr. Heartwell, with all the compassion he felt for her could not venture to press them, nor to answer for her future conduct. However, he promised that if she kept her present resolutions, he would befriend her as much as he could. He put some proper books into her hands, and took her to her mother, whom they found almost distracted by the news which had reached her, of her daughter having been taken up for a robbery ; the poor woman every day grew worse after this shock, and some weeks after, her wretched daughter received her dying forgiveness, but could never forgive herself for the anguish she had caused her mother, which she was persuaded had hastened her end.

Poor Mary had another sorrow. In the village where she had lived with farmer Boucher, was a creditable baker ; his son Thomas was bred up to the business, and was a very honest, sober, agreeable young man. He had often bestowed kind looks and words on Mary, but had not ventured to make her an offer, as he thought his father would never consent to his marrying so poor a girl. She, on her side, liked him well enough to wish he would speak out. A little before the unfortunate affair at Boucher's, the old baker died ; his son succeeded to his shop, and all his property, and was well esteemed. Whilst poor Mary was nursing her dying mother, this young man had occasion to call at Mr. Heartwell's, who overheard him in talk with his maid Bridget about Mary, and lament the sad disgrace that had befallen her ; he added, "I am sure it has been a great concern to me, for I own I liked the young woman ; and now that I am my own master, should have tried to obtain her for my wife, had she preserved a better character." Bridget put in a good word for her, and assured him that her master believed her entirely innocent of the robbery. To this he replied, "Whether she had any knowledge of the wicked intentions of these vile servants, nobody can know, but thus much has been clearly proved, that she denied the truth of their having been with her, and had broke her solemn promises to her mistress, by keeping them company for some time, therefore she is no wife for me. I could not be happy unless I could make a friend of my wife, and depend on her truth and faithfulness. Her pretty face and good humor would be nothing to me, without truth and honesty. Next to a good conscience, the best thing is a good character. I bless God I have never forfeited my own ; nor will I ever marry a woman that has lost hers." Mr. Heartwell was much pleased with the young baker's way of thinking, and very sorry that Mary had lost such a husband. As his chief concern was to complete the

poor creature's reformation, he thought nothing would make so deep an impression on her mind as this mortifying consequence of her ill behavior, he resolved on telling her all that the young man had said. He did so ; and she took it so much to heart that she never after held up her head. Her mother's death, which happened soon after, left her without any earthly comfort. What before was liking, was now changed into a strong affection ; she saw what a happy lot would have been hers, had she been as true and honest as the man she liked. She lost all her spirits, and her mind was always full of bitter remorse and shame. She thought she deserved all the misery she felt, and only prayed that God would accept her sorrow for her sin. She made no complaints ; but her looks showed that health, as well as peace of mind, had forsaken her.

Her mother's death obliged her to quit the alms-house, and she then told Mr. Heartwell that she was unable to bear the disgrace she had brought upon herself in that neighborhood, and was resolved to go and get bread in some distant country, where she was not known. The good man, who felt like a father for every one of his flock when in distress, tried to soothe her and to persuade her to stay where she was and to look to her heavenly Friend, but he could not prevail. She could not bear the thoughts of living near Thomas, whom she had lost for ever. So the vicar gave her what he could spare to pay her journey, and maintain her till she could get an employment ; he then gave her a letter to a clergyman who lived about fifty miles off, begging him to get her into some honest service. She took leave of him with an almost broken heart, and grew so ill and weak on her journey, that when she carried her letter to the clergyman, he told her she appeared too ill for service. In a few days she grew a little better ; told him she thought she could now get her bread if he would have the goodness to recommend her : that she cared not how low the place or the wages were if she could but be maintained, and would do all in her power to give satisfaction. He soon got her into a service ; hard labor soon hastened on a decline which her sorrows had begun, and she soon became so ill that nothing better could be done for her than to place her in a hospital.

Whilst she was there, a letter from Mr. Heartwell informed her that her vile seducers were taken, tried, and executed. The spoons were claimed by Elizabeth Bearcroft, Mr. Banks' house-keeper. Sarah Fisher had found them locked up in a cupboard after the rest of the stolen plate was packed up. She put them into her pocket as she was going to farmer Boucher's on the Sunday, but recollecting that perhaps the marks upon them might lead to her detection in case of misfortune, she suddenly took it into her head, as she was going away, to leave them with Mary, as before related. Mr. Heartwell had taken the pains to visit these people in prison after their condemnation, and had got from the woman a confirmation of the poor girl's account

Mary languished several weeks in the hospital, and meekly applied her whole mind to obtain the forgiveness of God, through the merits of a Saviour.

The good clergyman assisted her in the great work of repentance, and pointed out to her the only true grounds on which she could hope to obtain it.

Thus death, brought on by grief and shame at eighteen years of age, was the consequence of bad company, false promises, and FALSE EXCUSES.—May all who read this story, learn to walk in the strait paths of truth. The way of duty is the way of safety. But “the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth, while the righteous is bold as a lion.”

THE END.



PARLEY THE PORTER,

AN ALLEGORY:

Showing how robbers without can never get into a house, unless there are traitors within.

BY MRS. HANNAH MORE.

THERE was once a certain nobleman who had a house or castle situated in the midst of a great wilderness, but inclosed in a garden. Now there was a band of robbers in the wilderness who had a great mind to plunder and destroy the castle, but they had not succeeded in their endeavours, because the master had given strict orders to '*watch without ceasing.*' To quicken their vigilance he used to tell them that their care would soon have an end; that though the nights they had to watch were dark and stormy, yet they were but few; the period of resistance was short, that of rest would be eternal.

The robbers, however, attacked the castle in various ways. They tried at every avenue, watched to take advantage of every careless moment; looked for an open door or a neglected window. But though they often made the bolts shake and the windows rattle, they could never greatly hurt the house, much less get into it. Do you know the reason? it was because the servants were never off their guard. They heard the noises plain enough, and used to be not a little frightened, for they were aware both of the strength and perseverance of their enemies. But what seemed rather odd to some of these servants, the lord used to tell them, that while they continued to be afraid they would be safe; and it passed into a sort of proverb in that family '*Happy is he that feareth always.*' Some of the servants, however, thought this a contradiction.

One day, when the master was going from home, he called his servants all together, and spoke to them as follows: '*I will not repeat to you the directions I have so often given you; they are all written down in THE BOOK OF LAWS, of which every one of you has a copy. Remember, it is a very short time that you are to remain in this castle; you will soon remove to my more settled habitation, to a more durable house, not made with hands. As that house is never exposed to any attack, so it never stands in need of any repair; for that country is never infested by any sons of violence. Here you are servants; there you will be princes. But mark my words, and you will find the same in THE BOOK OF MY LAWS, whether you will ever attain to that house, will depend on the manner in which you defend yourselves in this. A stout vigilance for a short time will secure your certain happiness for ever. But every*

thing depends on your present exertions. Don't complain and take advantage of my absence, and call me a hard master, and grumble that you are placed in the midst of an howling wilderness without peace or security. Say not, that you are exposed to temptations without any power to resist them. You have some difficulties, it is true, but you have many helps and many comforts to make this house tolerable, even before you get to the other. Your's is not a hard service ; and if it were 'the time is short.' You have arms if you will use them, and doors if you will bar them, and strength if you will use it. I would defy all the attacks of the robbers without, if I could depend on the fidelity of the people within. If the thieves ever get in and destroy the house, it must be by the connivance of one of the family. *For it is a standing law of this castle, that mere outward attack can never destroy it, if there be no consenting traitor within.* You will stand or fall as you will observe this rule. If you are finally happy, it will be by my grace and favour ; if you are ruined, it will be your own fault.'

When the nobleman had done speaking, every servant repeated his assurance of attachment and firm allegiance to his master. But among them all, not one was so vehement and loud in his professions as old Parley the porter. Parley, indeed, it was well known, was always talking, which exposed him to no small danger ; for as he was the foremost to promise, so he was the slackest to perform : and, to speak the truth, though he was a civil spoken fellow, his lord was more afraid of him, with all his professions, than he was of the rest who protested less. He knew that Parley was vain, credulous, and self-sufficient ; and he always apprehended more danger from Parley's impertinence, curiosity, and love of novelty, than even from the stronger vices of some of his other servants. The rest indeed, seldom got into any scrape, of which Parley was not the cause in some shape or other.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess, that though Parley was allowed every refreshment, and all the needful rest which the nature of his place permitted, yet he thought it very hard to be forced to be so constantly on duty. 'Nothing but watching,' said Parley. 'I have, to be sure, many pleasures, and meat sufficient ; and plenty of chat, in virtue of my office, and I pick up a good deal of news of the comers and goers by day, but it is hard that at night I must watch as narrowly as a house-dog, and yet let in no company without orders ; only because there is said to be a few straggling robbers here in the wilderness, with whom my master does not care to let us be acquainted. He pretends to make us vigilant through fear of the robbers, but I suspect it is only to make us mope alone. A merry companion and a mug of beer would make the night pass cheerily.' Parley, however, kept all these thoughts to himself, or uttered them only when no one heard, for talk he must. He began to listen to the nightly whistling of the robbers under the windows with rather less alarm than formerly, and was sometimes so tired of watching, that he thought it was even better to run the risk of being robbed once, than to live always in the fear of robbers.

There was certain bounds in which the lord allowed his servants to walk and divert themselves at all proper seasons. A pleasant garden surrounded the castle, and a thick hedge separated this garden from the wilderness, which was infested by the robbers; in this garden they were permitted to amuse themselves. The master advised them always to keep within these bounds. 'While you observe this rule,' said he, 'you will be safe and well; and you will consult your own safety and happiness, as well as show your love to me, by not venturing over to the extremity of your bounds; he who goes as far as he dares, always shows a wish to go farther than he ought, and commonly does so.'

It was remarkable, that the nearer these servants kept to the castle, and the farther from the *hedge*, the more ugly the wilderness appeared. And the nearer they approached the forbidden bounds, their own home appeared more dull, and the wilderness more delightful. And this the master knew when he gave his orders; for he never did or said any thing without a good reason. And when his servants sometimes desired an explanation of the reason, he used to tell them they would understand it when they came to *the other house*; for it was one of the pleasures of that house, that it would explain all the mysteries of this, and any little obscurities in the master's conduct would be then made quite plain.

Parley was the first who promised to keep clear of the *hedge*, and yet was often seen looking as near as he durst. One day he ventured close up to the hedge, put two or three stones one on another, and tried to peep over. He saw one of the robbers strolling as near as he could be on the forbidden side. This man's name was Mr. Flatterwell, a smooth civil man, 'whose words were softer than butter, having war in his heart.' He made several low bows to Parley.

Now, Parley knew so little of the world, that he actually concluded all robbers must have an ugly look which should frighten you at once, and coarse brutal manners which would at first sight show they were enemies. He thought like a poor ignorant fellow, as he was, that this mild specious person could never be one of the band. Flatterwell accosted Parley with the utmost civility, which put him quite off his guard; for Parley had no notion that he could be an enemy who was so soft and civil. For an open foe he would have been prepared. Parley, however, after a little discourse drew this conclusion, that either Mr. Flatterwell could not be one of the gang, or that if he was, the robbers themselves could not be such monsters as his master had described, and therefore it was a folly to be afraid of them.

Flatterwell began, like a true adept in his art, by lulling all Parley's suspicions asleep; and instead of openly abusing his master, which would have opened Parley's eyes at once, he pretended rather to commend him in a general way, as a person who meant well himself, but was too apt to suspect others. To this Parley assented. The other then ventured to hint by degrees, that though the nobleman might be a good master in the main, yet he must say he was

a little strict, and a little stingy, and not a little censorious. That he was blamed by the *gentlemen of the wilderness* for shutting his house against good company, and his servants were laughed at by people of spirit for submitting to the gloomy life of the castle, and the insipid pleasures of the garden, instead of ranging in the wilderness at large.

‘It is true enough,’ said Parley, who was generally of the opinion of the person he was talking with, ‘My master is rather harsh and close. But to own the truth, all the barring, and locking, and bolting, is to keep out a set of gentlemen, who he assures us are *robbers*, and who are waiting for an opportunity to destroy us. I hope no offence, sir, but by your livery I suspect you, sir, are one of the gang he is so much afraid of.’

Flatterwell. Afraid of me? Impossible dear Mr. Parley. You see, I do not look like an enemy. I am unarmed; what harm can a plain man like me do?

Parley. Why, that is true enough. Yet my master says, if we were to let you into the house, we should be ruined soul and body.

Flatterwell. I am sorry Mr. Parley to hear so sensible a man as you are so deceived. This is mere prejudice. He knows we are cheerful entertaining people, foes to gloom and superstition, and therefore he is so morose he will not let you get acquainted with us.

Parley. Well; he says you are a band of thieves, gamblers, murderers, drunkards, and atheists.

Flatterwell. Don’t believe him; the worst we should do, perhaps, is, we might drink a friendly glass with you to your master’s health, or play an innocent game of cards just to keep you awake, or sing a cheerful song with the maids; now is there any harm in all this?

Parley. Not the least in the world. And I begin to think there is not a word of truth in all my master says.

Flatterwell. The more you know us, the more you will like us. But I wish there was not this ugly hedge between us. I have a great deal to say, and I am afraid of being overheard.

Parley was now just going to give a spring over the hedge, but checked himself, saying, ‘I dare not come on your side, there are people about, and every thing is carried to my master.’ Flatterwell saw by this that his new friend was kept on his own side of the hedge by fear rather than by principle, and from that moment he made sure of him. ‘Dear Mr. Parley,’ said he, ‘if you will allow me the honour of a little conversation with you, I will call under the window of your lodge this evening. I have something to tell you greatly to your advantage. I admire you exceedingly. I long for your friendship; our whole brotherhood is ambitious of being known to so amiable a person.’—‘O dear,’ said Parley, ‘I shall be afraid of talking to you at night. It is so against my master’s orders. But did you say you had something to tell me to my advantage?’

Flatterwell. Yes, I can point out to you how you may be a richer, a merrier, and a happier man. If you will admit me to-night under the window, I will convince you that it is prejudice and not wisdom,

which makes your master bar his door against us, I will convince you that the mischief of a *robber*, as your master scurrilously calls us, is only in the name; that we are your true friends, and only mean to promote your happiness.

‘Don’t say *we*,’ said Parley, ‘pray come alone; I would not see the rest of the gang for the world; but I think there can be no great harm in talking to *you* through the bars, if you come alone; but I am determined not to let you in. Yet I can’t say but I wish to know what you can tell me so much to my advantage; indeed, if it is for my good I ought to know it.’

Flatterwell. (going out, turns back.) Dear Mr. Parley, there is one thing I had forgotten. I cannot get over the hedge at night without assistance. You know there is a secret in the nature of that hedge; you in the house may get over it into the wilderness of your own accord, but we cannot get to your side by our own strength. You must look about to see where the hedge is thinnest, and then set to work to clear away here and there a little bough for me, it won’t be missed; and if there is but the smallest hole made on your side, those on ours can get through; otherwise we do but labour in vain. To this Parley made some objection, through the fear of being seen. Flatterwell replied, that the smallest hole from within would be sufficient, for he could then work his own way. ‘Well,’ said Parley, ‘I will consider of it. To be sure I shall even then be equally safe in the castle, as I shall have all the bolts, bars, and locks between us, so it will make but little difference.’

‘Certainly not,’ said Flatterwell, who knew it would make all the difference in the world. So they parted with mutual protestations of regard. Parley went home charmed with his new friend. His eyes were now clearly opened as to his master’s prejudices against the *robbers*, and he was convinced there was more in the name than in the thing. ‘But,’ said he, ‘though Mr. Flatterwell is certainly an agreeable companion, he may not be so safe an inmate. There can, however, be no harm in talking at a distance, and I certainly won’t let him in.’

Parley, in the course of the day, did not forget his promise to thin the hedge of separation a little. At first he only tore off a handful of leaves, then a little sprig, then he broke away a bough or two. It was observable, the larger the breach became, the worse he began to think of his master, and the better of himself. Every peep he took through the broken hedge increased his desire to get out into the wilderness, and made the thoughts of the castle more irksome to him.

He was continually repeating to himself, ‘I wonder what Mr. Flatterwell can have to say so much to my advantage? I see he does not wish to hurt my master, he only wishes to serve me.’ As the hour of meeting, however, drew near, the master’s orders now and then came across Parley’s thoughts. So to divert them he took up **THE BOOK**. He happened to open it at these words: ‘My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.’ For a moment his heart failed him. ‘If this admonition should be sent on purpose!’ said

he; 'but no, 'tis a bugbear. My master told me that if I went to the bounds I should get over the hedge. Now I went to the utmost limits, and did *not* get over.' Here conscience put in; 'Yes, but it was because you were watched.'—'I am sure,' continued Parley, 'one may always stop where one will, and this is only a trick of my master's to spoil sport. So I will even hear what Mr. Flatterwell has to say so much to my advantage. I am not obliged to follow his counsels, but there can be no harm in hearing them.'

Flatterwell prevailed on the rest of the robbers to make no public attack on the castle that night. 'My brethren,' said he, 'you now and then fail in your schemes, because you are for violent beginnings, while my smoothing insinuating measures hardly ever miss. You come blustering and roaring, and frighten people, and set them on their guard. You inspire them with terror of *you*, while my whole scheme is to make them think well of *themselves*, and ill of their master. If I once get them to entertain hard thoughts of him, and high thoughts of themselves, my business is done, and they fall plump into my snares. So let this delicate affair alone to me: Parley is a softly fellow; he must not be frightened, but cajoled. He is the very sort of a man to succeed with; and worth a hundred of your sturdy sensible fellows. With them we want strong arguments and strong temptations; but with such fellows as Parley, in whom vanity and sensuality are the leading qualities (as, let me tell you, is the case with far the greater part) flattery and a promise of ease and pleasure, will do more than your whole battle array. If you will let me manage, I will get you all into the castle before midnight.'

At night the castle was barricadoed as usual, and no one had observed the hole which Parley had made in the hedge. This oversight arose that night from the servants' neglecting one of the master's standing orders—to make a nightly examination of the state of things. The neglect did not proceed so much from wilful disobedience, as from having passed the evening in sloth and diversion, which often amounts to nearly the same in its consequences.

As all was very cheerful within, so all was very quiet without. And before they went to bed, some of the servants observed to the rest, that as they heard no robbers that night, they thought they might now begin to remit something of their diligence in bolting and barring: that all this fastening and locking was very troublesome, and they hoped the danger was now pretty well over. It was rather remarkable, that they never made these sort of observations, but after an evening of some excess, and when they had neglected their *private business with their master*. All, however, except Parley, went quietly to bed, and seemed to feel uncommon security.

Parley crept down to his lodge. He had half a mind to go to bed too. Yet he was not willing to disappoint Mr. Flatterwell. So civil a gentleman! To be sure he might have had bad designs. Yet what right had he to suspect any body who made such professions, and who was so very civil? 'Besides, it is something for my advantage,' added Parley. 'I will not open the door, that is certain; but as he is to come alone, he can do me no harm through the bars of

the windows : and he will think I am a coward if I don't keep my word. No, I will let him see that I am not afraid of my own strength ; I will show him I can go what length I please, and stop short *when* I please.' Had Flatterwell heard this boastful speech, he would have been quite sure of his man.

About eleven, Parley heard the signal agreed upon. It was so gentle as to cause little alarm. So much the worse. Flatterwell never frightened any one, and therefore seldom failed of any one. Parley stole softly down, planted himself at his little window, opened the casement, and spied his new friend. It was pale starlight. Parley was a little frightened ; for he thought he perceived one or two persons behind Flatterwell ; but the other assured him it was only his own shadow, which his fears had magnified into a company. 'Though I assure you,' said he, 'I have not a friend but what is as harmless as myself.'

They now entered into serious discourse, in which Flatterwell showed himself a deep politician. He skilfully mixed up in his conversation a proper proportion of praise on the pleasures of the wilderness, of compliments to Parley, of ridicule on his master, and of abusive sneers on the **BOOK** in which the master's laws were written. Against this last he had always a particular spite, for he considered it as the grand instrument by which the lord maintained his servants in their allegiance ; and when they could once be brought to sneer at the **BOOK**, there was an end of submission to the lord. Parley had not penetration enough to see his drift. 'As to the **BOOK**, Mr. Flatterwell,' said he, 'I do not know whether it be true or false I rather neglect than disbelieve it. I am forced, indeed, to hear it read once a week, but I never look into it myself, if I can help it.'—'Excellent,' said Flatterwell to himself, 'that is just the same thing. This is safe ground for me. For whether a man does not believe in the **BOOK**, or does not attend to it, it comes pretty much to the same, and I generally get him at last.'

'Why cannot we be a little nearer, Mr. Parley,' said Flatterwell 'I am afraid of being overheard by some of your master's spies. The window from which you speak is so high ; I wish you would come down to the door.'—'Well,' said Parley, 'I see no great harm in that. There is a little wicket in the door through which we may converse with more ease and equal safety. The same fastenings will be still between us.' So down he went, but not without a degree of fear and trembling.

The little wicket being now opened, and Flatterwell standing close on the outside of the door, they conversed with great ease. 'Mr. Parley,' said Flatterwell, 'I should not have pressed you so much to admit me into the castle, but out of pure disinterested regard to your own happiness. I shall get nothing by it, but I cannot bear to think that a person so wise and amiable should be shut up in this gloomy dungeon, under a hard master, and a slave to the unreasonable tyranny of his **BOOK OF LAWS**. If you admit me, you need have no more waking, no more watching.' Here Parley involuntarily slipped back the bolt of the door. 'To convince you of my true love,' continued Flatterwell, 'I have brought a bottle of

the most delicious wine that grows in the wilderness. You shall taste it, but you must put a glass through the wicket to receive it, for it is a singular property in this wine, that we of the wilderness cannot succeed in conveying it to you of the castle, without you hold out a vessel to receive it.'—'O here is a glass,' said Parley, holding out a large goblet, which he always kept ready to be filled by any chance-comer. The other immediately poured into the capacious goblet a large draught of that delicious intoxicating liquor, with which the family of the Flatterwells have for near six thousand years gained the hearts, and destroyed the souls of all the inhabitants of the castle, whenever they have been able to prevail on them to hold out a hand to receive it. This the wise master of the castle well knew would be the case, for he knew what was in men; he knew their propensity to receive the delicious poison of the Flatterwells; and it was for this reason that he gave them **THE BOOK** of his laws, and planted the hedge, and invented the bolts, and doubled the locks.

As soon as poor Parley had swallowed the fatal draught, it acted like enchantment. He at once lost all power of resistance. He had no sense of fear left. He despised his own safety, forgot his master, lost all sight of the house in the other country, and reached out for another draught as eagerly as Flatterwell held out the bottle to administer it. 'What a fool, have I been,' said Parley, 'to deny myself so long!'—'Will you now let me in?' said Flatterwell. 'Ay, that I will,' said the deluded Parley. Though the train was now increased to near a hundred robbers, yet so intoxicated was Parley, that he did not see one of them except his new friend. Parley eagerly pulled down the bars, drew back the bolts and forced open the locks; thinking he could never let in his friend soon enough. He had, however, just presence of mind to say, 'My dear friend, I hope you are alone.' Flatterwell swore he was—Parley opened the door—in rushed, not Flatterwell only, but the whole banditti, who always lurked behind in his train. The moment they had got sure possession, Flatterwell changed his soft tone, and cried in a voice of thunder, 'Down with the castle—kill, burn, and destroy.'

Rapine, murder, and conflagration, by turns took place. Parley was the very first whom they attacked. He was overpowered with wounds. As he fell he cried out, 'O my master, I die a victim to my unbelief in thee, and to my own vanity and imprudence. O that the guardians of all other castles would hear me with my dying breath repeat my master's admonition, that *all attacks from without will not destroy unless there is some confederate within*. O that the keepers of all other castles would learn from my ruin, that he who parleys with temptation is already undone. That he who allows himself to go to the very bounds will soon jump over the hedge; that he who talks out the window with the enemy, will soon open the door to him; that he who holds out his hand for the cup of sinful flattery, loses all power of resisting; that when he opens the door to one sin, all the rest fly in upon him, and the man perishes as I now do.'

JUSTIN MARTYR.

THE HOLY CHURCH THROUGHOUT ALL THE WORLD
DOETH ACKNOWLEDGE THEE.

JUSTIN, surnamed the Martyr, was born at Sichem, in Samaria, where was Jacob's well. His parents were heathens, and he grew up to man's estate, ignorant of the true God, yet dissatisfied with what the wise men of this world taught on the subject of religion. He was of an inquiring turn, and successively attached himself to various sects of philosophers, beginning with the Stoics, who are mentioned in Acts xvii. 18. At length he fancied he was making progress in the discovery of the unseen world, when one day he wandered out by the sea-side to enjoy his meditations undisturbed. To his surprise he found himself joined by an old man of grave but mild countenance. Justin stopped, and steadily gazed on him. The other asked him if he knew him, that he eyed him so earnestly. On Justin's expressing surprise at meeting any one in so solitary a place, the old man accounted for the accident, and then fell into conversation with him, which ended in his preaching to him JESUS CHRIST, and Justin's receiving impressions which led to his conversion to the true faith. This took place, A. D. 132, about thirty years after St. John's death. About eighteen years after, he fixed his abode at Rome, where he employed himself in various writings in defence of the Gospel. At length he was called upon to die for it, under circumstances which are detailed in the following ancient account.

Narrative of the Martyrdom of Justin, the Philosopher, A. D. 167.

While the persecution raged against the Christians for their refusing to sacrifice to the idols, the holy men (Justin and his companions) were arrested and brought before Rusticus, the Prefect of Rome, who bade Justin believe in the gods and obey the Emperor. He answered, "It is safe and unexceptionable to



obey the commands of our SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST." The Prefect asked, "What department of learning do you pursue?" Justin answered, "I have essayed all, but I have attached myself to that true philosophy which the Christians profess, however displeasing it may be to mistaken reasoners." "Miserable man," said Rusticus, "is that your learning?" The other replied, "Yes, verily, I profess it in all truth of doctrine." "What doctrine?" "A reverent acknowledgment of the God of the Christians, whom we account to be the One original maker and framer of the whole world, visible and invisible; and of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, the Son of God, who was foretold by the prophets as the herald of salvation, and the instructor of dutiful disciples. For myself, mortal as I am, I cannot hope to speak adequately of His infinite majesty, which is a gift peculiar to the prophets. For they foretold His coming, whom I have declared to be the Son of God."

The Prefect said, "Where is your place of meeting?" Justin answered, "Where each chooses, and is able to come. Do you think that we all meet at the same place? Not so, for the Christian's God is not bounded by space, but though invisible fills both heaven and earth, and every where receives the homage and praise of the faithful." The Prefect Rusticus replied, "Tell me where ye meet together, in what place thou assemblest thy disciples." Justin answered, "that he lodged near one Martinus, at the baths called Timiotine; that this was the second time he had sojourned in Rome, that throughout the whole period he had known no other place of meeting, that he had communicated the words of truth to any one who chose to visit him." Rusticus said, "Art thou not in short a Christian?" Justin answered, "Yea, I *am* a Christian."

Then the Prefect said to Charito, "Say, thou too, Charito,—Art thou a Christian?" Charito answered, "By God's command I am a Christian." He then said to Charitina, "And what sayest thou, Charitina?" She answered, "By God's gift I am a Christian." He next addressed Evelpistus, and said, "And what art thou?" He, being a slave of Cæsar's, made answer, "I too am a Christian, being made free by Christ, and am partaker by Christ's favour of the same hope." The Prefect said to Hierax, "And art thou a Christian?" Hierax said, "Yea, I am a Christian, for I reverence and adore the same God." Rusticus said, "Hath Justin made you Christians?" Hierax answered, "I was a Christian, and I will continue one." Then Pæon stood up and said, "I too am a Christian." The Prefect said, "Who was he that taught thee?" Pæon answered, "From my parents I received this good confession." Evelpistus said, "I too, though I have listened gladly to the preaching of Justin, was taught of my parents to be a Christian." Rusticus said, "And where are thy parents?" Evelpistus answered, "In Cappadocia." The Prefect asked Hierax where his parents were. Hierax made answer in these words: "CHRIST is our true father, and faith in

Him our true mother. My earthly parents are dead, and I myself have been brought hither from Iconium, in Phrygia." The Prefect Rusticus addressed Liberianus: "And what dost thou say?—art thou a Christian?—art thou too an unbeliever?" Liberianus said, "I too am a Christian, for I am a believer and a worshipper of the only true God."

The Prefect said to Justin, "Listen thou, who art accounted an orator, and supposest thyself skilled in true doctrine; if I should have thee scourged and beheaded, what is thy belief?—that thou wouldest ascend into heaven?" Justin said, "I do trust that if I endure these things, I shall receive rewards from Him, for I know that for them who have so lived, there remaineth the divine gift, till the times of the consummation of all things." The Prefect Rusticus said again, "Dost thou imagine, that thou shalt go up into heaven, and there receive a recompense?" Justin answered, "I imagine it not; for I know and am entirely persuaded that I shall." Rusticus said "It remains then that we come to the matter in hand, which presseth us. Come, therefore, all of you together, and with one mind do sacrifice to the gods." Justin answered, "No man of right judgment falleth from religion to irreligion." Rusticus answered, "If ye will not obey me, ye shall be tortured without mercy." Justin replied, "We ask in prayer, that we *may* be tortured for the name of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and be saved; for this shall be our salvation and our confidence, at that more terrible tribunal whereat all the world must appear, of our King and Saviour." In like manner said the other martyrs also. "Do what thou wilt, for we are Christians, and do not sacrifice to idols."

Then the Prefect Rusticus gave sentence, saying, "Let such as refuse to do sacrifice to the gods, and to obey the decree of the Emperor, be scourged, and then led away to capital punishment, in pursuance of the laws." So the holy martyrs, giving glory to God, were led forth to the accustomed place, and were beheaded, giving full completion to their testimony by the confession of the SAVIOUR. And certain of the faithful, when they had secretly taken up their bodies, deposited them in a meet place, the grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST working with them, to whom be glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

*Justin's account of Baptism, the Lord's Supper, and the Public Worship of God.**

We will state in what manner we are created anew by CHRIST, and have dedicated ourselves to GOD.—As many as are persuaded and believe that the things which we teach and declare are true, and promise that they are determined to live accordingly, are taught

* Mr. Chevallier's translation has been generally adhered to in this extract.

to pray, and to beseech God, with fasting, to grant them remission of their past sins, while we also pray and fast with them. We then lead them to a place where there is water, and there they are regenerated in the same manner as we also were; for they are then washed in that water in the name of GOD the FATHER and LORD of the universe, and of our SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, and of the HOLY SPIRIT. For CHRIST said, "Except ye be born again, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven;" and that it is impossible that those who are once born should again enter into their mothers' wombs, is evident to all. Moreover, it is declared by the prophet Isaiah, in what manner they who have sinned and repent may escape the punishment of their sins. For it is said, "Wash you; make you clean; put away the evil from your souls; learn to do well; do justice to the fatherless, and avenge the widow: and come, and let us reason together, saith the LORD. Even if your sins should be as scarlet, I will make them white as wool: and if they should be as crimson, I will make them white as snow. But if ye will not hearken unto Me, the sword shall devour you: for the mouth of the LORD hath spoken these things."

The Apostles have also taught us for what reason this new birth is necessary. Since at our first birth we were born without our knowledge or consent, by the ordinary natural means, and were brought up in evil habits and evil instructions, in order that we may not longer remain the children of necessity or of ignorance, but may become the children of choice and judgment, and may obtain in the water remission of the sins which we have before committed, the name of GOD the FATHER and LORD of the Universe is pronounced over him who is willing to be born again, and hath repented of his sins; he who leads him to be washed in the laver of baptism, saying this only over him:—for no one can give a name to the ineffable God; and if any man should dare to assert that there is such a name, he is afflicted with utter madness. And this washing is called illumination, since the minds of those who are thus instructed are illuminated. And he who is so illuminated is baptized also in the name of JESUS CHRIST, who was crucified under Pontius Pilate: and in the name of the HOLY SPIRIT, who by the prophets foretold all things concerning JESUS. * * *

We, then, after having so washed him who hath expressed his conviction and professes the faith, lead him to the brethren, where they are gathered together, to make common prayers with great earnestness, both for themselves and for him who is now illuminated, and for all others in all places, that having learned the truth, we may be deemed worthy to be found men of godly conversation in our lives, and to keep the commandments, that so we may attain to eternal salvation. When we have finished our prayers, we salute one another with a kiss. After which, there is brought to the brother who presides, bread and a cup of wine

mixed with water. And he, having received them, gives praise and glory to the FATHER of all things, through the name of the SON and of the HOLY SPIRIT, and gives thanks in many words for that God hath vouchsafed to them these things. And when he hath finished his praises and thanksgiving, all the people who are present, express their assent, saying Amen, which means in the Hebrew tongue, "So be it." He who presides having given thanks, and the people having expressed their assent, those whom we call deacons give to each of those who are present a portion of the bread which had been blessed, and of the wine mixed with water, and carry some away for those who are absent. And this food is called by us the Eucharist (thanksgiving;) of which no one may partake unless he believes that what we teach is true, and is washed in the Laver, which is appointed for the forgiveness of sins and unto regeneration, and lives in such a manner as CHRIST commanded. For we receive not these elements as common bread or common drink; but even as JESUS CHRIST our SAVIOUR, being made flesh by the word of GOD, had both flesh and blood for our salvation, even so we are taught, that the food which is blessed by prayer, according to the word which came from Him, (by the conversion of which into our bodily substance our blood and flesh are nourished,) is the Flesh and Blood of that Jesus who was made flesh. For the Apostles, in the Memoirs composed by them, which are called Gospels, have related that JESUS thus commanded them; that, having taken bread, and given thanks, He said, "Do this in remembrance of Me—this is my Body; and that, in like manner, having taken the cup, and given thanks, He said, "This is My Blood;" and that He distributed them to these alone After these solemnities are finished, we afterwards continually remind one another of them. And such of us as have possessions assist all those who are in want; and we all associate with one another. And over all our offerings, we bless the Creator of all things, through His SON JESUS CHRIST, and through the HOLY SPIRIT.

And on the day which is called Sunday, there is an assembly in one place of all who dwell either in towns or in the country; and the Memoirs of the Apostles or the writings of the Prophets are read, as long as the time permits. Then, when the reader hath ceased, the head of the congregation delivers a discourse, in which he reminds and exhorts them to the imitation of all these good things. We then all stand up together, and put forth prayers. Then, as we have already said, when we cease from prayer, bread is brought, and wine, and water; and our Head, in like manner, offers up prayers and praises with his utmost power; and the people express their assent by saying Amen. The consecrated elements are then distributed and received by every one; and a portion is sent by the deacons to those who are absent.

Each of those also, who have abundance, and are willing, according to his choice, gives what he thinks fit; and what is col-

lected is deposited with him who presides, who succours the fatherless and the widows, and those who are in necessity from disease or any other cause; those also who are in bonds, and the strangers who are sojourning among us; and in a word, takes care of all who are in need.

We all of us assemble together on Sunday, because it is the first day in which God changed darkness and matter, and made the world. On the same day also JESUS CHRIST our SAVIOUR rose from the dead.

"JOY IN HEAVEN!"

There was joy in Heaven!
 There was joy in Heaven!
 When, this goodly world to frame,
 The Lord of might and mercy came:—
 Shouts of joy were heard on high,
 And the stars sang from the sky,
 "Glory to God in Heaven!"

There was joy in heaven!
 There was joy in heaven!
 When the billows, heaving dark,
 Sank around the stranded ark,
 And the rainbow's wat'ry span
 Spoke of mercy—hope to man,
 And peace with God in Heaven!

There was joy in Heaven!
 There was joy in Heaven!
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawn'd on the towers of Bethlehem,
 And along the echoing hill
 Angels sang, "on earth good will,
 And glory in the Heaven!"

There is joy in Heaven!
 There is joy in Heaven!
 When the sheep that went astray
 Turns again to virtue's way;
 When the soul, by grace subdued,
 Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
 Then is there joy in Heaven!

The Apostle St. John and the Robber.

LISTEN to a tale, which is no mere tale, but a true story which has been handed down and kept in memory, of John the Apostle. For when the Roman Emperor was dead, and St. John had returned to Ephesus from his banishment in the island of Patmos, he went over to the neighbouring counties; in some places to appoint Bishops, in some to establish new Churches, in others to separate to the Ministry, some one of those whom the Spirit pointed out to him. At length he arrived at a city not very far from Ephesus, of which some even give the name; and after he had refreshed the brethren, he turned at last to the Bishop, whom he had appointed, and having observed a youth of goodly stature, comely appearance, and of an ardent spirit, "Here," he said, "is a deposit which I earnestly commend to your care, in the sight of CHRIST and the Church." And after the Bishop had accepted the charge, and had promised all that was required of him, he repeated the same request, and with the same solemn form of words. Accordingly the Elder, taking to his home the youth intrusted to him, bred, controlled, fostered, and at last admitted him to baptism. After this he relaxed somewhat of his constant care and watchfulness, as having placed upon him the seal of the Lord, that last and best preservative from evil. But the other, having thus obtained his liberty too early, was taken hold of by certain idle and profligate youths of his own age, themselves habituated to wickedness. At first they lure him on by expensive revellings, next they carry him along with them on a thieving expedition by night, and then they beg him to join them in some still greater crime. By little and little he became habituated to vice, and then through the hotness of his nature, starting like a hard-mouthed and spirited horse out of the right path, and taking as it were the bit into his mouth, rushed so much the more violently down the precipice. Finally despairing of the salvation which is by God, he was no longer contented with mere petty offences; but, as he was now altogether lost, would fain do some great thing, and disdained to suffer but an equal punishment with the rest. He took therefore with him these same companions, and having got together a band of robbers, became their ready leader, and all of the most violent, the most bloody, the most cruel.

An interval elapsed; and upon some need falling out in the Church, the men of the city again called upon John to visit them. After he had set in order the things for which he came, "Come," said he to the Bishop, "give me back the deposit which I and CHRIST committed to thee in the sight of the Church over which you preside." The Bishop was at first amazed, for he thought that John was unjustly charging him with money which had not been really given him, and knew not either how to credit a demand for

what he had never received, or how to discredit the Apostle. But when he said plainly, "It is the youth I demand of thee, the soul of a brother," the old man groaned from the bottom of his heart, and shedding a few tears at the thought, answered him, "He is dead." "How then did he die, and by what death?" "He is dead," he said, "to God, for he has ended in becoming wicked and abandoned, and to sum up all, a robber, and now instead of the Church, he has taken to the hills with an armed band of robbers like himself." Then the Apostle tore his garment, and uttering a loud wail, beat his head, and said, "A careful guardian truly, I left of the soul of my brother, but bring me a horse, and let me have some one to guide me on my way." So he rode away from the Church, just as he was, and when he came to the place, being taken by the outposts of the robbers, he neither fled from them, nor asked for mercy, but cried out, "For this purpose came I, bring me to your chief." He in the mean time, in the armour he wore, waited for his approach. When, however, he recognized St. John, as he drew near, he was filled with shame, and turned and fled. But the Apostle followed after him with all his strength, forgetful of his years, and calling out, "Why do you fly from me, my son, me your father, unarmed, and stricken in years; pity me, my son, and fear me not. Thou hast yet hope of life. I will give account for thee to CHRIST; yea, if it be needful, I will willingly undergo the death for thee, even as our LORD suffered death for us. For thee will I render up my breath. Stay and believe; CHRIST hath sent me." But the young man, when he heard his words, first stood still, with eyes cast down to the ground; next threw away his arms, and then trembling, wept bitterly. And when the old man drew nigh to him, he threw his arms around him, and besought pardon, as best he could, with his groans, and was baptized as it were a second time, with tears, hiding only his blood-stained hand. But John, with promises and solemn protestations of his having obtained his pardon from the SAVIOUR, besought him, nay, knelt to him, and kissed the very right hand he had withheld from him, as already cleansed by change of heart; and so brought him back to the Church. Finally interceding for him, sometimes in frequent prayers, sometimes striving together with him in long continued fasts, and sometimes soothing his spirit with various holy texts, he departed not, so they tell us, till he had fully reinstated him in the Church, and had thus set forth a mighty example of true change of heart, and a mighty proof of regeneration, a trophy as it were of a visible resurrection.

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THOMAS BROWN:

A

DIALOGUE

ON

SUNDAY MORNING.

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1838.

THOMAS BROWN:

A

DIALOGUE ON SUNDAY MORNING

TO THE READER.

THOMAS BROWN was an apprentice in a town of great trade in Warwickshire; and, being clever, learned his business well, so that, when out of his time, he had the credit of being a *good workman*. He married, and soon had a little family about him; but his wife was a stirring body, and did her part to make home comfortable.

Thomas, being a *good workman*, had always work when he wanted it; but this, in the end, was a bad thing for him. How often it is, that *good workmen* get the least wages, and spend what they get in the worst manner. Thomas did not mind playing a day or two in the week, for being a *good workman*, he knew he could easily fetch it up again: so that if a fair or a wake happened near, there Thomas Brown was sure to be. The ball-court, the marble and skittle-alley also, were favourite places of resort and it always pleased him to hear his companions say, it did not matter how long Tom stopped from his work, for he could make a week's work on a Saturday, being so *good a workman*. Now to be a *good workman* is, without doubt, an excellent thing. A good coat, a good house, a good horse, are excellent things too: but if the horse be not ridden, the house not inhabited, the coat not worn, they are of very little use. And a *good workman*, who will not mind his work, has very little profit from his skill.

Again, Thomas was in such repute for his work, as to be much sought after; and this made him careless about keeping his places. He would lay foolish wagers, treat his companions, and run in debt for things not really wanted; for being so *good a workman*, all could soon be set right again.

But Thomas soon found that something else was necessary besides being a *good workman*: for Joe Hawkins, who worked next to him, though not near so clever, usually, by minding his business, got six or eight shillings a week more wages; and Ben Bailiss, who got but ten shillings a week, and had a family, always looked respectable, and paid his way. Being a *good workman*, will not find a man work when there is no work to do; it will not pay the back rent of a house; nor prevent a wife being ill; nor keep the small-pox and fever from entering a habitation: and as poor men are liable to all these things, they should try to be something more than *good workmen*.

Thomas now and then made a good day's work; and then you might see him with a new hat or a new coat on; which looked rather odd, when the other parts of his dress were dirty and in rags: yet so it was; and as Thomas paid but little attention to his children, his poor wife had many a heart-ach on his account. When she could not pay for the things she had bought, people told her she ought to be *made to pay*, her husband being so *good a workman*: and when she could not decently clothe her little ones, folks told her, it was a shame to see how she brought up her children, when her husband got so much money, as every body knew he was a *good workman*.

Well, things went on worse and worse; and though Thomas was so *good a workman*, yet, after a time, no one liked to employ him, as he was sure to leave his work when it was wanted, and never cared about disappointing his master. And being so *good a workman*, he must not be spoken to like another man, for there were masters enough, he would say, who would be glad to employ him.

Thomas lived not in the fear of God. The voice of prayer and praise was never heard in his habitation. And where the fear of God is not, peace can never dwell. How can we expect that God will continually remember us, when we continually forget God? Reader, the fear of the Lord is the first step towards wisdom. If thou hast it, thy days shall be blessed; for *thou shalt then walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble.* (Prov. iii. 23.) Thy nights shall be peaceful; *when thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.* (Prov. iii. 24.) I do not mean to say that all who fear God are free from trouble or perplexity; I only mean that they are taught to bear trials better than others—that they look more at the mercies they enjoy than repine after what they do not possess—that they improve and not misuse the gifts God has given them.—Afflictions they have, but these are so sanctified that they know they *spring not from the dust*—that it is even good for them to be afflicted—neither do they willingly contend with the Almighty.

Thomas Brown was a stranger to that *peace of God which passeth all understanding*, and which it frequently pleases God to bestow on those who *keep holy the Sabbath-day*, and *enter into his*

presence with thanksgiving and his gates with praise. He knew not, when in trouble, that God was a *very present help in time of trouble.* When he felt the evil of indiscretion and sin, he was ignorant that if he *confessed his sins, God would be faithful and just to forgive him his sins, and to cleanse him from all unrighteousness.* And so, day after day, he went on an ungodly and, of course, an unhappy man. His wife, too, followed the steps of her husband—grew peevish and a slattern—and the home of Thomas Brown was a miserable dwelling.

It was at this time that Thomas Brown rambled one Sunday morning into the fields, with his wife wretchedly untidy, and his children all in rags. They happened to meet a pious gentleman, who fell into conversation with Thomas; and as what passed may most easily be remembered if written in rhyme, I have contrived to put it in verse, such as it is. And now, Reader, if you happen to know any thing about writing verses, you will smile at the awkward way in which I have put mine together, and think how much better you could have done it yourself: and if you will put the lines into the hands of some poor man, who is not quite so clever as yourself, who will read them without finding out half their faults, I will smile too, and in good humour acknowledge myself your obliged friend,

THE AUTHOR.

THOMAS BROWN

A DIALOGUE ON SUNDAY MORNING.

Part the First.

- "WHERE have you been wandering about, Thomas Brown,
In your jacket so out of repair?"
- "A ramble I've been in the meadows so green,
And I work in the jacket I wear."
- "Who have you been rambling with, pray, Thomas Brown,
All as dirty as they can well be?"
- "They are wife, Will, and Sue, and had nothing to do,
"So they all came a rambling with me."
- "But do you not hear the church-bell, Thomas Brown,
O why not the Sabbath regard?"
- "We a living must seek, and we work all the week,
If we can't play on Sunday 'tis hard."
- "But what would your work set for you, Thomas Brown,
Were you not by your Maker befriended?"
- "As to that, I don't know: if to church I should go,
Mayhap matters would not be much mended."
- "What I say I intend for your good, Thomas Brown,
And your friend am desirous to be."
- "Why, that I suppose, or your time you'd not lose
In discourse with a poor man like me."
- "This world is fast hastening away, Thomas Brown,
"And short are the pleasures of man."
- "Then there's no time to spare, let us drive away care,
And merrily live while we can."
- "But what, when this world has gone by, Thomas Brown,
If your soul in sharp torment should lie?"
- "Why that, to be sure, would be hard to endure;
But I cannot help it, not I."

“Yet the wretch under sentence of death, Thomas Brown,
Would be glad for a pardon to run.”

“Why, yes; so would I, if condemned to die:
But I know not what harm I have done.”

“The Bible will tell you your sins, Thomas Brown,
And a Saviour will bring to your view.”

“The learn’d there may look, but I can’t read the book;
It may or it may not be true.”

“Hie away to the church on the hill, Thomas Brown,
For If you can’t read, you may hear.”

“The man in his band I should ne’er understand—
The rich and the wise may go there.”

“The Gospel is preach’d to the poor, Thomas Brown,
And would lighten your cares, do not doubt it.”

“You speak like a friend, but I never intend
To trouble my head much about it.”

“Could I tell you where guineas were hid, Thomas Brown,
You would spare neither labour nor pains.”

“In that you are right, I would dig day and night,
“And merrily live on my gains.”

“But what, should you gain the whole world, Thomas Brown,
And lose your own soul at the last?”

“Why my courage would cool, I should then prove a fool,
And sorely repent of the past.”

“Seek in time for the kingdom of God, Thomas Brown,
And your pleasures will never decay.”

“I feel half inclin’d to become of your mind,
And I think I shall do as you say.”

“Wash your face, and put on your best clothes, Thomas Brown,
Come to me at the church on the hill.”

“I am far from my home, and to-day cannot come;
If I live to next Sunday, I will.”

“Remember the promise you give, Thomas Brown,
Bring your wife, and your daughter, and son.”

“Wife and children to bring will be no easy thing;
“But I’ll try and see what may be done.”

“May the God of all peace give you grace, Thomas Brown,
In his fear and his favour to dwell.”
Your wish I take kind, and will bear it in mind:
And so, for the present, farewell.”

Part the Second.

Now Thomas was glad to get rid of the friend
Who in talking had puzzled his brain;
Yet, when he was gone, felt himself quite alone,
And half wish'd that he'd come back again.

It was true, that his wife and his children were there,
But they saunter'd heedlessly by:
Thomas felt, while asham'd, he was much to be blam'd,
And he look'd on his clothes with a sigh.

His shoes they were dirty, his stockings unclean,
And his hat—it was long since he bought it—
Was shabby and brown, had a hole in the crown,
And his jacket seem'd worse than he thought it.

Thomas saw that the folks that he now and then met
Look'd so happy, so decent, and clean,
That a lane he turn'd down to keep clear of the town,
For he did not much like to be seen.

Out of temper, he threw all the blame on his wife,
That his jacket and hose were not mended;
But she had a tongue, and could talk loud and long,
And in wrangling the Sabbath-day ended.

Unmindful of God, they retir'd to their rest,
From their lips no petition arose;
No thanksgiving had they for the gifts of the day,
And no prayer for their nightly repose.

Thomas Brown, in the main, was a well-meaning man,
Though bad habits had led him astray;
And he thought on his bed what the stranger had said—
How the world was fast hastening away.

But it was but a thought: for he said to himself,
Determin'd his conscience to smother,
"What cannot be cur'd, why, it must be endur'd,
All must die, one as well as another.

“And then for the world that’s to come—as to that,
There are thousands no better than me :
They can drink, sing, and dance ; and so I’ll e’en take my chance,
There’s no one can tell what *will* be.”

But, in spite of his boasting, poor Thomas was sad,
Through the night he woke times without number,
And arose from his bed with an unsettled head,
And but little refreshed by his slumber.

At the break of the day, he walk’d into the fields,
For his conscience it troubled and vex’d him :
He sat down on a stile, and he whistled the while,
To drive away thoughts that perplex’d him.

But the louder he whistled, the sadder he got ;
Then he humm’d o’er a tune : till, at last,
He gave a look round, fix’d his eyes on the ground,
And began to reflect on the past.

Thomas knew that his wife, whom he ought to direct,
In him no good example had got ;
That his children had long said and done what was wrong,
And he had restrained them not.

He knew that his brawls, they had injur’d his health ;
He was idle, and poor, and a debtor ;
And drinking, and smoking, and singing, and joking,
Would not make him wiser or better.

Instead of advising his children and wife,
And teaching them habits of thinking,
His thoughts they had run after folly and fun,
Dog-fighting, and skittles, and drinking.

“But if life is short,” Thomas said to himself,
“I suppose I must leave them all soon :
And where shall I go when I die ?—for I know
No more than the man in the moon.”

He found, coming back, but an untidy home ;
Unswapt and unclean was the floor ;
His wife loud and shrill, scolding Susan and Will—
Thomas sigh’d as he enter’d the door.

So, what with his thoughts, as they pass’d through his mind,
And the talkative tongue of his wife,
Poor Thomas, alas ! was in pitiful case,
For he led but a sorrowful life.

If he went to his labour, he was not at ease ;
 If he idled at home, 'twas as bad ;
 And day after day he thus pass'd away,
 And grew angry, and peevish, and sad.

At times, in a morning, he made up his mind
 To endeavour to do what is right ;
 To leave lewdness and lies, to fear God and be wise—
 But he went to the alehouse at night.

And thus, as it were, ere the sun was gone down,
 His best resolutions were cool :
 So true is the token the wise man has spoken—
 “Who trusteth his heart is a fool.”

Part the Third.

“WHITHER go you so clean and well clad, Thomas Brown,
 For your jacket's a new one, I see ?”
 ‘Sir, I go with good will to the church on the hill,
 To thank God for his goodness to me.”

“Indeed ! this is what I have wish'd, Thomas Brown ;
 But how long will the practice prevail ?”
 “I have much, Sir, to say : the first time you can stay
 I will tell you the whole of my tale.”

‘To hear it will do my heart good, Thomas Brown ;
 Come begin while together we walk.”
 “Well then, Sir, I will, though I cannot but feel
 Half afraid you'll be tir'd of my talk.

“You remember, I promis'd the next Sunday morn
 To the church on the hill I would go ;
 I went in with some more, when the church was half o'er,
 And we sat on a bench all-a-row.

‘The people they all turn'd their eyes upon me,
 While together they sung in a breath ;
 And the parson came next, and he gave out his text,
 That ‘THE WAGES OF SIN IT IS DEATH.’

" Then he told us that sinners, and all wicked men
Who the paths of iniquity trod,
Would be turned into hell, there in darkness to dwell
And all people forgetting their God.

" I listened a while, with a strange kind of fear,
A cloud seem'd to hang over my head ;
" A tear dropp'd from my eye, and I hardly knew why,
But my heart was heavy as lead.

" I spoke on the Monday of what I had heard,
While my shopmates were lounging and lazy ;
And I should have said more, but set up a roar,
And cry'd out, ' Poor Tom Brown is turn'd crazy.'

" Then I laugh'd and I sung with the best of them all,
And appear'd to forget all the past
But the thought came to me, What will this do for thee
Should'st thou lose thy own soul at the last?

" So still on a Sunday I went to the church,
Though my shopmates thought fit to upbraid me :
For I thought, why should I fear a man that shall die,
And forget the Almighty that made me?

" As you pass'd down the aisle when the service was done,
You came near me on each Sabbath-day ;
And though I could see that you look'd round for me,
I took care to get out of your way.

" When my children and wife of a fever fell ill,
And they yet are but weakly and low,
Then I thought they would die, and perhaps so might I,
And I did not know where we might go.

" And our trade was so bad, and our food got so dear,
We had meat only one day in seven ;
In that season of dearth I found no friend on earth,
And I never had sought one in heaven.

" When I went to the church on the next Sunday morn,
I remember'd the days of my folly ;
When I heard them at prayer, I thought God must be there,
And the place appear'd sacred and holy.

" The parson he spoke up so loud and so plain,
That the poorest might well understand :
' Repent ye !' he said, and at me shook his head,
For the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'

" I felt myself vile, while he told me my sins ;
That he knew them I could not well doubt it ;
For it ran in my head what to you I had said,
And I thought you had told all about it.

" When I heard what my Saviour had suffer'd, alas !
I BELIEV'D that he hung on the tree ;
But, O bless'd be the hour when the word came with power,
Now I KNOW that he hung there for me,

" Thus my Saviour has brought me by ways I knew not,
His great goodness and grace to impart :
It was terror and dread that first bow'd down my head ;
It was mercy that melted my heart.

" Every week, from my wages a sixpence I spare
To buy me a Bible—I need it !
At odd times I shall go to a friend that I know,
Who has promis'd to teach me to read it.

" You have been, Sir, a very kind friend unto me,
And your kindness I cannot repay ;
But yet be not afraid, for you shall be repaid
By my God at the last Judgment-day.

" While I live, as becomes a poor weak, sinful man,
I will pray for support from on high,
To leave all sinful ways, and to live to his praise,
And to trust in my God till I die.

" For though poor and unwise in the ways of the world,
I believe in the truth of his word,
That true riches are they which will not pass away,
And true wisdom the fear of the Lord."

O. O. O



THE
PRAYER-BOOK AT SEA,
OR
RELIGION ON BOARD A SHIP,

WRITTEN BY
A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND
FORMERLY A LIEUTENANT IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

WHEN our navy was paid off at the conclusion of the late and long-continued war, many of our crews in the line of battle ships had served together for eight, ten, or twelve years. In some of these ships many changes with respect to officers and regulations had taken place during such a length of time ; but whoever had an opportunity of inspecting the state of society in our fleets, could not but be struck with the general progress of religious and moral improvement amongst the crews in all our large ships. Coarse language, and oaths, and indecent conversation, with every species of open profaneness, were much on the decline, even where no chaplains were found, nor any positive profession of religion made. In several ships, indeed, there were yet brighter features than mere external decency of manners, there was a good portion of real enlightened religion. Many ships that had no chaplains on board, had parties of serious men, who occasionally met to read and converse and pray together ; and wherever a pious chaplain was found, there was also found, as might be expected, much fruit of his spiritual labours. Of these things the writer was himself an eye witness. He has, however, at this moment two ships in particular in his recollection, where many solid proofs existed, that seamen are willing to read, and as much disposed to attend to religious instruction, as any other class of British subjects. This will more fully appear, if some part of the proceedings on board of these ships be related. It may be proper to observe, that the chaplains of these two ships, not only performed public service with all the officers and crew, as often as the weather and duty would allow on Sundays ; but they frequently had an afternoon service in the gun-room, for the edification of such as chose to attend it ; and in addition to this, they often had their cabins filled from seven to eight o'clock in the evening, with as many of the more serious part of the crew as could be seated. Here instruction was com-

municated in a more familiar way than was practicable in a public service. Any one was at liberty to ask an explanation of any portion of his Bible or Prayer-book, or any part of the public discourses he had heard. As the seamen had scarcely any books except a few Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer-books, and as the Bible was always explained in the services on the Sunday mornings, one of the chaplains frequently took passages from the Prayer-book for his afternoon and evening discourses. This, to use his own words, he did, *first*, to give them a better understanding of the contents of that spiritual and experimental volume; and *secondly*, to fortify their minds against that abuse and condemnation which some people level at it. He quarrelled, he said, with no man for his conscientious difference either in point of doctrine or of church form and government; but he was anxious to preserve the minds of his hearers from being unsettled or distressed by any religious disputer, whose zeal for a sect or party might be greater than his simple desire that the souls of men might be saved by Jesus Christ, and that God might be glorified in all things. On this account he frequently lectured on some portion of the Prayer-book. The first discourse of this kind which the crew, perhaps, ever heard, was delivered in the gun-room to about 200 people one fine Sunday afternoon, when the ship was anchored within the Black Rocks, watching the French fleet. The subject of this lecture was what is called *The General Thanksgiving*, which as the reader may not have a Prayer-book immediately at hand, I will here introduce, only requesting him to read it attentively before I proceed to mention some of the chaplain's observations on it.

The General Thanksgiving.

"Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we Thine unworthy
 "servants, do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all
 "Thy goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all men. We
 "bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of
 "this life; but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemp-
 "tion of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of
 "grace, and for the hope of glory. And we beseech Thee, give
 "us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may
 "be unfeignedly thankful: and that we may show forth Thy praise,
 "not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to
 "Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righte-
 "ousness all our days, through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom
 "with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world
 "without end. Amen."

Having read this prayer, the chaplain addressed his hearers to the following effect.—Here the most advanced and the most spiritually-minded Christians will find words well suited to enable them to express the language of their souls; and here also persons of lower attainments may learn, *first*, their own character in the sight of God,—*secondly*, what Divine attributes should principally

be regarded in approaching Him,—*thirdly*, the blessings for which we are bound to thank Him,—and *lastly*, what ought to be our prayer and desire during every day of our lives.

First, I say, we learn from hence our own character in the sight of God, or in what light we should view ourselves when we approach Him; namely, as *unworthy servants*. And is not this the character best suited to sinful men, to every individual who now hears me? And do we not indeed agree with the description we have used in our confessions this morning?—"We have erred and "strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep: we have followed too "much the devices and desires of our own hearts: we have "offended against Thy holy laws: we have left undone those things "which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us." Is there no spiritual good, no soundness of soul, no heavenly mindedness in our nature, but only rebellion and evil, and that continually? If so, the title *unworthy servants* is the mildest we can assume, for we are unworthy of the least of all God's mercies: and the more truly we are sensible of our unworthiness, the more will our feelings correspond with what becomes us when we approach the throne of heaven.

The *second* thing to be learnt from the words of the *General Thanksgiving* is the character under which God is to be approached, or what Divine attributes we should principally regard, when we draw near into His presence. When we kneel down to pray to God, and to praise Him, we are to consider Him as the **ALMIGHTY**, who is possessed of all power in heaven and on earth,—who has only to speak and a world is made,—who has only to smile and all creation is happy,—who has only to frown and the whole universe would vanish, as the foam which rises round the vessel for a moment to disappear for ever,—whose works indeed and wonders are seen especially in the deep; who is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea; who commanded and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof, and who maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. But we are not only taught to approach God as the **ALMIGHTY**, we are also instructed to draw near unto Him as our **FATHER**, the Father of all mercies. And, oh! what a sweet and endearing title!—what a lovely character is this!—He who is the eternal Lord God, who alone spreadeth out the heavens and ruleth the raging of the sea,—He whom we have so long and so much resisted and forsaken, He is still our Father, and still is willing and ready to manifest Himself as reconciled to us in Christ Jesus; if we approach Him with hearty repentance and true faith, with humility and gratitude for all the mercies we enjoy, and with self-abasement, and sorrow for our past transgressions.—Oh learn, my friends, to think of Him, and to draw near to Him, as your reconciled Father and your Friend in Christ, and then you will be happy.

In the *third* place, said the chaplain, we are here taught, or reminded for what things we are bound to thank and praise God; namely, for all His goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all men. But, my brethren, where shall we begin to reckon, and how shall we be able to sum up all the goodness and loving-kindness of our heavenly Father to ourselves, or to those who are near and dear to us, or to any of our fellow sinners? As well might we attempt to count the sands upon the sea shore, or endeavour to fathom the bottomless ocean. Still we should endeavour to discharge this duty as we can; and therefore our Church has here instructed us to thank God for our *creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life*; because when God created us, He endowed us with immortal spirits,—He made us capable of endless and inconceivable felicity.—He set before us life and death, (Deut. xxx. 15.) and happiness and misery; and through the succeeding years of our earthly pilgrimage, He bids us, and enables us to make choice of life eternal, that our souls may live for ever. Yea, He “desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather “that he may turn from his wickedness and live.” Had we not been created, we could never have tasted of the goodness of the Lord; there would have been no possibility of partaking of His grace and mercy here, nor of sharing his glory hereafter. As to thanking God for our *preservation*, surely there are no men under heaven who are called upon by greater considerations to do this than ourselves, *who go down to the sea in ships and occupy our business in great waters*. Every year the seaman’s life is a round of merciful preservations. Every day and every night bears witness to the goodness and loving-kindness of our heavenly Father. Happy would it be for all of you, were you more in the habit of looking backward through days that are past, and tracing the mighty hand of God going with you and preserving you, while so many have been snatched away in a state of impenitence and sin. Whenever you read or hear the words of this General Thanksgiving, let me beg of you to turn your thoughts to the many storms you have weathered, and to the shipwrecks you have suffered and known; to the battles you have fought, and to the hair-breadth escapes you have experienced at home and abroad; then ask yourselves, my brethren, whether you of all men living are not bound to be thankful for your unnumbered preservations? And in addition to these recollections, let me call upon you to remember “*all the blessings of this life*” which you enjoy. Your health, your food, your raiment, your friends and all your comforts, are the blessings of the Lord,—are the gifts of that God who is the author and giver of every good and perfect gift. And when you have done this, let me hope your hearts will be warmed with such love and gratitude to your heavenly Father, as will induce you to break out and sing in the language of the 34th Psalm,

"Thro' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ,"

"Of His deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest."

"O! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came."

Thus filled with love and gratitude for your own preservations, and for all the blessings of this life, you will call on your shipmates, your wives, your children, and all your relations, and say to them:

"O make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide."

"Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care,"

But, continued the chaplain, there is yet one more mercy mentioned in the General Thanksgiving which is greater,—infinitely greater than all the rest. It is, indeed, *inestimable*; that is, its value is so high, that man cannot even estimate or name the price of it! and do you ask me what this is? It is that inestimable, invaluable, unequalled love of God in giving His only begotten Son Jesus Christ to die for sinners, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us unto God. When therefore we have thanked the Lord for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; we are called upon to exclaim, "*but above all*, we thank Thee for "*Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace,** and for the hope of glory," which Thou hast set before the world, and before ourselves in particular. And need I call upon you, my brethren, to offer up your thanks and praises for these things? Surely if we refuse to be thankful for mercies such as these, the very stony rocks and

* The seamen will understand, that means of grace are, our helps and opportunities of obtaining religious instruction; such as Ministers, Bibles, Prayer-books, public ordinances, and private conversation, and prayer with Christian people; these are, all of them means of grace.

the waves of the sea that roll around us, will be ready to lift up their voices against such ingratitude as this. Shall we not be ashamed into thankfulness, if we can for a moment be insensible to that great and consoling declaration, that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

For consider, my brethren, reflect upon this awful truth,—by nature we are the children of wrath, we are indeed conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity; and not only so, but the greater part of all our lives has proved, that we have been "tied and bound by the chain of our sins," wedded to our sinful inclinations. Yet, behold, that "God, whose nature and property is ever to have mercy and to forgive," has sent forth His beloved Son to release us from this wretched bondage, to blot out all our sins in His own most precious blood, and to cleanse our corrupted hearts from their defiled and defiling nature by His own most Holy Spirit; and that Saviour is not only ready to pardon and sanctify the penitent sinner, but He is ever at hand to lead him, to instruct him, and bless him with all the assistances and means of grace which our various cases can require. Nor is this all; to encourage and animate us under every duty and difficulty, He holds out the promise of a mansion, a crown, and a kingdom, which passeth not away. He bids us to be faithful unto death, and then He promises a crown of life. This is that hope of glory for which we are taught to be thankful, and happy is that man in whom this hope resides. It is true, he may have many difficulties to encounter as he makes the voyage of life. He may have to contend with poverty, with sickness and pain; but in the midst of all, he will enjoy sweet and blessed tranquillity of mind. He will cast his anchor within the veil, even upon God his Saviour. And though storms and tempests may assail him, though difficulties and temptations may surround him, the word of that almighty Saviour, who commanded the waves to be silent, will speak peace and comfort to his soul.

But now, said the chaplain, to proceed to the *concluding* subject; what do we learn from this portion of our Prayer-book to desire and pray for, through the remainder of our earthly course? It is, that the Almighty would impress upon our souls a due and proper sense of all His mercies, that so we may not mock Him with empty words and hypocritical services, but that our hearts may be *unfeignedly* thankful, that we "may be enabled to show forth His praise, not only with our lips but in our lives," not merely by giving Him an idle hour's attendance now and then, but by giving up ourselves to His service; and in a word, that we may be enabled to walk before Him, in holiness of thought, word, and work, all the days of our life. These, said the chaplain, are the things we pray for to the God and Father of all mercies, through Jesus Christ. May He grant to every one of us the full

and continued enjoyment of these inestimable blessings, for the sake of His dear Son, our only Lord and Saviour!

When the chaplain had concluded his explanation and observations on *The General Thanksgiving*, he dismissed his hearers, who immediately repaired to their births, or to the deck, as duty and inclination pointed out. But there was another circumstance, which, no less than the chaplain's exhortations, contributed to the promotion of religious knowledge and christian practice; and that was, the custom of some of the most serious and sensible of the seamen collecting a few of their shipmates around them, as opportunity offered, and then reading, or conversing together on the subjects they had heard at church in the forenoon, and at the gun-room, and at the chaplain's cabin lectures. Among the foremost who conversed with their shipmates on these subjects were James B—— and Jeremiah T——; and as many parts of these conversations were communicated to the writer, he will here introduce the substance of some of them. It was not long after the above lecture had been given by the chaplain, that James B—— accosted one of his shipmates—Well Jerry, what did you think of the chaplain's sermon!—Think of it, said Jerry, why I thought very well of it, and I have thought much more of my Prayer-book since I heard it, than I ever did before.

"Why that," replied James, "is what I think will happen to many of our shipmates as well as to yourself. For the truth is, Jerry, we are so apt to read the Bible and Prayer-book without endeavouring to understand them, or to see how what we read is suited to ourselves, that we hardly know any thing about them. Our chaplain often told me this, before he began his lectures; and I find his words are true, for now whenever I look into my Prayer-book, or Bible, I see a hundred precious truths that I overlooked, or cared nothing about before?"

Jerry. No doubt of it, I'm sure I begin to find it so; I had my turn in the top this morning, and as there was very little trimming or making sail, I looked over a good deal of my Prayer-book, and I think I made some discoveries in it that a little pleased and surprised me.

James. Indeed! why what were they?

Jerry. Why, when I read over the morning and evening services, and stopped now and then to think about the meaning of what I read, I thought and said to myself, "This is very good, this just suits me, this would do for all the crew, yea, and for all the world beside, these things are just such as I should like to have. And then, James, I never before took notice how much of the Testament is put into the Prayer-book. Why there is all about our blessed Saviour from first to last: I think if a man were to lose his Bible, if he had his Prayer-book left him, he might find his way to heaven after all.

James. I hope you will never lose your Bible, and I heartily wish every person in the world had a Bible of their own; but there

is indeed so much of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the Prayer-book, that I think with you, if a man were to lose his Bible, as long as he possessed the other, he might, through God's help, find the way to everlasting life.

Here *Tom Sharp*, who was standing by, and who always loved to differ from every other person, broke in upon the conversation by exclaiming—"Ah! talk about the Prayer-book as long as you please—it is not the reading of that book that will carry a man to heaven."

James. Very true, Tom, nor will reading the Bible from one end of it to the other take a man to heaven, if he does not diligently endeavour to *understand*, to *believe*, and to *practise* what he reads. But there is so much of scripture, and there are so many devout prayers and humble confessions in the Prayer-book, that I am confident in my own mind no man ever seriously endeavoured to understand, to believe, and to practise what that book contains, and lost his way to heaven at last.

Tom. I'm for none of your book prayers—a man may read or hear prayers from a book all day long, and be none the better for it in the end.

James. That's true, and so he may say prayers or hear others say them all the day long without a book, and yet unless his heart goes with them, he will be none the better for the words being said without a book. Words are but words, whether they are pronounced from a Prayer-book or without one. If the desires of the heart go with them, then they are acceptable to God; not otherwise. The book neither makes for nor against the desires of the heart, only as our chaplain once explained it, it often happens, that men, whose hearts are down-right in earnest, are still at a loss how to express themselves to God in prayer. These people find much help by reading over and sometimes using forms of prayer. But after all, the heart is the main thing; "my son, (says God) give me thy heart," that's the thing He looks at, if that's unsound, all is good for nothing.

Jerry. Ah! and that's what casts me down very often, for I know that God looks at the heart. I can keep clear of swearing and drinking, and foolish talking, without much trouble, but I cannot shut out bad thoughts and desires from my heart. I think there is something very wrong there, and I seem not to know how to act.

James. Well, this evening our good chaplain is going to explain a passage or two that will just suit you. Will you go to his cabin to-night?

To this Jerry readily consented, and accordingly soon after six o'clock, James and Jerry, and as many others as could get room, assembled, and the chaplain bid them turn to the Communion-service, and for a few minutes to read and ponder in their own minds the Collect which stands in the beginning of the Communion-service, and which runs thus—

"Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires

“known, and from whom no secrets are hid ; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit ; that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy name, through Christ our Lord.” Amen.

This, said the chaplain, is a short but a very expressive prayer. It is a prayer I feel it my duty very often to offer up, and every time I do so, the words of it seem the best I can find to express the feelings of my soul. This has induced me to bring it forward to your notice to-night, and in doing so, I shall say a little *first* on the perfections of that God, to whom we pray ; and *then*, upon the state of our hearts by nature ; in order that you may all perceive how suitable are the words of this prayer, to a time of temptation, and indeed, to every time of public and private devotion.—*First* then, that God with whom we have to do, is not only an Almighty Being, as I very lately explained to you ; but He is also an *omniscient* and an *omnipresent* Being ; that is, He is infinite in understanding, He knows every thing, and He is also present every where. As you will find these attributes and perfections described in the 139th Psalm, in the following beautiful and sublime manner :—

“ O Lord, Thou hast searched me out, and known me : Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising ; Thou understandest my thoughts long before. Thou art about my path, and about my bed, and spiest out all my ways. For lo, there is not a word in my tongue, but Thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether. Thou hast fashioned me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me ; I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go then from Thy Spirit, or whither shall I go from Thy presence ? If I climb up into heaven, Thou art there ; if I go down to hell, Thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea ; even there also shall thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, peradventure the darkness shall cover me : then shall my night be turned into day. Yea, the darkness is no darkness with Thee, but the night is as clear as the day : the darkness and the light to Thee are both alike.”

Such is the character which the Psalmist gives us of the God with whom we have to do. and agreeably to this description, said the chaplain, are the words of the prayer to which I have now called your attention ; wherein we address the Almighty as that God, “Unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid.” Now from this view of the Almighty, as being every where present, and knowing all things, even the thoughts and desires of the heart, it is clear, that God is a Spirit, and that those who would worship Him acceptably, must worship Him in Spirit and in truth. But upon what is the spirit or heart of man naturally set ? There is a point in the compass to which it is continually turning, and where it would for ever rest, if left to

itself. But what is that point? Does it naturally veer towards heaven? Does it enjoy the delightful work of singing praises to Him who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb who shed His blood for transgressors? Does it rejoice in the contemplation of a Saviour who suffered for our sins, and rose again for our justification? Does the heart of man naturally turn from evil, and point to that which is good? No:—on the contrary, it turns to the quarter of evil, and this is the point in which it rests. From the dawn of infancy it is wicked and perverse, and the child learns evil without a teacher; and as we advance in years, stronger and increasing sins are found striving for the mastery within us. The man who sets himself to conquer his evil thoughts, and to keep his heart right in the sight of God, is often heard to exclaim, “when I would do good, evil is present with me.” When he reads his Bible, when he hears a sermon, when he bends his knees in prayer, he finds strange, and sinful, and unholy thoughts rush into his mind. And how is all this to be accounted for? It is because the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil, and when left to themselves, it is the testimony of God, that “every imagination of the thoughts of the heart is only evil, and that continually.” (Gen. vi. 5.) Hence the gospel declares that “except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of heaven,” (John iii. 3.) that is, unless the heart be renewed, be as it were newly created, it is absolutely impossible that any man can go to heaven. But who is to bring about this change? Who can root out this natural bent and inclination; this love of evil, this constant turning towards sin? Who can retouch the magnet of the heart, and cause it to point decidedly to heaven, and to the love of heavenly things? None but the Almighty God. His Spirit alone can effect it; and therefore, unless the heart be changed by His Almighty power, the man must die unchanged, unconverted, and must sink to eternal destruction. If then, we would be admitted into the kingdom of heaven, it is our duty and our interest to seek for this change of heart as the one thing needful for us. And in conclusion, let me add, my brethren, that it is the sincere desire of every real christian to have the work of religion carried on and completed in his soul. He grieves whenever he feels the working of evil within him, and, on all such occasions, he finds the words of the prayer we have been now considering, as exactly suited to his case, He is well aware that his heart is open, that his desires are known to the Lord. He is perfectly convinced that no secret or beloved sins can be concealed from Him, and therefore he makes it his constant, his daily prayer, “O Lord, cleanse Thou the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that so I may perfectly love Thee; and worthily (or duly) magnify Thy holy name, through Christ our Lord.” The Christian indeed is not contented with leaving off outward sins, but he longs for purity of heart as well as purity of life; and, as often as his soul is athirst for the purifying inspiration

of the Holy Spirit, he finds in such words as this prayer contains a natural expression of his feelings. May the Lord cleanse every thought and purify every desire in our hearts that we may (to use the words of our baptismal service) "die from sin and rise again unto righteousness, continually mortifying all our evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living!"

So ended that evening's lecture. It was just suited to poor Jerry's case. He now learnt that others felt the same contest and warfare within them as he had done; and he now saw that there was but one way to obtain a right state of heart before God, namely, by praying to the Holy Ghost to purify and cleanse it. During the first watch he walked the deck and mused over what he had been hearing, especially on the Almighty's being every where, and at all times seeing even the thoughts and desires of the soul. He more and more perceived, that man not only needs the blood of Christ to blot out his past sins; but that he needs the Spirit of God to create in him a clean heart, and to renew in him a right spirit. On the morrow he took up his Prayer-book, and learnt off the words which he found so suited to his circumstances; and as he turned over its pages, he came to two more prayers, which seemed to suit him as exactly as that which the chaplain had expounded. They were the *Collects* for the eighteenth and nineteenth Sundays after Trinity. These he also committed to memory, and when he next met James B—, he said, "Well, James, I think I now know not only *what* I ought to pray for, but *how* to pray for what I want, better than I ever did before." "How comes that about?" replied James. "Why I have found out two more prayers that seem to be just suited to me. I will repeat them to you, and then you will see how they agree with all that our good chaplain has told us, only that I must alter a word or two; I must say *I* and *me*, instead of *we* and *us*, because, you see, I shall use these prayers in private for myself alone."

"Lord, I beseech thee, grant me grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil; and with pure heart and mind to follow thee the only God, through Jesus Christ my Lord." Amen.

"O God, forasmuch as without Thee I am not able to please Thee; mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may, in all things, direct and rule my heart, through Jesus Christ my Lord." Amen.

Really, said James, they are quite the thing I wanted, and you have got the right notion about altering the words; but let us go and see our poor messmates in the sick-bay, for I think the chaplain will be there shortly, and if so, I have no doubt we shall hear something worth attending to. Accordingly they went, and as they expected, the chaplain soon arrived. Several of the sick were confined to their hammocks, and others were sitting round the sick-bay table. Amongst the latter there was a young man

just recovering from a dangerous illness, whom the chaplain addressed as follows :

“ Well William, I am happy to find you are something better to-day. You see how soon the Almighty can bring down a man’s strength in the midst of his days. I think, however, through the blessing of God you are likely to recover this attack ; but, William, you must not forget, notwithstanding your present recovery, that there is a day coming when you must depart hence and be no more seen ; and that will be an awful day indeed for your poor soul, should death overtake you with your sins unpardoned and your heart unchanged.”

William. Very true, sir, but I hope I shall stand as good a chance as other people.

Yes, William, replied the chaplain, but if you do not stand a much better chance, as you term it, in other words, if you are not better prepared than most other people, you will fare very badly at last. The Word of God declares, “ Wide is the gate and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat ; and strait is the gate and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.” (Matt. vii. 13. 14.) Now, William, if you only do as well as the *many* or the multitude who are going in at the wide gate, and travelling down the broad way which leadeth to destruction, it will be poor comfort to your sinking soul to know that you have many companions to hell and everlasting misery. If some unhappy man who is sinking down into the pit, should say, “ never mind, man, you will be as well off as the rest of the people who are in this miserable place,” that I say, William, would be poor comfort to *you*.

William. I am no scholar, sir ; I hope when I come to die nobody will say I ever robbed or murdered any man. I am sure no officer in the ship will say that I skulk from my duty. I owe no man a penny, nor do I bear malice or illwill to any man, and what more can be expected of a poor fellow like me ?

Chaplain. Mark me, William, your doing your duty in the ship will not make up for neglecting your duty to God ; neither will paying your neighbour discharge the debt you owe to that Lord who made and preserves you ; your kindness to a messmate will not make amends for your unkindness to that Saviour who died that your soul might live. You are scholar enough to read your Bible. You have got ears and understanding to hear the truths which the Bible teaches you—“ *verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.*” The reason is plain why so great a change as that here spoken of, is necessary ; for man brings such a heart into the world with him, so bent unto evil and so fond of sin, that unless it undergoes the great and universal change which is called by our Saviour being “ born again,” it is not fit for, and cannot go to heaven. *As the tree falls so it lies*, is a saying you have often heard, and a true one, for it is found in the Bible ; (Eccl. xi. 3.) so if death lays a man low, before his sins

are pardoned and his soul is born again, that man is lost for ever, for there is no change, no repentance in the grave. "He that is unjust will be unjust still; and he that is filthy will be filthy still; and he that is righteous will be righteous still; and he that is holy will be holy still." (Rev. xxii. 11.) You, William, like every other man, were born in sin; you are, as I have often said in your hearing, like every other human being,—“by nature a child of wrath.” (Eph. ii. 3.) In one word,—you are a *sinner*; a sinner in the sight of God, a sinner by nature and by practice. If then, your sins are not pardoned before you die, if they are not blotted out from the books of heaven, your soul must bear the sinner's punishment, and the “wages of sin is death;” (Rom. vi. 23.) death and misery *eternal*. You ask what can be expected of you beyond doing your duty in the ship and paying your way, and refraining from hatred and malice? I will tell you what is expected.—

You know that the brave and gallant Nelson, in that engagement which terminated his life, gave, as his signal to the fleet, *England expects every man to do his duty*. Is there then a duty which we owe to our Country?—and is there not a greater duty which we owe to God? He has sent his dear Son into the world to save a race of guilty sinners; He tells you that you are a sinner, and therefore in a state of condemnation; and he tells you that there is salvation and plenteous redemption in Christ and in none other. Now God requires you, and every man, to believe this; He expects you to confess and to forsake your sins; He expects you to cast your guilty soul on Christ, and in penitence and faith to pray, “Lord have mercy on me, a miserable sinner;” “Lord save me, or I perish:” and he expects you to pray for His Holy Spirit to cleanse and purify your heart. In short, He expects you to love, honour, and obey Him all the days of your life, and to have your heart and affections set upon that crown of glory which He has prepared for them that love Him. He has blessings for the humble penitent, such as eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the thoughts of man to conceive; and for these He expects you to hunger and to thirst, and to pray, so as to seek first and diligently and chiefly His everlasting kingdom. These are the things which God expects of you, and He will help you to obtain them all. Happy for you if you do what he expects: but if you neglect and despise your duty, it would be well for you if you had not been born. May “the Almighty Lord, who is a “most strong tower to all them who put their trust in Him; to “whom all things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth do bow “and obey;” may he, William, “make thee know and feel, that “there is none other name under heaven given to man, in whom “and through whom thou mayest receive spiritual health and “salvation, but only the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

William made no reply, and the chaplain now went to the hammock of Philip R—, who had been dangerously ill for some time, and as his end was drawing nearer and nearer, he was much

concerned and interested about his immortal soul. Philip well knew that other foundation could no man lay against the hour of death, and at the bar of judgment, than that which God himself had laid in Zion, and which the chaplain always mentioned, namely, Jesus Christ. Poor Philip! he seemed truly penitent for all his past transgressions of thought, and word, and deed. He often told with tears and self-reproaches, how he had turned his back on God, how he had neglected to pray to Him continually, how he had disregarded his Bible and his church, what sins he had committed on shore, and what follies and transgressions on board. Then he would stop and pray,—“Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me, a poor and wretched sinner.” Now Philip was always glad to see the chaplain come into the sick-bay, and never seemed so comfortable as when he was engaged with him in reading, in conversation, or in prayer. As the chaplain approached his hammock, Philip looked at him with much earnestness, and exclaimed,

“Oh! sir, I am afraid God will never pardon me, I have so turned my back on Him, and so run in the way of all sin; do you think, sir, I can be saved? I am sure if the blood of Christ does not blot out my sins, I am lost forever.”—“And so am I lost forever too,” said the chaplain, “if the blood of that Saviour do not blot out mine. But there is my hope, Philip, and here must be yours: Jesus Christ is ‘the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world,’ (John i. 29.) Again, it is declared, that ‘the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.’ (1 John i. 7.) ‘He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.’ (Isaiah liii. 5, 6.) ‘For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ (John iii. 16.) Here, Philip, said the chaplain, is my only hope; here must be yours. Be assured Jesus Christ will in no wise cast out any that come unto Him.” “Oh! this is comfortable, indeed,” said the poor sick man, “and now, sir, do pray to the Lord that I may find these blessed portions of His word fulfilled to my soul.”

The chaplain, and all who were in the sick-bay, then knelt down, and he offered up the following prayer:—

“O most merciful God, who, according to the multitude of Thy mercies, dost so put away the sins of those who truly repent, that Thou rememberest them no more; open Thine eyes of mercy upon this Thy servant, who most earnestly desireth pardon and forgiveness; renew in him, most loving Father, whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud and malice of the devil, or by his own carnal will and frailties; preserve and continue this sick member in unity of the church; consider his contrition. accept his tears, assuage his pain, as shall seem to Thee most

“expedient for him. And forasmuch as he putteth his full trust
 “only in Thy mercy, impute not unto him his former sins: but
 “strengthen him with Thy blessed Spirit; and when Thou art
 “pleased to take him hence, take him unto Thy favour, through
 “the merits of Thy most dearly-beloved Son Jesus Christ our
 “Lord.” Amen.

Soon after this prayer was ended, the chaplain left the sick-bay, promising to come again in the course of the day. Accordingly, before bed-time, he once more visited and talked to poor Philip, and as there now appeared very little hopes of recovery, he again knelt down by his hammock and prayed thus:—“O Father of
 “mercies, and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need;
 “we fly unto Thee for succour in behalf of this Thy servant, here
 “lying under Thy hand in great weakness of body: look graciously upon him, O Lord; and the more the outward man
 “decayeth, strengthen him, we beseech Thee, so much the more
 “continually with Thy grace and Holy Spirit in the inner man.
 “Give him unfeigned repentance for all the errors of his life past,
 “and stedfast faith in Thy Son Jesus; that his sins may be done
 “away by Thy mercy, and his pardon sealed in heaven, before he
 “go hence, and be no more seen. We know, O Lord, that there
 “is no word impossible with Thee; and that if Thou wilt, Thou
 “canst even yet raise him up, and grant him a longer continuance
 “amongst us; yet forasmuch as in all appearance the time of his
 “dissolution draweth near; so fit and prepare him, we beseech
 “Thee, against the hour of death; that after his departure hence
 “in peace, and in thy favour, his soul may be received into Thine
 “everlasting kingdom, through the merits and mediation of Jesus
 “Christ Thine only Son, our Lord and Saviour.” Amen.

It happened that Tom Sharp was in the sick-bay, attending on one of his messmates, during the chaplain’s two visits, and as James and honest Jerry were also there, when they all came away to go to their hammocks, James asked Tom how he liked what the chaplain had said? “Why,” said he, “I liked his praying without book, it was the best prayer he ever made, I’m sure if he would throw away his books he would make much better prayers himself than what he picks out of them.” “Ah! Tom,” replied James, “it is very plain, that you, like many other people, find fault with what you do not understand. The chaplain, indeed, had no book before him when he said those excellent prayers; but if you turn to your Prayer-book, to the Visitation of the Sick, there you will find the prayers which he offered up to-night. Now, Tom, every one could see that he felt what he said, it came from the heart, and the prayers were a comfort to poor Philip, and to others too.”

Tom. Well, to be sure, the prayers were very fine; but after all, why does he not use words of his own?

James. So he often does; but the reason why he uses the words out of the Prayer-book on such occasions as these is,

because, as he himself says, they suit the feelings of his own mind and the case of his sick people better than any others he can think of; and if they do suit the case of the person, for whom they are offered up, and at the same time come from the heart of him who pronounces them, then they are good and acceptable prayers in the sight of God, and they will bring down blessings from heaven, although they were taken from a book.

The next day, poor Philip grew still worse, and it was evident could not live long. He wished the chaplain and all the religious men in the ship once more to come and see him before he died. They accordingly went, and as Philip could say but little, except that all his hopes for the salvation of his soul were in the Lord Jesus Christ, who had died for him, a poor sinful creature;—they all knelt down for the last time, and the chaplain offered up one more prayer, which was as follows:—

“O Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men
 “made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons;
 “we humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our dear brother
 “into Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator and
 “most merciful Saviour; most humbly beseeching Thee, that it may
 “be precious in Thy sight. Wash it, we pray Thee, in the blood
 “of that immaculate Lamb, that was slain to take away the sins of
 “the world; that whatsoever defilements it may have contracted
 “in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the
 “lusts of the flesh or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done
 “away, it may be presented pure and without spot before
 “Thee. And teach us, who survive, in this and other like daily
 “spectacles of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own
 “condition is; and so to number our days, that we may seriously
 “apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, while we live
 “here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting, through
 “the merits of Jesus Christ, Thine only Son our Lord.” Amen.

Soon after this Philip closed his eyes in peace, and at the usual time, his body was committed to the deep, to be turned into corruption; but not to be lost. No; those Christian friends who stood on the gangway, and saw it sink beneath the great watery floods, felt within them a lively scriptural hope; they looked for the resurrection of the body, for the day when the sea should give up her dead, when Christ himself should appear; who at His coming should change Philip's vile body, that it might be like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself.

We have now to take a farther view of the good chaplain's evening instructions, with respect to the duty and privilege of seamen praying to God and praising Him under the most peculiar circumstances of a seafaring life.

Having his cabin filled, as before, by such as were desirous of learning how to serve, honour, and obey their Maker, he thus addressed them;—My friends, the greatest blessing any man can

enjoy in this world, is to have the God of heaven for his friend and protector. You well know how many evils, trials, dangers and deaths surround people in your profession ; and some of you know, that there is a God both able and willing to protect and bless you, whenever you call upon him. I feel very anxious that you may all enjoy the comfort and blessing of having God for your friend. I wish you to live under the happy assurance that God is more ready to hear than we are to pray. Oh ! what a delightful thing for a poor man to be able to say, "Although I am in great straits, yet my heavenly Father can help me out. Although I am in great trouble and danger, yet Jesus, the Almighty Friend of sinners, can comfort and bless me. I will go and pray to Him, for I know the Lord will in mercy hear me." Now, observed the chaplain, there are several prayers in your Prayer-book, which are directed to be used by the crews of ships at sea under different circumstances. I will now show you how every man may use them in private for himself, when he is on board of a merchant vessel. The first is a prayer which every seaman ought to offer up every morning of his life, after this manner :—

"O eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the heavens, "and rulest the raging of the sea ; who hast compassed the waters "with bounds, until day and night come to an end ; be pleased to "receive into Thy almighty and most gracious protection," *not only myself but the ship in which I sail.* "Preserve" *both me and my shipmates* "from the dangers of the sea," *and from Satan, the enemy of our souls.* Grant "that the inhabitants of" *my country* "may in peace and quietness serve Thee, our God : and "that" *I, and all my shipmates* "may return in safety to enjoy the blessings of the land, with the fruits of our labour ; and with a thankful remembrance of Thy mercies to praise and glorify Thy holy "name, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Amen.

The next is a prayer used in bad weather.

"O most glorious and gracious Lord God, who dwellest in heaven, but beholdest all things below ; look down, I beseech Thee, "and hear me calling out of the depths of misery ; and out of the "jaws of this death, which is ready now to swallow us up : Save "Lord or else we perish. The living, the living shall praise "Thee. O send Thy word of command to rebuke the raging "winds, and the roaring sea ; that we being delivered from this "distress, may live to serve Thee, and to glorify Thy Name all "the days of our life. Hear, Lord, and save us, for the infinite "merits of our blessed Saviour, Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ." Amen.

Then, said the chaplain, should it so happen, that there is little or no prospect of being saved,—if death appears as almost certain ; here is a confession, which, if it comes from the heart, no man will make in vain. I wish you would commit it to your memory now, it will be useful to you on many occasions. When clinging to a wreck, or driving on a lee-shore, there will be no time or opportu-

nity to procure a Prayer-book. This is the confession I wish you to learn, and that it may come from your very soul, whenever you think of entering into eternity.

“Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men; I acknowledge and bewail my manifold sins and wickedness, which I from time to time most grievously have committed by thought, word, and deed, against Thy Divine Majesty, provoking most justly Thy wrath and indignation against me. I do earnestly repent, and am heartily sorry for these my misdoings; the remembrance of them is grievous unto me; the burden of them is intolerable. Have mercy upon me, have mercy upon me, most merciful Father; for Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ’s sake forgive me all that is past; and grant,” *if I am spared*, “that I may ever hereafter serve and please Thee in newness of life; to the honour and glory of Thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord.” Amen.

But, my friends, observed the chaplain, it frequently happens, that our God delivers us out of the very jaws of death, whilst others are swept away. And what ought to be our conduct, when the Almighty saves us from any visible danger, or rescues us from any impending death. Surely we are bound by every consideration to thank and praise His holy name. Let me then, as my parting entreaty, this evening, beg of you, whenever you have experienced deliverance to acknowledge the hand of God in it. Think how you felt when danger and death surrounded you. Do not forget how earnestly you prayed for deliverance. But when it comes, remember to offer up thanksgivings, every man for himself, in some such words as these:—

“O most mighty and gracious good God, Thy mercy is over all Thy works, but in special manner hath been extended towards me, whom Thou hast so powerfully and wonderfully defended. Thou hast showed us terrible things, and wonders in the deep; that we might see how powerful and gracious a God Thou art; how able and ready to help them that trust in Thee. Thou hast showed us how the winds and seas obey thy command; that we may learn even from them, hereafter to obey Thy voice and to do Thy will. I therefore bless and glorify Thy name for this Thy mercy, in saving us when we were ready to perish. And I beseech Thee, make me as truly sensible now of Thy mercy, as I was then of the danger; and give me a heart always ready to express my thankfulness, not only by words but also by my life, in being more obedient to thy holy commandment. Continue, I beseech Thee, this Thy goodness to me; that I, whom thou hast saved, may serve Thee in holiness and righteousness all the days of my life, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.” Amen.

Thus, in conclusion, said the chaplain, by the blessing of God on your Bibles and Prayer-books, you may learn how to live and how to die. How to confess your sins, how to pray for deliver-

ances from dangers, and how to offer up thanksgivings and praise for mercies of any description. Now "Unto God's most gracious mercy and protection I commit you. The Lord bless you and keep you all. The Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace, both now and evermore." Amen.

THEY that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, these men see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep; for at His word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep: their soul melteth away because of the trouble; they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man; and are at their wits end. So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivereth them out of their distress; for he maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they are at rest, and so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be. O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness: and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men! that they would exalt Him also in the congregation of the people: and praise Him in the seat of the elders!

FROM THE 107th PSALM.

Thy wondrous power, Almighty LORD,
 That rules the boist'rous sea,
 The bold adventurers record,
 Who tempt that dang'rous way.

At thy command the winds arise,
 And swell the tow'ring waves;
 While they astonish'd mount the skies,
 And sink in gaping graves.

Dismay'd they climb the wat'ry hills,
 Dismay'd they plunge again;
 Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
 And finds his courage vain.

Then to the LORD they raise their cries
 He hears their loud request,
 He calms the fierce tempestuous skies,
 And lays the floods to rest.

Rejoicing, they forget their fears,
 They see the storm allay'd:
 The wish'd-for haven now appears;
 There, let their vows be paid!

O that the sons of men would praise
 The goodness of the LORD!
 And those who see his wondrous ways
 His wondrous love record!

119th HYMN.

"Save, Lord! or we perish." St. Matt. viii. 25.

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
 We fly to our Maker: "Save, LORD! or we perish."

O JESUS, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
 Aroused, by the shriek of despair, from thy pillow,
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
 Who cries in his anguish, "Save, LORD! or we perish."

And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
 When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
 Then send down thy Spirit thy ransom'd to cherish,
 Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, LORD! or we perish."

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THE POOR CRIPPLE,

A NARRATIVE.

IN the summer of 1829, while on a visit at the house of Mr. C.—, an episcopal clergyman, I was requested by him to prepare myself for commemorating the dying love of our blessed Redeemer, in company with a few poor invalids who were the inhabitants of a neighbouring almshouse. I assented to his request, and accordingly, in the afternoon, I attended him in his visit of mercy.

We ascended the hill, where this asylum for the destitute was situated, towards the close of a day of more than usual loveliness. The beautiful scenery around us, the pure air of the country, and the stillness which reigned on every side, added much to the feeling of awe with which we approached the spot destined for the celebration of this most affecting rite of our holy religion.

We said but little, but we felt the force of the Saviour's words, addressed to the messengers of John the Baptist, (whom he sent to enquire if he were indeed the expected Messiah,) "to the poor the gospel is preached." Here were a few obscure individuals, dependent on public charity, and whose very existence was unknown to many, even in their immediate vicinity, yet for them the glorious gospel of the blessed God was more especially designed; in their ears its joyful tidings had been proclaimed, and, with simple, childlike confidence, they had, probably, relied upon its precious promises.

We soon reached this abode of poverty, and ascending a flight of stairs, were ushered into a neat apartment, where the persons expecting to receive the holy communion were waiting our arrival. On entering I was particularly struck with the appearance of a miserable object, seated in a chair with wheels. The sensation caused by the first sight of this wretched being was so painful that I passed hastily by him to a distant part of the room. My friend, who had not observed my feelings, followed me and said, in a whisper, "I wish you would converse a little with that poor man;" pointing to the very person whom I was so anxious to

avoid. I could not refuse, and instantly rising, I approached him. After a few unimportant observations, by way of introduction, I said to him, "Do you love the Saviour?" Never shall I forget the sudden beam of intelligence which immediately irradiated his countenance, nor the pleasure with which it was instantly animated when I had uttered these words. Owing to an impediment in his speech, he answered with great difficulty, but with strong emotion, "love Him, yes, I have reason to love Him." "What has he done for you that you should love Him?" I asked. "He has died to save *me* a poor miserable sinner," he replied. "From what does he save you?" said I. "He saves me from hell and from sin," he answered. "Then you hope," I remarked, "that after this life, you shall dwell with Him in heaven;" "Why do you wish to be there?" "That I may be free from sin," was his answer. "What," I asked him, "do you particularly pray for now?" "To be made perfectly holy myself, and that all my fellow-creatures may love the Saviour, especially the poor people in this house." "Do you wish any alteration in your condition," I further asked. "No," said he, with much animation, "I have so many blessings, I want nothing." Then, reflecting a moment, he added, "I only wish I could not hear and see so much wickedness. Scarcely any body here loves God. They fret and complain about Him and use bad language and quarrel with one another. This troubles me. When I try to pray and think of the Saviour, or wish to have the Bible read to me, it makes them angry." Here our conversation was interrupted, as Mr. C. was now ready to administer the communion.

Besides this poor creature, whose name was Nat S——, a sick young man, about 25 years of age, and two very old women partook with us, of the Holy Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Redeemer. During the whole service Nat manifested a fervent spirit of devotion which was truly affecting.

When it was completed, Mr. C. engaged in conversation with two aged people, who were seated at the further end of the room, and who had been merely spectators of the scene. I drew near, and listened attentively. They were complaining bitterly of their hard lot, and accusing God of injustice. My friend, with all that gentleness and sweetness of manner which Christian benevolence produces, endeavoured to persuade them to accept the mercy offered them by their Saviour Jesus Christ. But his solicitations were unavailing; they persisted in their complaints and murmurs, and we left them, lamenting their obstinate rebellion. It was a striking contrast to the state of mind evinced by the poor cripple, and a forcible comment upon what he had said to me respecting some of the persons with whom he was constrained to associate. With these two he was obliged to pass all his time, for they constantly occupied the same room. He had, however, one great alleviation; the sick young man, to whom I just now alluded, was also an occupant of this apartment, and his heart glowed with love

to the Saviour. With him he had frequent and familiar intercourse. They often conversed together of those things which most deeply interested them, and what was of greater consequence, from him he received nearly all his knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures. He was unable to read a syllable himself, but Daniel, (for that was the young man's name,) most gladly supplied this deficiency, by reading aloud whenever their turbulent companions would suffer him to do so.

On quitting the house, I eagerly exclaimed, "Why did you tell me nothing of this poor creature!—who is he and what is his history?" "I purposely avoided mentioning him," said my friend, "because I wished to surprise you." You thought, as I did, on first seeing him, that he was almost, if not altogether an idiot, and you considered him a disgusting object; but you have found, on conversing with him, that he is by no means destitute of intelligence, and what is far better, that he is eminently pious. I will make you acquainted with his story as nearly as I can recollect it. About 12 or 15 years since, a farmer in moderate circumstances in this village, was passing a poor small tenement, somewhere in the neighbourhood of his own dwelling, and he perceived, crawling on the ground, in the midst of the swine, a miserable being who appeared to be scarcely human, covered with rags and filth; while he was looking at him, the door was opened, and a person from within threw out a raw herring, which the hungry creature seized, with great avidity, and ate with such eagerness that he felt persuaded he was greatly neglected. Shocked and grieved at the sight, he determined to relieve him if possible. He immediately went home and told his wife what he had seen. She felt deeply interested in the recital, and advised her husband to take the poor wretch into his own house, promising to do all in her power to render him comfortable.

This was precisely what the good man wished. Accordingly he returned to the place, saw and conversed with the persons who had charge of this miserable being, and offered to take him into his own family. They readily acceded to his proposal. He, therefore, took the cripple and conveyed him to his humble dwelling, where he was soon provided with decent clothing and made as clean and comfortable as his situation would admit. He was entirely helpless. Having been shamefully neglected in his infancy, he had suffered from the rickets to such a degree that he was deprived of the use of his limbs, which were dreadfully distorted. His head was also diseased, and there was so great a defect in the organs of speech, that when he attempted to converse, it was very difficult to understand him. But what was far worse, he appeared to be almost destitute of rational faculties. Indeed he was generally considered as an *Idiot*, and as is not unusual in such cases, was possessed of a *furious temper*. The poor man and his wife, by whom he was now adopted, had determined to exert themselves, to the utmost, to render him comfort-

able and happy, and they were not deterred from their purpose by those discouraging circumstances. They had no children, and in consequence of their straitened circumstances, had few things of a worldly nature to engross their attention; hence much of their time could be employed in the furtherance of this object. They were both piously disposed, and therefore acted in this matter, from Christian principles. As they were in the constant habit of supplicating for wisdom and strength from above, they now earnestly sought for the divine blessing upon all their efforts in behalf of this object of their benevolence.—They thought, if it were possible to communicate religious truth to his dark and ignorant mind it might be rendered efficacious, and with the hope that God would assist their feeble endeavours, they pursued, with patient perseverance, a system of religious instruction. For many years their attempt was apparently fruitless. He continued the same irrational, furious being as when they first received him. At length, however, a gleam of hope appeared; ignorance and insensibility yielded to the power of divine truth; his attention was aroused, and he listened, earnestly, to religious instruction. Soon he began to feel that he was a sinner and in danger of eternal punishment, and, with anxiety, to enquire for some method of escape from his impending ruin. With joy and thankfulness the good people directed him to the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save the lost, and it was not long before he was enabled to understand the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. No sooner had this poor cripple sufficiently comprehended the blessed scheme of man's redemption, than he gladly availed himself of it, and feeling that he was spiritually blind, and naked, and in want of all things, he went with all his helplessness and guilt and threw himself at the feet of that compassionate Saviour who had promised that he would in no wise cast out any who should thus approach him.

From that period a striking change was perceptible. He became gentle, obedient and attentive to instruction. His mental faculties were surprisingly developed, and instead of being any longer regarded as an idiot, he was thought to be endued with a tolerable degree of good common sense. He soon manifested an anxious desire to promote the spiritual welfare of his relations. They had embraced the delusive doctrine of Universal Salvation, and were encouraged by it to plunge into the depths of iniquity. He prayed and laboured much for their conversion, and would often engage with them in long argumentative discussions respecting their erroneous opinions. But although he reasoned conclusively on the judgment to come, and greatly to the astonishment of all who had previously known him, yet he had not the satisfaction of persuading his friends to renounce their favorite doctrine. Resolutely bent upon a course of sin, their minds were blinded by its pernicious influence, and they were deaf to all his arguments and

intreaties. Their continued impenitence grieved him exceedingly, and he often mentioned it, with evident emotion.

About this time, an almshouse was erected here, and the poor people, who for so long a period had protected and instructed him, now thought he could receive far more attention in that asylum than it was in their power to bestow. They, therefore, procured his admittance into this house, and, not long after, I became Rector of the little church established here.

The almshouse soon engaged my attention, and I visited it in my official capacity. Its inhabitants, many of whom were not only poor, but degraded and ignorant, were peculiarly the objects of ministerial fidelity.

On first perceiving this wretchedly deformed object, I involuntarily turned away, shocked and disgusted. Compassion, however, quickly impelled me towards him, and addressing him, as you did, I was equally surprised and delighted with the marks of intelligence and strong emotion which he manifested. On learning that I was a minister of the gospel, his joy was unbounded. He had never seen one before, and the gratitude and humility evinced by him were deeply affecting. That I should condescend to visit *him*; to speak to him; to impart religious instruction, and to pray with him, appeared truly astonishing.

Before taking my leave, I conversed with him again, and was charmed with his knowledge of divine things and with his highly devotional spirit. A young man stood at his side, listening to every word. Turning to him, I said, "do you enjoy, like this poor man, the consolations of religion?" "No sir," he replied. I then addressed a few observations to him. They were very few, and, as I imagined at the time, but little calculated to make any permanent religious impression on his mind. I went away, dissatisfied with myself, feeling that I had been sadly deficient in faithfulness to this sick young man.

Early the next morning a messenger appeared at my door, earnestly entreating me to visit the almshouse immediately, for poor *Daniel's* distress, the past night, had entirely deprived him of sleep, and his anxiety to converse with me was so great that he could not be pacified. I instantly complied with his solicitations, and found him, as he had been described, under powerful religious impressions. The few words, which I had spoken to him the day before, had been impressed, by the Holy Spirit, on his inmost soul, and had produced a deep sense of helplessness and sin. He was eagerly desirous of obtaining further instruction, and with streaming eyes, besought me to tell him what he must do to be saved. I gladly imparted to him the joyful tidings of salvation, and it was not long before his distress gave place to that sweet tranquillity of mind which results from a firm reliance on the promises of the Gospel.

Poor Nat had now a congenial companion, and their intercourse was rendered doubly delightful in consequence of Daniel's

ability to read the Sacred Scriptures. This blessed book engaged every leisure moment, and their proficiency in divine knowledge and their growth in grace were proportionally apparent.

Perceiving with what ease the truths of the gospel were communicated to the poor cripple, I began to think it possible for him to acquire the art of reading, and therefore promised Daniel five dollars if he would give him the necessary instruction. Daniel cheerfully undertook the task, and Nat very willingly submitted to be taught. He acquired the alphabet without much difficulty, but when his teacher proceeded one step more, and required him to form the letters into syllables, he refused to make the attempt, insisting that, if he did, it would throw his mind into such confusion that he should lose all the little wits he had. His kind and patient instructor employed every argument in his power to remove his apprehensions, but it was in vain:—nothing could induce him to attempt any further progress. Finding he could not be prevailed upon to continue his studies, I relinquished the plan, and contented myself with encouraging them to pursue the one which they had previously adopted. This they now regularly do, so far as the noise and ill nature of their room-mates will allow. These unhappy beings pass their whole time either in quarrelling with each other, and abusing Nat and his friend Daniel, or in such bitter complainings against God, as you overheard while they were conversing with me. I have long endeavored to convince them both of their folly and of their guilt, and to allure them into the paths of peace and holiness, but my efforts have proved wholly unavailing, and I always go away grieved at the hardness of their hearts. The poor cripple and his friend, on the contrary, afford me unmingled satisfaction, and I delight in visiting these humble followers of the Lamb and in witnessing their steadily increasing preparation for that “blessed world where infirmity and sickness are unknown.”

Eight years have now rolled away since my visit to the almshouse, but the scenes I then witnessed, and the story of poor Nat, are still fresh in my remembrance. After that period, Mr. C. was removed to a wider sphere of usefulness in another state, and as we are both at a great distance from the village of ———, as well as from each other, I shall probably never again receive any tidings of the poor cripple. If he still lives, however, I am satisfied he is continuing his heavenward course, and while a pilgrim and a stranger here, is zealously endeavouring to persuade every one within his reach to accompany him to the land of promise.

In the meanwhile, so wonderful a display of the power of divine grace should not be suffered to pass unnoticed. The history of this individual, buried as he is in the obscurity of a country village, and the inhabitant of an almshouse, is more worthy of attention than that of the most potent monarch. His intellectual and moral transformation demands our admiration and astonishment far more than the most heroic deeds which have ever been record-

ed by the pen of the historian. In the latter case, indeed, it is true, there may be a brilliant exhibition of talents and of virtue; yet, even on this supposition, the character of Nat stands pre-eminent. Who, among the great ones of the earth, have ever attained to intellectual and moral elevation so far exceeding that which they originally possessed?

But it is not on his own account that I would call your attention to this poor man. Dazzled by the splendour of superior talents, and exalted station, you forget, while gazing on their possessor, that, like yourself, he is only a frail, weak mortal. You are tempted to invest him with inherent excellence, and independent power, and, instead of giving glory to that Almighty Being from whom he has derived all which renders him so eminently illustrious, you wickedly lavish it upon him. In the other case, there is not the slightest temptation to derogate from the glory of God. You are constrained to acknowledge that a transformation so wonderful, could have been effected only by his mighty power, and thus you are irresistibly led to praise and magnify Him, who justly claims the supreme admiration of every intelligent being. Does not the story of Nat also afford strong encouragement to the bewildered mind, groping in the darkness of ignorance and sin, for the path which leads to eternal life? Where will you find a mind more ignorant, more involved in thick darkness than his? Yet we perceive the effulgence of divine truth could easily penetrate it. The poor blind creature was led, by a way which he knew not, "into marvellous light." With all his mental imbecility, he attained to a more thorough knowledge of the plan of redemption than many who are extolled for their intellectual strength and for the depth of their researches. Why was the path which leads to eternal life so plainly revealed to *him*, while *they* continue unacquainted with it? Simply because he *knew* that he was weak and ignorant and sinful, and, knowing this, he was willing to come, with the spirit of a little child, and supplicate for divine illumination. He relied with humble confidence on the promised assistance which the word of God affords, and feeling deeply that he had no resources of his own, he was not tempted to trust, in the *smallest degree*, to the guidance of his own understanding. Could they be induced thus to renounce their own wisdom, and depend *solely* on the teaching of the Holy Spirit, they would arrive at the same result; for we are assured, by the prophet Isaiah, that the path of life shall be so plain "that the wayfaring men, tho' fools, shall not err therein." Be not then discouraged, my brother, because you are conscious of ignorance and sin. You may indeed be involved in thick darkness, or bewildered in the mazes of error, but go, like poor Nat, to the throne of grace, and with the same humility and child-like confidence, ask for spiritual illumination. Then shall darkness give place to light, and bewildering uncertainty shall be exchanged for the cheering faith of the gospel.

This interesting story also affords no small evidence of the efficacy, and, indeed, of the truth of Christianity. By what means was that surprising change effected of which poor Nat was the subject? Merely by the communication of its simple doctrines to his benighted mind. Unless, as we are taught to believe, a heavenly influence accompanies its promulgation, we cannot account for this uncommon effect. And surely such an influence would never be granted for the inculcation of error. Let us then freely admit, that a system of faith, so accompanied, must be a revelation from God, and as such demands our immediate and earnest attention.

Fellow-traveller! fast passing, like myself, from one stage of being to another, let me entreat you to pause, ere your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and investigate, with becoming seriousness, the truth of the Christian revelation. Search the Scriptures with a sincere desire to ascertain what is truth, and a firm determination to adhere to it when discovered, and may God, in infinite mercy, direct you in all your researches, and preserve you from every delusive error.

P. F.

The annexed extracts of a communication from the pen of Daniel, who is himself a cripple in the almshouse, furnish the closing scene of *Nat's* troubles in this world.

"The time drew near in which he was to be released from a life of suffering, he was violently seized with rheumatism, which caused him to be more helpless than ever. A great many of his Christian friends came to visit and converse with him, who always found him in a happy and calm state of mind, giving them great confidence that he was truly a child of God; he was frequently visited by and prayed with the Rev. Mr. P——, of the Episcopal Church, who shortly before his departure administered to him the comforts of the Holy Communion, myself, with several other members being present. After the service was ended, he said, how thankful he was, and how good and kind God was in giving him more ease from bodily pain, than he had felt for a long time before; that it might be the last time of his partaking, till he should drink it new in his father's kingdom. But a short time after, his happy spirit, we trust, took its flight to the mansions of glory and bliss, and the body that had experienced a whole life of suffering, was at rest in the bosom of his Lord. Nat departed this life, in the triumph of faith, Sunday morning, January 2d, 1831, aged 42 years."

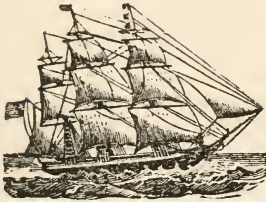
NOTE, *by the Author*.—True, in every important particular, nearly literally true.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY.

1838.

THE
SAILOR'S RETURN.



“ I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, **Father,**
I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more wor-
thy to be called thy son.”—LUKE xv. 18, 19.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY;



THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

A FEW years since, in travelling from Boston to New York, to take the command of a vessel, in which I had made a former, and very successful voyage, there were in the stage coach with me, a master of a ship, and two mates ; and conversation, as might be expected, often turned upon matters which had happened at sea. We travelled along very happily together, though the day had been stormy ; but at night the road having become very bad, the horses impatient, and the darkness so great as to make it very difficult to guide them, the carriage was overturned ; and we were all sufficiently bruised and uncomfortable, to make us glad of the shelter of the meanest hut, and of the kindness, even of the poorest individual. We looked about us, and soon perceived a light, and almost as soon heard the cheering language of sympathy and benevolence. "Come in, come in," said the stranger, extending his hands to feel us ; for we could scarcely be seen. We very readily accepted his invitation, and entered the house. At the door we were received by a woman, about sixty years of age. "Come in, come in," said she, and with all the generous hospitality, which none knows better how to value, than a sailor, "I hope no one is injured." "Not much," said I ; "a sailor would not think it much to be cast away if he could step at once into as snug a cabin as this." The word *sailor*, caused her immediately to observe us more attentively ; and I saw in her countenance an expression of peculiar sensibility and anxiety. She piled wood upon the fire, went to the door to listen to the voice of her husband, returned, and inquired what she could get for us : and after a moment or two, went again to the door to listen. My fellow travellers, in congratulating themselves upon their safety, and one in examining his arm, and another his leg, were too much engaged to notice the good woman, any further than cordially to thank her, and to assure her that they needed no assistance. But my curiosity was awakened : and I was in no small degree gratified, when the old man entered and said, "Well, gentlemen, you must put up with such accommodation as I can give you for the night ; for the coach is so much broken, that we cannot repair it till the morning."

The good woman seized the first favourable moment of whispering to her husband, "These are seafaring men, my dear." Instantly I perceived a new, and more striking expression of countenance. It was an expression of pleasure; but mixed as I cannot describe, with something which I was certain was painful. It was a countenance of the greatest kindness, but deeply marked with lines of suffering. He came towards us, while his wife began immediately to make provision for a supper. I rose, and giving him my hand, said, "We are sailors, and accustomed to danger." A tear started into his eye; and offering his hand to each, he gave us the most cordial welcome. He then left us, to assist the driver in the care of his horses, and to bring our baggage into the house.

It was half an hour before our host returned; and in this interval, two or three stories told by my companions, so fixed the attention of the farmer's wife, and once or twice appeared to produce in her so great an agitation of spirits, that for a moment I was even alarmed. A good supper, however, was soon provided, and my weary companions were glad to be shown to bed. But I excused myself from going with them, as in truth I preferred the fireside, and was very desirous of a more intimate acquaintance with my new friends.

I began to inquire of the old man the size of his farm, the number of his cattle, and the produce of his fields. But I soon found that I had not touched the string, on which his sorrows hung. In return, he asked me of my voyages, and of the dangers and sufferings of sailors. I saw in his eye, and in the whole countenance and manner of himself, and his wife, an unutterable anxiety, and depression of mind. "My good friend," said I, "sailors are not the worst of men. There are good and bad among them, as in all other classes of society; and I have known as good men—aye, a few as truly good—as I have known upon the land. But the temptations to which a young seaman is exposed, are very great." "Pardon me, Sir," said the old man, as he drew his rough hand over his eyes; "I know—yes, I know the dangers of a sailor's life. My second son is a sailor; and I know not that we shall ever see him again. He has not returned to us these four years, and I fear"—He could not express his fears. Unable longer to restrain her emotions, his wife now wept in that silent agony of grief that I knew not myself how to speak, and scarcely how to refrain from weeping. But immediately forming the resolution, "You shall not lose your son, if it be possible to save him," I said. "Your boy, notwithstanding, may be alive and well; and if I can find him out, you shall have no reason to complain of the storm of this night, nor of any of the trouble which we have given you." "O speak not of trouble," said the old man; "I thank God for seeing you; and if you could indeed find my child"—He paused again, leaving his sentence unfinished; but after a moment continued, "Yet it is not impossible." "How old," said I, "is your son?" "Twenty-four, last October," he replied. "He left us at

fifteen ; and in a year returned, much grown ; but ah ! unlike what he was when we gave him our parting blessing. He went again, and again returned. But how shall I tell you of the anguish of my heart ? Again he left us with the best counsel which we could bestow, and with many prayers. But at twenty we saw him—O ! it is more than a father's heart can sustain." He sobbed. He rose and walked ; and his wife, unable to bear the double burden of his grief and her own, left the room. How affecting are the tears of the aged ! Above all, the tears of an aged father and mother mourning over the lost virtue of their child ! I must have had a heart of stone, to have been unmoved—yes, I wept.

"Are you a father ?" said the old man. "I am," I replied ; "but my children are yet too young to excite much anxiety." "God preserve you," he said, "from the anguish of a broken heart. You are a stranger to me, and the first stranger to whom I have opened my sorrows. But you have drawn them from me. I have lived sixty-five years, and have received many, very many blessings ; and can remember too, many days of bitter suffering. But this last trial is the heaviest of all. I have buried a son, strong, active, generous, and in early piety, all that a father might delight in ; and a daughter of seventeen, tall, straight as our own pines, beautiful, the delight alike of her mother and myself. But they died with an unshaken faith, and a hope full of immortality.

They are at rest ; and concerning them *I* am in peace. But our days pass in sorrow ; and nights, especially when the storm rages around us, in painful watchfulness. His mother will not sleep to-night ; for the image of our poor boy, in times like this, is constantly before us." "I will leave no exertion untried for you, my good friend," said I ; and if he is to be found, he shall find in me a friend." He turned short, and grasped my hand, "The Father of mercies bless you !" said he. "Should I fall asleep in such a night as this, in my dreams I should be seeking my Charles in some desolate country, while I felt myself to be exposed to all the severity of the weather ; or I should be with him on the ocean, and see him falling from the mast into the sea, and in the agony of death calling upon me to save him ; or I should be in some place of profaneness and profligacy, where I should hear his voice ; where I should see him ; but from which he would escape, and leave me to the pursuit of him amidst all the horrors of the storm," "I have forgotten," said I "to ask his name." "It is Charles Grafton."

I sat till twelve with the old man, and was then willing to retire. He felt that he had said enough, and became silent. It was no common effort which he had made, and I felt too deep a reverence for his silence, unnecessarily to interrupt it. I retired, but not to sleep. I could not think of these distressed parents and sleep. I knew Charles, for he had once sailed with me ; but I knew nothing of him, with which I could console the heart of his father. "But," thought I, "he has had a religious education : and though

the seeds which have sprung up be choaked, their root perhaps is not dead. There have been many examples of young persons, to whom the early instructions they received have been blessed, after many years of carelessness and sin; though no youthful sinner should encourage himself by this reflection, an afflicted parent may. He has that promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." "There is hope of a tree if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease; though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant." Job, xiv. 7—9. This was a precious reflection; and I cherished it as comfort from the **LORD**. My anticipated voyage had now an interest altogether new, and I felt that I should be compensated for any efforts, if I might be the instrument of rescuing this young man from ruin, and of gladdening the hearts of his aged, and most worthy parents, by witnessing his return to virtue and true happiness.

In reflections like these, the hours of night wore away; and when I came with my companions, in the morning, to the room which we had left, we found the old man and his wife at the fire. The thought now first occurred to me that we had together occupied all their beds. It was so: but apology, or an expression of regret, was utterly forbidden. A good breakfast awaited us; and by the assistance of the old man and his eldest son, the stage coach was soon in readiness, and we were prepared to resume our journey.

I soon sailed for Liverpool, from whence I was bound to the North-West Coast. I have no wish to write a narrative of my voyage, for considered simply as a voyage, it was not more interesting than have been a hundred other long voyages. But a short account of Charles Grafton, may perhaps be useful to some young sailors; and in the course of it, I would very respectfully offer a few remarks to masters, which I can only wish may be as candidly received as they are kindly intended.

We left New-York at the close of April; and on the 20th of May were in the river Mersey. Not a day, nor I can safely say, for many hours together, was the image of the venerable distressed farmer and his wife, absent from my mind; and inconsiderate as I could not but sometimes think that I had been, in awakening in these parents even a hope that I might bring their child to them, I was resolved not to enter a port, nor to visit a vessel, without inquiring for him. To seek for a sailor, without knowing even to which quarter of the globe he had sailed, seems indeed, an almost hopeless enterprize. But I had given my word, and was determined to be faithful to it. When I accomplish an important object, and especially when I have many times secretly looked to **God**, with the hope that I should not be disappointed, I feel what all the reasonings of the world could not disprove to me, that to **God** I

owe my happiness, and that he has a claim to my best gratitude. A ship arrived from Holland, only the day before I was ready to sail, and I took the earliest opportunity of making my last application. For a moment my happiness was complete. The first person whom I saw was Charles Grafton. It is possible, under other circumstances, that I might not have known him. But the habit which I had acquired of thinking of him, with his resemblance of his father, whose countenance I can never forget, made me instantly remember him. Have I found you? said I. But recollecting that my first business was with the captain, I immediately inquired for him.

The business was soon settled between us; and through the kindness of captain L——, Charles's agreement to the plan was only necessary to its accomplishment. In this there was but little difficulty; and before evening, he was in my ship. A friend was with me who was just returning to America; and I wrote the following note:---

TO MR. J. GRAFTON.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your son is with me. I shall not probably return for two years, but depend upon it, I shall not forget my promise; and I hope yet again to enjoy your brown loaf and black jug under circumstances in which they will furnish a sweeter repast than the best spread tables of the world. Accept my affectionate remembrance and best wishes.

G. H.

My first object was to gain the confidence of Charles Grafton. His attachment to me, and my influence over him, might follow of course. Captain L——, said that he was a very good sailor. I soon found him also to be grateful. A fortnight passed after leaving Liverpool, during which I showed him all the kindness which was consistent with his situation; and I had him in the evenings several times in the cabin. On these occasions, and when alone together, I gave him the advice which I thought that he most needed; referred him tenderly to the unhappiness of his past life; and without suggesting to him that I had seen his parents, drew from him the acknowledgment, that he had not seen them for more than four years. A serious recollection of his father and mother affected him deeply, and he began to lament his new engagement, because it prevented him from returning to them. I occasionally threw out suggestions, of the anxiety of parents, when their children have been long absent; of the happiness of parents in the virtue, and their misery in the misconduct of their children; and of the joy with which a father and mother must receive a child, who they had feared was perhaps lost to them for ever. The reflection was sometimes as much as he could bear; and so desirous did he become, if there should be an opportunity of working his way immediately to America, that I one evening

said to him, "Suppose, Charles, you could get to your native country again, would you go home?"

"Would I, Sir? O certainly. It is now the only blessing which I ask of heaven, to see my old father and mother."

"But four years," said I, "is a long time. Perhaps—it is possible—should you arrive that you might not see them."

"The thought, Sir, is misery. I cannot endure it. I have been indeed a wretch. But the prayer which I learned at my mother's knees, I have hardly failed of saying, at least on ship board, as often as I have thrown myself into my hammock. But perhaps I have been the murderer of that mother; of as good a father, as was ever given to a child."

I let him give full vent to these strong feelings. At length he said, "What would I not give—what would I not do—but for an hour to see them?" "And what would you do," I replied, "could you but hear from them?" "Is it possible?" said he. "It is indeed, I have seen them, and in a short time they will know that you are with me." "My God, I thank thee!" he exclaimed with as strong devotion, as I believe could be felt by man. I explained to him the circumstances which had introduced me to his parents, and my promise of endeavouring to find him. "And now, Charles," said I, "go to your hammock." "Thank you, Sir," he replied; "and, if you will allow it, at another time, I will give you some account of myself, which will at least be a relief to my own mind; and enable me, with greater advantage, to put myself under your future direction."

A few evenings afterwards, while sitting in the cabin with my first mate, who had been as much indebted as myself to the hospitality of the good people, and who was scarcely less desirous of contributing to the restoration of their child to them, I sent for Charles, and, bidding him to sit, assured him, if this voyage should be accomplished, as I hoped and believed that it would be, that he should never want a friend, while we could assist him. Since he had heard of his parents, and that they knew his present situation, he had become comparatively happy. "And now, Sir," said he, "if it will be convenient for you to hear me, I will give you a short account of myself; and not to excuse my conduct, for I feel how guilty it has been, but in some small measure to repay a kindness, to which I have not been accustomed."

"I left the house of my parents at fifteen, entirely ignorant of the world, but with a restlessness of disposition, which could not be satisfied with the occupations of a farm. I had seen sailors, and heard of the sea, and I wished also to see other countries. Painful as I saw that it was to those whom I ought to have loved better than life, I pleaded my wishes so earnestly, that I at last gained their consent. I slung my pack, therefore, and, in company with a neighbour, went to New York; and, being large and stout of my age, and, as I was then told, having an honest face, I soon shipped myself for London, to return the following spring.

t was a bad beginning, Sir. I was thrown in among a crew, in which I heard the most gross profaneness, and in which I saw vice in all its horrors. And horrible, indeed, it then was to my young mind. My spirits sunk ; and I would at that time have given a hundred ships, had I possessed them, to have returned to that dear abode, which I had so foolishly forsaken. But it was too late. Being the only new hand on board, except one, who had been differently educated, my simplicity of language and manners exposed me perpetually to ridicule ; and, pardon me, Sir, very soon after sailing, I found myself deprived of the last hope which I had indulged of security, in finding the Captain, as far as I could judge, as unprincipled as my messmates. Could I at this time have found in him a friend, a protector, and guide, I might have kept my resolution. But, though he would sometimes treat me with kindness, he would praise me with the most profane expressions ; and with heavy curses, at the same time, upon any who had displeased him. By degrees, however, as I became more and more accustomed to expressions, which at first chilled my blood, and made me wonder that God should bear with the wretches who used them, I began to return, in kind, the language which I received ; and in six months I was not, in this respect, very far behind my companions. I was now, more and more, thought to be a man among them ; and as I was behind no one in activity, and readiness for duty, I was acknowledged to be a good sailor, and received on all hands my full share of commendation. Thus at the end of my first voyage, I had got far enough in the road to ruin, to have secured my very speedy destruction, but for the effects, small as they were, of a visit to my parents." "And such, Charles," said I, "I believe are generally the beginnings of evil. Vicious example is the great destroyer ; and a young sailor must have great firmness of character to resist it. It is well for you that you returned to your parents."

"The change in my character, Sir, was at once seen and deeply felt by them. I had never heard, till I used it, a profane expression under the roof of my father. I now wanted too, my allowance of grog ; and having money, I went where I could obtain and enjoy it. But how different were now my father's house and the society of my parents, brother and sister, from what they had been ! This feeling humbled me and made me wretched, and awakened a solemn resolution to reform. I saw and felt that there is no true happiness, but in virtue and religion. The last half of the month which I passed at home, seemed to have restored to the hearts of the best of parents, the peace of which I had robbed them ; and I left them again, anxious indeed, but not entirely without hope, that their fond expectations would not be wholly disappointed.

"I shipped myself for Liverpool, intending to return with the vessel ; but here again I was unfortunate. We had, in many respects a better master ; but while there was no quarrelling, he

neither checked profaneness nor indecency in his crew. Upon our arrival, being occasionally permitted with others to go on shore, I suffered myself to be led into scenes of vice, of which, with all that I had heard, I had scarcely formed a conception. The image of my father and mother now rose before me; and the last words of my revered mother, as she examined my pack, that she might be certain she had not forgotten my Bible, 'Remember this blessed book, my dear boy: and may God keep you from temptation! often rose to my remembrance. But I went a second and a third time; and being persuaded to gamble for a small stake, I adventured upon a larger; and in hearing vile conversation, I learned to converse vilely. Glad was I, therefore, to hear that our voyage was to have a new direction. I had lost my wages; was poor in clothes; and felt myself to have become corrupted; and I had gained what? the reputation of being *a good fellow*. We sailed for India. Often was I disgusted with my messmates, and abhorred myself; and sometimes, taking my Bible, I would pass a part of the LORD's day in reading it. But even then I found it necessary either to give up my Bible, or the course of life which I was leading. I could not, while profaning the name of God, and depraving my heart, find pleasure in reading the book, in which the judgments of God, against those who continue in sin, are so plainly written. In joining my companions, therefore, and in imitating their examples, I cast away the only anchor of hope: and in returning home at seventeen years of age, I was afloat upon the world, exposed to every wind of passion, and driven by each in every direction to which it blew. I went home again for a few days; exposed myself in all my profligate dispositions and habits; almost broke the hearts of my parents, brother and sister; and a miserable, but not a returning sinner, I sought for peace, by endeavouring to forget them.

"For the third time, I left my native country, and was absent nearly two years. But how shall I relate it? I returned again, saw the misery into which I had brought my father and mother; was again entreated to remain with them; saw my brother just happily settled in the neighbourhood; and my only sister apparently in a declining state; and yet I was unreformed. God forgive the hardness of my heart! I was then twenty. One night I came home, after having been absent two days; and in passing as silently as I could, that I might not awaken the family, I was stopped at my father's door. I heard his voice, and it was the voice of prayer. I listened and heard him pray for myself. Had I seen him at that moment, I should have made full confession, and implored his forgiveness. But wearied and exhausted I crept to my bed. In this state of character, I left him; and no poor wretch has passed the last four years more miserably than I have. For some time before I saw you, Sir, I had been desirous, should a good opportunity present, of returning to America; and I can hardly account for it, in the state of mind in which I then was, that I did not refuse the voyage which you proposed to me."

"The advantages of a pious education, Charles," said I, "are never to be estimated. For your good purposes, you are much indebted, under God, to the instructions of your father and mother."

"I feel it, Sir," said he; "for I know not, but for them, what I might have become. Often has the blood thrilled through my frame, at a sudden recollection of them, in the midst of some guilty indulgence; and even when I had not one serious thought of God, the remembrance of *home*, and the thought that all whom I most loved, might have sunk in death under the wounds which I had given them; or if alive, that they were mourning for me with more bitter tears than they would have shed over my grave—than they did shed over the grave of my beloved brother—has made my hammock a bed of thorns, and my hours of watching to be full of agony. The prodigal son left his father's house, to seek for happiness in free indulgence of his evil propensities; but when he had tasted the bitter fruits of sin, he found no place so desirable; and therefore he says, 'How many hired servants of my father have bread enough, and to spare, and I perish with hunger?' *Luke xv. 17.* But four months ago, I sailed with the best crew, except your own, which I ever known. Captain D——— was a man of principle, and felt it to be his duty to do what he could for the improvement of his sailors. In this ship, Sir, I sailed three months. On Sunday morning, after breakfast, and again before supper, we were called to prayers; and every man was not only encouraged on that day to read his Bible, but useful books were lent to any one who would ask for them. To Capt. D———, Sir, I owe more than if he had saved my life. In the prayers which I heard him read, I learned how to ask the forgiveness of God, through the SAVIOUR, who died for sinners; and I had not been long with him, before I secretly resolved, 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' If all masters, Sir, were like Capt. D———, there would be, I believe, comparatively few abandoned sailors."

The difficulties of a sea-faring life seem to require that men should go early to sea, and while yet young be inured to its hardships; and some of the duties of a ship seem to require young and active persons. Those who are entrusted by merchants with so much valuable property, are at the same time entrusted by God with what is of far greater moment—even the principles and morals of some immortal souls. The authority of a ship-master is, and ought to be, complete; and so is his responsibility; but shall the merchant require a strict account of ship and cargo, and expect the captain to use care and fidelity? And shall not God require an account? We know from the words of our LORD himself "to whom much is given, of him shall be much required." *Luke xii. 48.*

"It is even so, Charles," said I; "and I wish that all masters felt how much they might do, in restraining vice, and encouraging virtue in their crews. I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that

I feel accountable for the good which I have an opportunity of doing among the men who are under my care."

"O, Sir," said he, "if I had first sailed with you, or with Capt. D——, I might now have had a ship to command. I should not have caused the best parents to be ashamed of me; and I might have led as happy a life as any man. There is no one, Sir, who needs a friend more than a young sailor; and though a true friend may sometimes be found in a messmate, it is not like having a friend in a master, to whom the whole crew look up for an example."

"No," said I, "it is not; and I have always liked to ship a few few hands, and to have young men with me, that I might give them such assistance as I could. But as you have drunk deep enough of the cup of vice, to know the bitterness of its dregs, I hope that you will never raise it to your lips again. And I am sorry to add any thing to what you have already suffered; but there is one circumstance of your father's family, of which you appear yet to be ignorant. When you were last with me, I said nothing to you of your sister."

He appeared, at that moment, to feel the very chill of death.

"Be comforted, my good fellow, said I, "and grateful to God, who has enabled you so far to return to Him. He will meet his *returning children while yet a great way off*; and in a life of obedience to His will, you may be assured of security and peace. **JESUS CHRIST** died for us, that we might not live unto ourselves, but unto him. Persevere then; and if heaven prosper our design, I doubt not that I shall have the pleasure of presenting you to your parents, a more valuable acquisition to their hearts, than would be the treasures of India. But the joy in your father's house will be nothing, compared with the joy that shall be in the presence of the angels of God, if you truly repent of all your transgressions, and pray to that **SAVIOUR** who died on the cross for you, that he would pardon all your sins, and enable you by his Holy Spirit to lead a new life."

I have said, that I mean not to write a narrative of my voyage. It was like other voyages, except only, that I believe it was happier than are many, which are equally prosperous. I had an orderly and a cheerful crew; and every endeavour to establish good manners and morals among them, was a means of attaching them to my person and interest, and of securing their fidelity. I did not allow any profaneness, nor did I find it difficult to prevent it; and the religious worship was observed, I think, with as much seriousness as upon the land. A better sailor than Charles Grafton, was never shipped; and I believe that I may now say, that there were few better men. We traded upon the North West Coast; went to China, and exchanged our furs for teas; and then returned to New York. Having there completed my business, I determined, in the strictness of the letter, to fulfill my promise.

I took Charles with me in the stage coach; and having arrived at the house of his brother, we unloaded our baggage. I was un-

willing suddenly to excite too strong emotions in the hearts of the aged and excellent parents. The meeting of the brothers was one of the most interesting sights that I have ever witnessed. Charles now carried in his face the lines of a character not to be mistaken. With the ruddiness of health, there was also the purity of virtue. After allowing a few moments to the indulgence of fraternal affection, I proposed that the brothers should keep themselves at a short distance, while I first entered the house of their father. My letter had been received. I knocked at the door. It was opened by the old man. He eagerly seized my hand ; but looking out with a sort of convulsive gaze, cried, " My boy ! " " He is safe," said I, " and well, but let me enter." My words caught the ear of his wife ; and springing towards me, she cried, " Where ! where ! " " My good friends," said I, " be assured that he is well, and will soon be with you ; and is all which parents can desire. But permit me to detain you for a moment, and all your wishes shall be satisfied." The old man fell upon my neck. The good woman sunk into a chair ; and almost breathless with expectation, was unable to utter a word. I waited a moment ; and then begging them to remain where they were, I went to the door and called " Charles ! " He was immediately in the house. The scene which followed I can no more describe than forget. Once more I wept with this good old man ; but they were now tears of joy. The bliss of that hour was full ; and it has since sweetened many hours of my life.

There are many sailors, who, like Charles Grafton, early quitting the paternal roof, and entering the service young, become corrupted by bad example ; who might have been saved from a vicious and miserable life, and from an untimely death had those good principles and affections, first formed at home, been cherished by the master to whose care they are entrusted. To excite attention to these young men, I have been induced to write this little history. Even after they have become depraved, early impressions may become revived by care and attention, and could any master or any sailor feel for one moment the joy of having been instrumental to such a restoration, and of seeing a recovered child in the arm of his parents, who had feared that he was lost to them for ever, they would lose no favourable opportunity of guarding these young men from vice, or of endeavouring to effect their reformation.

The parents of Charles Grafton died within a few hours of each other. Till that time I was well acquainted with the progress of his character, and it equalled all my expectations. He shewed by his conduct, as well as by his words, that his heart was changed by the power of God's Holy Spirit. He sailed soon after ; and as the vessel has not since been heard from, he is probably no longer in this world. But as we know that the **LORD JESUS CHRIST** is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to grant repentance and remission of sins, so may we hope and trust, that if Charles has left this world, he has entered another, which is far better, where there is neither sin or sorrow, but where he, with his beloved parents, will have fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

